# T. LUCRETIUS CARUS

OF THE

# *NATURE* of *THINGS*,

IN SIX BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED with

Proper and Useful NOTES.

Adorned with COPPER-PLATES,

Curiously ENGRAVED

By *GUERNIER*, and others.

*Carmina* sublimis *tunc sunt peritura* Lucreti
*Exitio Terras cum dabit una Dies.* OVID.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MDCCXLIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# PREFACE.

THE only Tranſlation in Engliſh of this Poem was executed many Years ago by Mr. *Creech:* The World was pleaſed with the Performance, and received it with the Applauſe it deſerved; they ſaw an Author exceedingly crabbed and abſtruſe, delightfully opened, ſet off with great Learning, and ſweeten'd with the Charms of Poetry. An Author (as *Quintilian* allows him) elegant in his kind, curious and exact in his Images, happy in diſpoſing his Materials, flowing even to Satiety in Inſtances of a brisk and ready Wit, pointed in his Satire, ſevere in

Reflections, grave in Precepts, quick and vivacious in his Diſcourſes, and every way fitted for his bold Attempt.

THESE Excellencies made him extremely difficult to be followed. The learned *Caſaubon* declares it impoſſible; Mr. *Evelyn*, who tranſlated the firſt Book, found it a very diſcouraging Task, and left off. He ſays himſelf,

——*Perſuaded that there was rich Ore,*
*I boldly launch'd, and would new Worlds explore;*
*Deep Mines I ſaw, and hidden Wealth to lie*
*In Rocky Entrails, and* Sierra's *high.*
*I ſaw a fruitful Soil, by none yet trod,*
*Reſerv'd for Heroes, or ſome Demi-God;*
*And urg'd my Fortune on;——*
*Till rugged Billows, and a dangerous Coaſt,*
*My vent'rous Bark and raſh Attempt had croſt;*
*When landing, unknown Paths, and hard Acceſs*
*Made me deſpond of pre-conceiv'd Succeſs;*

*I turn'd my Prow, and the Diſcovery made,*
*But was too weak, too poor myſelf to trade,*
*Much leſs to make a Conqueſt;*——

And I believe any one who will be pleaſed to oblige the World with another, and more correct Verſion, will be ſufficiently convinced of the Difficulty.

THE Matter of this Poem muſt be confeſſed to be rugged, ſubtle, and ſtubborn; and every Compoſition of this kind is like a Landſcape, where craggy Mountains and broken Walls are intermixed with fair Meadows and ſmooth Streams. Our Language (as Sir *Henry Wotton* obſerves) runs out into Froth and Bubble, is copious in Complement, and in Love-Expreſſions, but very narrow and barren in Terms of Art, and Phraſes ſuited to Philoſophy; and thoſe Technical Words we have, move coarſely and cloudily in Verſe. For theſe Reaſons, the Poetical Tranſlation of *Lucretius* is often more perplexed and harſh than the Original; it is, in many Places, a wide and rambling Para-

phraſe; in others Mr. *Creech* contracts and curtails his Author, and is frequently guilty of Omiſſions for many Lines together, tho' his Numbers flow ſweetly as he goes, and charm you irreſiſtibly. This is no wonder; for the Poet he undertook is not to be confined and ſhackled by the Rules of Rhyme; his Verſe is neareſt, and runs more naturally into Proſe than any other, *Juvenal* and *Horace* only excepted, among all the Claſſicks. I have endeavoured (becauſe diſencumber'd from the Fetters of Poetry) faithfully to diſcloſe his Meaning in his own Terms, and to ſhew him whole and intire; I have followed the different Readings and Explications of the beſt Expoſitors, but whether agreeable to the Mind of the Author or no, Compariſon only can diſcover.

And here I would have it be underſtood, that I tranſlate *Lucretius* only as a Claſſick Writer of the firſt Rank, and one of the Venerable Fathers of *Latin* Poetry, without thinking myſelf accountable for his Principles, or juſtifying his Syſtem; and whoever apprehends the Deſign of this Work, in any other View, is a Perſon of narrow

narrow and ſtinted Conceptions; he is a preciſe *Fanatick* in the Republick of Letters, and a ſecret and ignorant Enemy to Human Learning. It would make ſtrange Havock in the Learned World, if a Tranſlator who renders a Pagan Author, or a Tutor that explains an old Claſſick to his Pupils, ſhould be judged to cultivate and defend all the Folly and Impiety of the Heathen Mythology: This would ſoon baniſh thoſe great Founders of Knowledge and polite Literature out of all Methods of Education, and introduce Barbariſm and Ignorance equal to that of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, upon the Ruins of every thing that is now called Noble, Generous and Inſtructive, by the wiſeſt and the moſt ſenſible Part of Mankind.

Besides, Books that treat of Subjects naturally ſo obſcure and intricate as are many of thoſe of which *Lucretius* diſputes, cannot be turned into our Language in ſuch a manner, as by a bare Tranſlation only to make them intelligible to a Reader merely *Engliſh*, and that has no Knowledge of the Languages in which the Originals were com-

posed: for the Terms, tho' dark and difficult, must necessarily be retained, and by Consequence their Force cannot be apprehended by Persons of vulgar Abilities, and of low Learning.

But if I should still fall under Censure for bestowing so much Time and Labour upon an impious Poet; upon *Lucretius*, who believes and endeavours to prove the Mortality and Corporiety of the human Soul, who denies a future State, and laughs at Providence, who defends the Atheistical Hypothesis of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, concerning the Indivisible Principles, and the Nature of Things: In Answer to this heavy Charge, not to mention, that for the same Reason we ought to banish from our Studies the most celebrated Authors of Antiquity, since their Writings are in many Places profane, impious, fabulous, false and ridiculous; so that all our Poets, Orators, Historians, and Philosophers must be avoided and thrown away as Debauchers of Youth, and Corrupters of Manners, if their Writings were once to be tried by the Standard of Faith, and the Doctrines of Christianity:

Not

Not to inſiſt upon this, I will boldly venture to ſay, that whatever Propoſitions *Lucretius* advances contrary to our Religion are ſo viſibly and notoriouſly falſe, and conſequently ſo eaſy to be anſwered, that they cannot ſhake or ſtagger any one's Faith that can give a Reaſon for his Belief. What Danger can any Man apprehend, while he reads that ridiculous Doctrine of the *Epicurean* Philoſophers, concerning their Atoms, or minute indiviſible Corpuſcles, which they held to be the firſt Principles of all Things? An Opinion ſo abſurd, that only to mention it is to confute it. When the Poet thinks he has fully demonſtrated the Corporality of the Human Soul, and brings no leſs than ſix and twenty Arguments to prove its Mortality, upon full Conſideration they appear of ſo little Force, and ſo obvious to be confuted, that ſo far from confounding a Chriſtian's Faith, no Man, but of ordinary Capacity, can, upon ſo ſlender and unconvincing Proofs, believe, if he would, that the Soul dies with the Body; nor are his Arguments, by which he labours to overthrow the Belief of a Divine Providence, and to wreſt the Power of Creation out of the

Hands

Hands of Omnipotence, more cogent or perſuaſive. And what Chriſtian will not be pleaſed to obſerve, that not even the moſt piercing Wit of *Lucretius* has been able to advance any Thing ſolid againſt the Power of that infinite God whom he adores; eſpecially conſidering, if any ſuch Impieties could have been defended, he was certainly capable of defending them.

——*Si Pergama dextrâ*
*Defendi poſſent* certè *hâc defenſa fuiſſent.*
VIRG.

NOT that we are to ſuppoſe, that whatever *Lucretius* writ was impious, falſe or ridiculous; ſo far from that, many excellent Things are contained in his Poem, many that deſerve to be well read and remember'd by the beſt of Chriſtians. How excellently does he declaim againſt Ambition, Injuſtice and Cruelty? againſt Superſtition, and the Fear of Death? againſt Avarice, Luxury, and Luſt? and the diſorder'd Paſſions of the Mind, and diſhoneſt Pleaſures of the Body? Is he not ever exhorting his *Memmius* to Sobriety, Temperance, Chaſtity,

ſtity, and Magnanimity? Inſomuch, that what *Diogenes* writes of *Epicurus* ſeems to be true, that he was falſely accuſed of indulging himſelf too much in Pleaſure, and that it was a mere Calumny to wreſt to a wrong Senſe the Meaning of that Philoſopher, and to interpret what he ſaid of the Tranquillity of the Mind, as if it had been ſpoken of the ſenſual Delights of the Body. *Galen* repreſents this Philoſopher as a Perſon of conſummate Virtue and Continence, that exclaimed conſtantly againſt the Uſe of Venereal Actions, that neglected the Advantages of Life, and contemned all Daintineſs and Exceſs, in Eating, Drinking and Apparel, and would often ſay, *That Bread and Water in time of Want afforded the greateſt Pleaſure.* Thus lived *Epicurus*, whoſe very Name nevertheleſs has, for many Ages, been uſed as a Proverb, to mark out an atheiſtical, voluptuous Wretch, addicted to all manner of Senſuality. Thus too lived his Followers, who nevertheleſs are called impious Libertines, and repreſented as a Herd of Swine, indulging themſelves in Pleaſure, and wallowing in all manner of Impurities.

——*Epicuri de grege Porci.* HOR.

I SHALL conclude upon this Occaſion, with the Character of *Lucretius*, and his excellent Poem, given by *Dionyſius Lambinus*, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to *Charles* IX. the moſt Chriſtian King.

'THE Poem of *Lucretius*, tho' he ad-'vances in it ſome Opinions that are repug-'nant to our Religion, is nevertheleſs a Poem, 'nay, and a beautiful noble Poem too, di-'ſtinguiſhed, illuſtrated and adorned with all 'the Brightneſs of Wit and Fancy. What 'tho' *Epicurus* and *Lucretius* were impious, 'are we who read them therefore impious 'too? How many Aſſertions are there in 'this Poem that are agreeable to the Opi-'nions and Maxims of other Philoſophers? 'How many probable? how many excellent, 'and almoſt Divine? Theſe let us lay hold 'on, theſe let us ſeize, theſe let us approve 'of. —— Beſides, are we ſo credulous as to 'believe, that what Aſſertions ſoever all 'manner of Writers have left recorded in 'their Works, are as true, as if they had been 'pronounced from the Oracle of *Apollo*? 'And ſince we daily read many Things that

'are

'are fabulous, incredible and falſe, either to 'give ſome Reſpite to our Minds, or to make 'us the more willingly acquieſce in, and the 'more conſtantly to adhere to ſuch as are in-'diſputably true, what reaſon is there that 'we ſhould contemn *Lucretius*, a moſt ele-'gant and beautiful Poet, the moſt polite, 'and the moſt ancient of all the *Latin* Wri-'ters, from whom *Virgil* and *Horace* have 'in many Places borrowed not half, but 'whole Verſes? He, when he diſputes of the 'indiviſible Corpuſcles or firſt Principles of 'Things, of their Motion, and of their va-'rious Figuration, of the Void, of the Ima-'ges, or tenuious Membranes that fly off from 'the Surface of all Bodies, of the Nature of 'the Mind and Soul, of the Riſing and Set-'ting of the Planets, of the Eclipſe of the 'Sun and Moon, of the Nature of Light-'ning, of the Rainbow, of the Cauſes of 'Diſeaſes, and of many other Things, is 'learned, witty, judicious and elegant. In 'the Introductions to his Books, in his Com-'pariſons, in his Examples, in his Diſputa-'tions againſt the Fear of Death, concerning 'the Inconveniencies and the Harms of Love, 'of Sleep, and of Dreams, he is copious,

'diſcreet,

'diſcreet, eloquent, knowing and ſublime; 'we not only read *Homer*, but even get him 'by heart, becauſe under the Veil of Fables, 'partly obſcene and partly abſurd, he has in 'a manner included the Knowledge of all 'natural and human Things. Shall we not 'then hear *Lucretius*, who, without the 'Diſguiſe of Fables, and ſuch Trifles, not 'truly indeed, nor piouſly, but plainly and 'openly, and as an *Epicurean*, ingeniouſly, 'wittily and learnedly, and in the moſt cor-'rect and pureſt of Styles, diſputes of the 'Principles, and Cauſes of Things, of the 'Univerſe, of the Parts of the World, of a 'happy Life, and of Things Celeſtial and 'Terreſtrial? And tho' in many Places he 'diſſents from *Plato*, tho' he advances ma-'ny Aſſertions that are repugnant to our Re-'ligion, we ought not therefore to deſpiſe 'and ſet at nought thoſe Opinions of his, in 'which not only the ancient Philoſophers, 'but we, who profeſs Chriſtianity, agree with 'him. How admirably does he diſpute of 'the reſtraining of Pleaſures, of the bridling 'of Paſſions, and of the attaining Tranquil-'lity of Mind? How wittily does he rebuke 'and confute thoſe who affirm that nothing

'can

'can be perceived, and nothing known? and 'who ſay that the Senſes are fallacious? How 'fully he defends the Certainty of Senſe? 'How beautiful are his Deſcriptions? How 'graceful, as the *Greeks* call them, are his 'Epiſodes? How fine are his Deſcriptions of 'Colours, of Mirrours, of the Loadſtone, 'and of the *Averni?* How ſerious and aw-'ful are his Exhortations to live continently, 'juſtly, temperately, and innocently? What 'ſhall we ſay of his *Diction*, than which no-'thing can be ſaid or imagined more pure, 'more correct, more clear, or more elegant. 'I make not the leaſt Scruple to affirm, that 'in all the *Latin* Tongue, no Author ſpeaks '*Latin* better than *Lucretius*, and that the '*Diction*, neither of *Cicero*, nor of *Cæſar*, 'is more pure.'

THE Notes that attend this Tranſlation are ſufficient, I think, to explain the Text to thoſe, who are properly qualified to read this Work; and to ſuch who are not ſo, a more copious and particular Comment could be of no uſe.

THE

THE

# LIFE

OF

# *LUCRETIUS.*

WE have few Materials left from whence to collect the proper Circumſtances that relate to the Life of *Lucretius*; we are aſſured by his own Teſtimony, that he was a *Roman*, and born at *Rome:* His very Name directs us to the noble and ancient Family of the *Lucretii*, which being divided into many Branches,

comprehended under it, the *Tricipetini*, the *Cinnæ*, the *Veſpillones*, the *Triones*, the *Offelli*, and the *Galli*, and gave to *Rome* many Conſuls, Tribunes and Prætors, who were the great Supports and Ornaments of the Commonwealth.

HE was born, according to the Chronicle of *Euſebius*, about the ſecond Year of the hundred and ſeventy firſt Olympiad, in the Conſulſhip of *Lucius Licinius Craſſus*, and *Quintus Mutius Scævola*, about the ſix hundred and fifty eighth Year of *Rome*, twelve Years after *Cicero*. His Name was *Titus Lucretius Carus*; *Carus* was a *Roman* Surname, of which *Ovid* and many others make mention; but we no where find how it came to be given to *Lucretius*. It is not improbable it was conferred upon him either on account of his excellent and ſprightly Wit, his Affability and Sweetneſs of Temper and Manners, or for ſome other like endearing Qualities, that render'd him agreeable to thoſe with whom he converſed. He was ſent young to *Athens*, where at that time the *Epicurean* Philoſophy was in great Reputation. He ſtudied under *Zeno*,

who

who had the Direction of the Gardens at that time, and was the Honour of the *Epicurean* Sect. *Phædrus* was another of his Maſters, whom *Cicero* mentions as a Perſon of the greateſt Humanity. Theſe were the Preceptors of *Lucretius*, as they were likewiſe of *Pomponius Atticus*, *Memmius*, *Caſſius*, and many others, who in that Age render'd themſelves very illuſtrious in the Republick of *Rome*. How he ſpent his Time at *Athens*, how ſtudiouſly he improved it, let his Poem be Witneſs. That he fitted himſelf for the beſt Company, is evident by what *Cornelius Nepos* tells us of the great Intimacy between him, *Pomponius Atticus*, and *Memmius:* And no doubt but he was intimate likewiſe with *Tully* and his Brother, who make ſuch honourable Mention of him. If we look into his Morals, we may diſcover him to be a Man ſuitable to the *Epicurean* Principles, diſſolved in Eaſe and Pleaſure, flying publick Employments as a Derogation to Wiſdom, and a Diſturber of Peace and Quietneſs, and avoiding thoſe diſtracting Cares which he imagined would make Heaven itſelf uneaſy.

THE Accounts that remain of this Poet ſtop ſhort here, and no more is to be found concerning him till we come to his Death; yet it is difficult to find in what manner he died, nor is it much eaſier to determine in what Year of his Life his Death happened. Some make him die on the very Day *Virgil* was born, but this is an ingenious Fiction, founded only upon this, that *Virgil* aſſumed the *Toga Virilis* on the ſame Day that *Lucretius* died.

THE Chronicle of *Euſebius* obſerves, that he died by his own Hands in the forty fourth Year of his Age, being made diſtracted by a Philtre, which either his Miſtreſs or his Wife *Lucilia* (for ſo ſome call her, tho' without Authority) in a Fit of Jealouſy had given him; not with a Deſign to deprive him of his Senſes, or to take away his Life, but only to increaſe the Paſſion of his Love. *Donatus*, or whoever was the Author of the Life of *Virgil*, that goes under his Name, writes, that he died three Years before, when *Pompey* the Great and *M. Licinius Craſſus* were both of them the ſecond time Conſuls.

Others,

Others, who allow that having lo[illegible] his Senſes, he laid violent Hands on his own Life, yet place his Death in the twenty ſixth Year of his Age, and believe that his Madneſs proceeded from the Cares and Melancholy that oppreſſed him on account of the Baniſhment of his beloved *Memmius*; to which others again add likewiſe another Cauſe, the fatal Calamities under which his Country then laboured. And indeed it is certain, that *Lucretius*, a few Years before his Death, was an Eye-witneſs of the wild Adminiſtration of Affairs in the Days of *Clodius* and *Catiline*, who gave ſuch a Blow to the Republick of *Rome*, as not long after occaſioned its total Subverſion.

IT is wonderful that this admirable Poem of *Lucretius* ſhould be compoſed in the time of his Diſtraction. His ſix Books of his *Epicurean* Philoſophy, ſays *Euſebius*, were written in his lucid Intervals, when the Strength of Nature had thrown off all the diſturbing Particles, and his Mind, as it is obſerved of Madmen, was ſprightly and vigorous. Then, in a Poetical Rapture, he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming

ming Limits of this World, frame and diſſolve Seas and Heavens in an inſtant, and by ſome unuſual Sallies be the ſtrongeſt Argument of his own Opinion; for it ſeems impoſſible that ſome Things which he delivers ſhould proceed from Reaſon and Judgment, or from any other Cauſe but Chance and unthinking Fortune.

AFTER his Death, *Cicero*, as *Euſebius* witneſſes, reviſed and corrected his Writings. *Lambinus* contradicts this, but the Arguments he brings againſt the Aſſertion of *Euſebius* are but weak and of ſmall force.

I. Goere. Invenit. G. v. Gouwen. sculp. Lib

A NEW

# TRANSLATION

OF

# *T. Lucretius Carus,*

OF THE

# NATURE *of* THINGS.

VOL. I. B

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LUCRETIUS *has disposed his Poem in an excellent Method, and Order ſhines throughout the whole. He begins with an Invocation to* Venus, *the common natural Appetite to Procreation, and gives her all her Titles, as if really he expected ſome Aſſiſtance from her. He then dedicates to* Memmius *his Books of the* Nature of Things, *and endeavours to vindicate his Doctrines from the Charge of Impiety, and briefly lays down the Arguments of This and the following Books. He enters upon his Subject, and labours ſtrenuouſly,* That nothing can proceed from nothing, and that nothing can be reduced into nothing. *He proceeds to prove that there are ſome little Bodies which, tho' imperceptible to the Eye, may be conceiv'd by the Mind, of which all Beings are made: To theſe Corpuſcles he ſubjoins a void or empty Space. He aſſerts, that there is nothing in Nature beſides* Body *and* Void; *and that all Things elſe, ſuch as Weight, Heat, Poverty, War,* &c. *are no more than certain Conjuncts or Events, Properties or Accidents of Body and Space. That theſe firſt Principles are perfectly ſolid, and by conſequence indiviſible, they are* Leaſts (*for Body cannot be infinitely divided*) *and*

*and Eternal. He then refutes* Heraclitus, *who made Fire the Principle of all Things, and others who laid down that all Things proceeded from Air, Earth, or Water. He ſhews againſt* Empedocles, *that Things are not compoſed of the four Elements. He contradicts* Anaxagoras; *and, in the laſt place, employs a long Diſputation to prove the Univerſe, which conſiſts of* Body *and* Void, *to be infinite. He is very copious in his Arguments againſt the* Stoicks, *who held a Centre in the infinite Univerſe, down to which all heavy Things are continually ſtriving, while the light work upward of their own accord; and deſcribes the Opinions of* Epicurus *with a great deal of Eloquence. He baniſhes the* Antipodes, *and ſooths with his Arguments the Imagination of Man, which delights to be led away into an Infinite, and never yet fixed any Bounds to Space, nor will ever dare to do ſo.*

# *T. Lucretii Cari*

## DE

# RERUM NATURA

## LIBER PRIMUS.

*ÆNEADUM genetrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,*
*Alma Venus, cæli ſubter labentia ſigna*
*Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferenteis*
*Concelebras; per Te quoniam genus omne animantum*
*Concipitur, viſitque exortum lumina ſolis:*
*Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,*
*Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaveis dædala tellus*
*Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,*
*Placatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cælum.*

*Nam*

# *T. Lucretius Carus,*

## OF THE

# NATURE *of* THINGS.

## THE

## FIRST BOOK

MOTHER of *Rome*, Delight of Men and Gods, Sweet *Venus*; who with vital Power doſt fill the Sea bearing the Ships, the fruitful Earth, all Things beneath the rolling Signs of Heaven; for 'tis by Thee Creatures of every kind conceive, riſe into Life, and view the Sun's bright Beams. Thee Goddeſs, Thee the Winds avoid; the Clouds fly Thee, and thy Approach; with various Art the Earth for Thee affords her ſweeteſt Flowers; for Thee the Sea's rough Waves put on their Smiles, and the ſmooth Sky ſhines with diffuſed Light. For *The Invocation.*

[a] *Lucretius* as a Poet conforms to the Rule of his Art, and begins with an Invocation to *Venus*, that is the common natural Appetite to Procreation; which nevertheleſs he treats as a Goddeſs, as if he really expected Aſſiſtance from her, and gives her all her Titles; yet, at the ſame time, throws out bitter Reflections upon the then faſhionable Devotion. He ſtyles her Mother of *Rome*, becauſe the *Romans* deduced their Origin from *Æneas*, who was the Son of *Venus* by *Anchiſes*.

*Nam ſimul ac ſpecies patefacta 'ſt verna diei,*
*Et reſerata viget genitalis aura FavonI;*
*Aëriæ primum volucres te, Diva, tuumque*
*Significant initum percuſſæ corda tua vi:*
*Inde feræ pecudes perſultant pabula læta,*
*Et rapidos tranant amneis; ita capta lepore,*
*Illecebriſque tuis omnis natura animantum*
*Te ſequitur cupide, quo quamque inducere pergis:*
*Denique per maria, ac monteis, fluvioſque rapaceis,*
*Frundiferaſque domos avium, campoſque virenteis,*
*Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectore amorem,*
*Efficis, ut cupide generatim ſæcla propagent.*
*Quæ quoniam rerum Naturam ſola gubernas,*
*Nec ſine Te quicquam dias in luminis oras*
*Exoritur, neque fit lætum, nec amabile quicquam;*
*Te ſociam ſtudeo ſcribundis verſibus eſſe,*
*Quos ego de* RERUM NATURA *pangere conor*
*Memmiadæ noſtro: quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni*
*Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.*
*Quo magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem:*
*Effice ut interea fera mœnera militiaï*

*Per*

when the buxom Spring leads on the Year, and genial Gales of Weſtern Winds blow freſh, unlock'd from Winter's Cold, the airy Birds firſt feel Thee Goddeſs, and expreſs thy Power; thy active Flame ſtrikes through their very Souls. And then the ſavage Beaſts, with wanton Play, friſk o'er the chearful Fields, and ſwim the rapid Streams. So pleaſed with thy Sweetneſs, ſo tranſported by thy ſoft Charms, all living Nature ſtrives, with ſharp Deſire, to follow Thee her Guide, where Thou art pleas'd to lead. In ſhort, thy Power inſpiring every Breaſt with tender Love, drives every Creature on with eager Heat, in Seas, in Mountains, and in ſwifteſt Floods, in leafy Foreſts, and in verdant Plains, to propagate their Kind from Age to Age.

Since Thou alone doſt govern Nature's Laws, and nothing without Thee can riſe to Light, without Thee nothing can look gay or lovely; I beg Thee a Companion to my Lays, which, now I ſing of Nature, I devote to my dear [b] *Memmius*, whom Thou art ever pleaſed, ſweet Goddeſs, to adorn with every Grace; for him, kind Deity, inſpire my Song, and give immortal Beauty to my Verſe. Mean time, the bloody Tumults of the [c] War by

[b] This *Memmius*, to whom *Lucretius* inſcribes his Poem, travelled with him to *Athens*, where they ſtudied Philoſophy together; he was derived from the noble Family of the *Memmii*, who claimed their Extraction from the *Trojans*. He arrived at the Dignity of Prætor, and obtained *Bithynia* for his Province, but was ſoon recalled, being accuſed by *Cæſar* of Male-adminiſtration. Yet not many Years after his Return to *Rome*, he came to be Tribune of the People, and in a little time ſtood Candidate for the Conſulſhip; of which he not only failed, but being accuſed of Bribery, was, tho' *Cicero* pleaded in his Defence, convicted of it, and baniſhed into *Greece*, where he died in Exile.

[c] The Poet alludes to the diſtracted State of Affairs under the Adminiſtration of *Clodius* and *Catiline*, which gave ſuch a Blow to the Republick of *Rome*, as occaſioned its total Subverſion, which happened not long after.

*Per maria ac terras omneis ſopita quieſcant.*
*Nam Tu ſola potes tranquilla pace juvare*
*Mortaleis, quoniam bella fera mænera Mavors*
*Armipotens regit, in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe*
*Rejicit, æterno devinctus volnere amoris;*
*Atque ita ſuſpiciens tereti cervice repôſta*
*Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te, Dea, viſus:*
*Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus ore.*
*Hunc tu, Diva, tuo recubantem corpore ſancto*
*Circumfuſa ſuper, ſuaveis ex ore loquelas*
*Funde, petens placidam Romanis Incluta, pacem.*
*Nam neque Nos agere hoc patriaï tempore iniquo*
*Poſſumus æquo animo: neque MemmI clara propago*
*Talibus in rebus communi deſſe ſaluti.*
*Quod ſupereſt, vacuas aureis mihi Memmiada, & te*
*Semotum à curis adhibe veram ad rationem,*
*Nec mea dona tibi ſtudio diſpôſta fideli,*
*Intellecta prius quam ſint, contempta relinquas.*
*Nam tibi de ſumma Cœli ratione, Deúmque,*
*Diſſerere incipiam, & rerum primordia pandam;*
*Unde omneis Natura creet res, auctet, alatque:*
*Quove eadem rurſum Natura perempta reſolvat:*
*Quæ nos Materiem, & Genitalia Corpora rebus*
*Reddunda in ratione vocare, & Semina rerum*
*Appellare ſuëmus, & hæc eadem uſurpare*
*Corpora Prima, quod ex illis ſunt omnia primis.*
*Omnis enim per ſe Divûm natura neceſſe eſt*
*Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace fruatur,*

*Semota*

Sea and Land compoſe, and lay aſleep. For Thou alone Mankind with quiet Peace canſt bleſs; becauſe 'tis *Mars* Armipotent that rules the bloody Tumults of the War, and He by everlaſting Pains of Love bound faſt, taſtes in thy Lap moſt ſweet Repoſe, turns back his ſmooth long Neck, and views thy Charms, and greedily ſucks Love at both his Eyes. Supinely as he reſts his very Soul hangs on thy Lips; this God diſſolv'd in Eaſe, in the ſoft Moments when thy heavenly Limbs cling round him, with melting Eloquence careſs, great Goddeſs, and implore a Peace for *Rome*.

FOR neither can I write with chearful Strains, in Times ſo ſad, nor can the noble Houſe of *Memmius* deſert the common Good in ſuch Diſtreſs of Things. The Hours you ſpare apply with cloſe Attention to my Verſe, and free from Care receive true Reaſon's Rules; nor theſe my Gifts, prepared with faithful Pains, reject with Scorn before they are underſtood. For I begin to write of lofty Themes, of Gods, and of the Motions of the Sky, the Riſe of Things, how all Things Nature forms, and how they grow, and to Perfection riſe, and into what, by the ſame Nature's Laws, thoſe Things reſolve and die; which as I write I call by various Names; ſometimes 'tis Matter, or the firſt Principles or Seeds of Things, or firſt of Bodies, whence all elſe proceed. *The Subject of the Poem.*

[d]FOR the whole Nature of the Gods muſt ſpend an Immortality in ſofteſt Peace, removed from our Affairs,

[d] Here *Lucretius* begins his Impiety; had he contented himſelf only with deriding the ſuperſtitious Devotion of the Age he lived in, and not propoſed Principles of Irreligion, drawn from the Happineſs of the Deity, which he places in ſupine Idleneſs and Eaſe, he might have been read with much Satisfaction, as an excellent Satiriſt againſt the Heathen Worſhip; for he ſeverely ſwinges the mad Zeal of Men-ſacrificers, tho' perhaps he has not produced a true Inſtance in *Iphigenia*; yet Hiſtory

*Semota ab noſtris rebus, ſejunctaque longe ;*
*Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,*
*Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus, nihil indiga noſtri,*
*Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*
*Humana ante oculos fœdè cum vita jaceret*
*In terris oppreſſa gravi ſub Religione,*
*Quæ caput à cœli regionibus oſtendebat,*
*Horribili ſuper aſpectu mortalibus inſtans ;*
*Primum* GRAÏUS *homo mortaleis tollere contra*
*Eſt oculos auſus, primuſque obſiſtere contra :*
*Quem nec fama Deûm, nec fulmina, nec minitanti*
*Murmure compreſſit Cœlum, ſed eo magis acrem*
*Virtutem irritât animi, confringere ut arcta*
*Naturæ primus portarum clauſtra cupiret.*
*Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, & extra*
*Proceſſit longe flammantia mœnia Mundi ;*
*Atque omne immenſum peragravit mente animoque :*
*Unde refert nobis victor quid poſſit oriri,*
*Quid nequeat ; finita poteſtas denique cuique*
*Quanam ſit ratione, atque alte terminus hærens.*
*Quare Relligio pedibus ſubjecta viciſſim*
*Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria Cœlo.*

*Illud*

Affairs, and ſeparated by Diſtance infinite; from Sorrow free, ſecure from Danger; in its own Happineſs ſufficient, and nought of ours can want, is neither pleaſed with Good, nor vexed with Ill.

INDEED Mankind, in wretched Bondage held, lay groveling on the ground, galled with the Yoke of what is called *Religion*; from the Sky this Tyrant ſhewed her Head, and with grim Looks hung over us poor Mortals here below; until a [e] Man of *Greece* with ſteady Eyes dared look her in the Face, and firſt oppoſed her Power. Him not the Fame of Gods nor Thunder's Roar kept back, nor threatening Tumults of the Sky; but ſtill the more they rouſed the active Virtue of his aſpiring Soul, as he preſſed forward firſt to break thro' Nature's ſcanty Bounds. His Mind's quick Force prevailed; and ſo he paſſed by far the flaming Limits of this World, and wander'd with his comprehenſive Soul o'er all the mighty Space; from thence returned triumphant; told us what Things may have a Being, and what cannot; and how a finite Power is fixed to each, a Bound it cannot break; and ſo Religion, which we feared before, by him ſubdued, we tread upon in turn; his Conqueſt makes us equal to the Gods.

ſtory, both ſacred and profane, gives us many ſad Relations of ſuch Cruelties: but ſince he declares that the Deſign of his writing is to free Men from the Fear of that Heavenly Tyrant *Providence*, &c. he muſt be read with ſome Caution, tho' his Arguments, in general, are weak, and, I think, can make but little Impreſſion.

[e] He attempts the Praiſe of *Epicurus* of *Athens*, the Son of *Neocles*, who, he ſays, firſt oppoſed himſelf to all theſe Terrors with undaunted Courage; and, by looking into the inmoſt Receſſes of Nature, diſcovered, as he thought, that all Things were made without the Care and Workmanſhip of the Gods, and therefore overthrew the Foundation of all Religion.

BUT

*Illud in his rebus vereor, ne forte rearis*
*Impia te rationis inire elementa, viamque*
*Endogredi ſceleris: Quod contra, ſæpius olim*
*Relligio peperit ſceleroſa atque impia facta,*
*Aulide quo pacto Triviaï virginis aram*
*Iphianaſſaï turpârunt ſanguine fœde*
*Ductores Danaûm, delecti, prima virorum.*
*Cui ſimul infula virgineos circumdata comptus*
*Ex utraque pari malarum parte profuſa 'ſt,*
*Et mœſtum ſimul ante aras adſtare parentem*
*Senſit, & hunc propter ferrum celare miniſtros;*
*Aſpectuque ſuo lacrymas effundere civeis:*
*Muta metu terram genibus ſummiſſa petebat:*
*Nec miſeræ prodeſſe in tali tempore quibat,*
*Quod Patrio princeps donârat nomine Regem.*
*Nam ſublata virûm manibus tremabundaque ad aras*
*Deducta 'ſt, non ut, ſolenni more ſacrorum*
*Perfecto, poſſet claro comitari Hymenæo:*
*Sed caſta inceſte nubendi tempore in ipſo*
*Hoſtia concideret mactatu mœſta parentis,*
*Exitus ut claſſi felix, fauſtuſque daretur*
*Tantum Relligio potuit ſuadere malorum.*
*Tutemet à nobis jam quovis tempore Vatum*
*Terriloquis victus dictis deſciſcere quæres?*
*Quippe etenim quam multa tibi jam fingere poſſum*
*Somnia, quæ vitæ rationes vetere poſſint,*
*Fortunaſque tuas omneis turbare timore.*
*Et merito: nam ſi certam finem eſſe viderent*

*Ærumnarum*

But in theſe Things I fear you will ſuſpect you are learning impious Rudiments of Reaſon, and entring in a Road of Wickedneſs. So far from this, reflect what ſad flagitious Deeds Religion has produced; by her inſpired the *Grecian* Chiefs, the Firſt of Men, at [f] *Aulis*, *Diana*'s Altar ſhamefully defiled with *Iphigenia*'s Blood; her Virgin Hair a Fillet bound, which hung in equal Length on either ſide her Face; ſhe ſaw her Father, cover'd with Sorrow, ſtand before the Altar; for pity to his Grief the butchering Prieſts concealed the Knife; the City at the ſight o'erflowed with Tears; the Virgin, dumb with Fear, fell low upon her Knees on the hard Earth; in vain the wretched Princeſs in Diſtreſs pleaded that ſhe firſt gave the honoured Name of Father to the King; but hurried off, and dragged by wicked Hands, ſhe trembling ſtood before the Altar: Alas! not as a Virgin, the ſolemn Forms being duly done, is drawn with pleaſing Force to *Hymen*'s noble Rites, but a chaſte Maid, juſt ripe for nuptial Joy, falls a ſad Victim by a Father's Hand, only to beg a kind propitious Gale for *Grecian* Ships; ſuch Scenes of Villany Religion could inſpire!

But ſtill I fear your Caution will diſpute the Maxims I lay down, who all your Life have trembled at the Poets frightful Tales. Alas! I could even-now invent ſuch Dreams as would pervert the ſteadieſt Rules of Reaſon, and make your Fortunes tremble to the Bottom. No wonder! but if Men were once convinced that Death

[f] The Sacrifice of *Iphigenia* is well known; for in theſe Notes I ſhall give no Account of the common Stories and Mythology of the Heathens, to be met with in every Dictionary: She was offer'd to *Diana* upon her Altar at *Aulis*, a Port of *Bœotia* on the River *Euripus*, her own Father aſſiſting at the Sacrifice.

*Ærumnarum homines, aliqua ratione valerent*
*Relligionibus, atque minis obſiſtere Vatum:*
*Nunc ratio nulla 'ſt reſtandi, nulla facultas,*
*Æternas quoniam pœnas in morte timendum.*
*Ignoratur enim quæ ſit natura animaï,*
*Nata ſit, an, contra, naſcentibus inſinuetur,*
*Et ſimul intereat nobiſcum morte dirempta,*
*An tenebras Orci viſat, vaſtaſque lacunas,*
*An pecudes alias divinitus inſinuet ſe,*
ENNIUS *ut noſter cecinit, qui primus amœno*
*Detulit ex Helicone perenni fronde coronam,*
*Per genteis Italas hominum quæ clara clueret,*
*Etſi præterea tamen eſſe Acheruſia templa*
*Ennius æternis exponit verſibus, edens:*
*Quo neque permanent animæ, neque corpora noſtra;*
*Sed quædam ſimulacra modis pallentia miris:*
*Unde ſibi exortam ſemper-florentis Homeri*
*Commemorat ſpeciem, lacrumas & fundere ſalſas*
*Cœpiſſe, & rerum naturam expandere dictis.*
*Quapropter bene, cum, Superis de rebus habenda*
*Nobis eſt ratio, Solis Lunæque meatus*
*Qua fiant ratione; & qua vi quæque genantur*

*Et*

was the ſure End of all their Pains, they might with Reaſon then reſiſt the Force of all Religion, and contemn the Threats of Poets. Now we have no Senſe, no Power, to ſtrive againſt this Prejudice, becauſe we fear a Scene of endleſs Torments after Death.

AND yet the Nature of the Soul we know not, whether formed with the Body, or at the Birth infuſed; and then, by Death cut off, ſhe periſhes as Bodies do; or whether ſhe deſcends to the dark Caves and dreadful Lakes of Hell; or, after Death, inſpired with heavenly Inſtinct, ſhe retires into the Brutes, as our Great [g] *Ennius* ſung, who firſt a Crown of Laurel ever green, brought down from *Helicon*; which gained him Fame through all the *Italian* Coaſts. And yet this Man, in never-dying Numbers, deſcribes the ſtately Palaces of *Acheron*, where nor our Souls or Bodies ever come, but certain Spectres ſtrange and wond'rous pale; from whence he tells how [h] *Homer*'s ever celebrated Shade appeared, and how his Eyes began to flow with briny Tears, as in immortal Verſe he ſung of Nature and her ſecret Laws.

Wherefore, I ſhall not only accurately write of Things above, as how the Sun and Moon their

[g] A *Latin* Poet, who lived about a hundred Years before *Lucretius*; he was a *Pythagorean*, and held the Doctrine of the Tranſmigration of Souls; he affirmed that the Soul of *Homer* was in his Body; but that he might not injure *Pluto*, he bequeathed to the infernal Manſions, not the Souls, nor the Bodies, but the Ghoſts, which the Ancients held to be a third Nature, of which, together with Body and Soul, the whole Man conſiſts. Theſe Spectres and Shadows of the Dead, appear, or ſeem to appear, when we are aſleep, or awake, or ſick, and terrify our Minds.

[h] *Ennius* uſed to ſay, that *Homer*'s Ghoſt appear'd to him from Hell, and bitterly weeping, diſcover'd to him the Nature of Things; for which *Cicero* ſufficiently laughs at him, in his ſecond Book of *Academick Queſtions*.

*In terris: tum, cum primis, ratione ſagaci*
*Unde Anima atque Animi conſtet natura, videndum;*
*Et quæ res nobis vigilantibus obvia menteis*
*Terrificet, morbo affectis, ſomnoque ſepultis,*
*Cernere uti videamur eos, audireque coram,* 135
*Morte obita quorum tellus amplectitur oſſa.*

*Nec me animi fallit,* GRAÏORUM *obſcura reperta*
*Difficile inluſtrare* LATINIS *verſibus eſſe,*
*(Multa novis verbis præſertim cum ſit agendum,)*
*Propter egeſtatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem;* 140
*Sed tua me Virtus tamen, & ſperata voluptas*
*Suavis Amicitiæ, quemvis perferre laborem*
*Suadet, & inducit noctеis vigilare ſerenas,*
*Quærentem dictis quibus, & quo carmine demum*
*Clara tuæ poſſim præpandere lumina menti,* 145
*Res quibus occultas penitus conviſere poſſis.*

*Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebraſque neceſſe 'ſt*
*Non radii Solis, neque lucida tela Diei*
*Diſcutiant, ſed Naturæ ſpecies, Ratioque:*
*Principium hinc cujus nobis exordia ſumet,* 150

NULLAM REM E NIHILO GIGNI DIVINITUS UNQUAM.

*Quippe*

Courſes run, and by what Power Beings in Earth and Heaven are formed, but chiefly ſearch with niceſt Care into the Soul and what her Nature is. What 'tis that meets our wakeful Eyes, and frights the Mind; and how, by Sickneſs or by Sleep oppreſſed, we think we ſee, or hear the Voice of thoſe who died long ſince, whoſe mould'ring Bones rot in the cold Embraces of the Grave.

I know 'tis hard to explain in *Latin* Verſe, the dark and myſtic Notions of the *Greeks*, (for I have Things to ſay require new Words) becauſe the Tongue is poor, the Subject new. But your Virtue, and the Pleaſures I expect from tender Friendſhip, makes me bear the Toil, and ſpend the ſilent Night with wakeful Eyes, ſtudious of Words and Numbers I ſhall uſe, to open to your Minds ſuch Scenes of Light, which ſhew the hidden Qualities of Things unknown. *The Difficulty of the Work.*

These Terrors of the Mind, this Darkneſs then, not the Sun's Beams, nor the bright Rays of Day can e'er diſpel, but Nature's Light and Reaſon; Whoſe firſt of Principles ſhall be my Guide: [1] *Nothing was by the Gods of Nothing made.* For hence it is that Fear *Nothing made out of Nothing.*

[1] He now enters upon his Subject, and lays down this Principle, *That Nothing is made of Nothing*, which he attempts to prove at large; he takes notice, that Men had obſerv'd many Effects upon Earth and in the Heavens, and not being able to diſcover the Cauſes of them, concluded that the Gods had produced them out of Nothing; the Falſity of which he undertakes to demonſtrate, tho' without Succeſs.

*Quippe ita formido Mortaleis continet omneis,*
*Quod multa in Terris fieri, Cæloque tuentur,*
*Quorum operum cauſas nulla ratione videre*
*Poſſunt, ac fieri divino Numine rentur.*
*Quas ob res, ubi viderimus, nil poſſe creari*
*De nihilo, tum, quod ſequimur, jam rectius inde*
*Perſpiciemus, & unde queat res quæque creari,*
*Et quo quæque modo fiant opera ſine Divum.*
*Nam ſi de Nihilo fierent, ex omnibus rebus*
*Omne genus naſci poſſet; nil Semine egeret:*
*E mare primum homines, è terra poſſet oriri*
*Squammigerum genus, & volucres; erumpere cælo*
*Armenta, atque aliæ pecudes: genus omne ferarum*
*Incerto partu culta, ac deſerta teneret:*
*Nec fructus iidem arboribus conſtare ſolerent,*
*Sed mutarentur: ferre omnes omnia poſſent.*
*Quippe, ubi non eſſent genitalia Corpora quoique,*
*Quî poſſet mater rebus conſiſtere certa?*
*At nunc Seminibus quia certis quidque creatur,*
*Inde enaſcitur, atque oras in luminis exit,*
*Materies ubi ineſt cujuſque & Corpora prima:*
*Atque hac re nequeunt ex omnibus omnia gigni,*
*Quod certis in rebus ineſt ſecreta facultas.*
*Præterea, cur Vere roſam, frumenta Calore,*
*Viteis Autumno fundi ſudante videmus:*
*Si non, certa ſuo quia tempore Semina rerum*
*Cum confluxerunt, patefit, quodcunque creatur,*
*Dum tempeſtates adſunt, & vivida tellus*
*Tuto res teneras effert in luminis oras?*
*Quod ſi de Nihilo fierent, ſubito exorerentur*
*Incerto ſpatio, atque alienis partibus anni:*

*Quippe*

diſturbs the Mind, that ſtrange Events in Earth and Heaven are ſeen, whoſe Cauſes cannot appear by Reaſon's Eye, and then we ſay they were from Powers Divine. But when we reſt convinced that Nothing can ariſe from Nothing, then the Way is clear to our Purſuit; we diſtinctly ſee whence every Thing comes into Being, and how Things are formed without the Help and Trouble of the Gods.

If Things proceed from Nothing, every Thing might ſpring from any Thing, and want no Seed; Men from the Sea might firſt ariſe, and Fiſh and Birds break from the Earth, and Herds and tender Flocks drop from the Sky, and every kind of Beaſt fix'd to no certain Place, might find a Being in Deſerts or in cultivated Fields: Nor the ſame Fruit on the ſame Trees would grow, but would be chang'd, and all Things all Things bear. For had not every Thing its genial Seed, how is it that every Thing derives its Birth from Cauſes ſtill the ſame? But now, ſince Things are form'd from certain Seeds, and firſt riſe into Light, where every Being has its Principles and Matter fitly framed, from hence we ſee that all Things cannot ſpring from every Thing, ſince each has certain ſecret Properties peculiar to itſelf. Beſides,

Why do we ſee the Roſe adorn the Spring, the Fruits in Summer, and the ſweaty Autumn, preſſing the Vine, unleſs the fixed Seeds of Things, uniting in their proper Times, give Life to Beings, each in its ſtated Seaſon, while Mother Earth can truſt her tender Offspring with Safety to the Air. But if Things proceed from Nothing, in a moment they might ſpring at Times uncertain, at Quarters of the Year unfit, and there

*Quippe ubi nulla forent primordia, quæ genitali*
*Concilio poſſent arceri tempore iniquo.*
*Nec porro Augendis rebus Spatio foret uſus*
*Seminis ad coïtum, è Nihilo ſi creſcere poſſent.*
*Nam fierent juvenes ſubito ex infantibu' parvis:*
*E terraque exorta repente arbuſta ſalirent.*
*Quorum nil fieri manifeſtum 'ſt, omnia quando*
*Paullatim creſcunt (ut par eſt) Semine certo:*
*Creſcendoque genus ſervant; ut noſcere poſſis*
*Quæque ſua de Materia grandeſcere, alique.*
*Huc accedit uti ſine certis imbribus anni*
*Lætificos nequeat fœtus ſummittere tellus:*
*Nec porro ſecreta cibo natura animantum*
*Propagare genus poſſit, vitamque tueri:*
*Ut potius multis communia corpora rebus*
*Multa putes eſſe, ut verbis Elementa videmus,*
*Quam ſine Principiis ullam rem exiſtere poſſe.*
*Denique cur Homines tantos natura parare*
*Non potuit, pedibus qui pontum per vada poſſent*
*Tranſire, & magnos manibus divellere monteis,*
*Multaque vivendo vitalia vincere ſæcla:*
*Si non Materies quia rebus reddita certa 'ſt*
*Gignundis è qua conſtat quid poſſit oriri?*
NIL *igitur fieri de* NILO *poſſe fatendum 'ſt:*
*Semine quando opus eſt rebus, quo quæque creatæ*
*Aëris in teneras poſſint proferrier auras.*
*Poſtremo quoniam Incultis præſtare videmus*
*Culta loca, & manibus meliores reddere fœtus:*
*Eſſe videlicet in terris Primordia rerum,*
*Quæ nos, fœcundas vertentes vomere glebas,*
*Terraïque ſolum ſubigentes, cimus ad ortus.*

*Quod*

would be no proper Seeds, whoſe kindly Influence might check their Growth at Seaſons that would kill them in the Bud.

Again, if Things could ſpring from Nought, what need of Time for Bodies to fulfil their Growth by Acceſſion of new Matter? An Infant then might inſtantly become a Youth, and Trees ſtart up in full Perfection from the Earth. But 'tis not ſo, 'tis plain; for Things, we know, grow by degrees from certain Seeds, and ſtill as they grow keep their Kind; and thus you find each Being riſes into Bulk, and thrives from Seed and Matter proper to itſelf.

Nor likewiſe can the Earth produce her Fruits to chear the Heart, unleſs with timely Showers impregnated; nor can Creatures, bleſſed with Life, deprived of Food, e'er propagate their Kind, or ſave their own Lives; and ſo you ſafer ſay that certain fixed Principles belong to certain Things, as Letters form our Words, than that from Nothing any Thing can riſe.

Further; whence is it that Nature cannot ſhew Men ſo gigantick as on foot to wade through Seas, or with their Hands to tear up migthy Hills, or to ſurpaſs the common Bounds of Life, by many Ages, but that certain Seeds are fixed to all Things, whence they muſt ariſe? And ſo we muſt confeſs that Nothing ſprings from Nothing, ſince each Kind muſt firſt proceed from Seed, the Principle whence every Creature derives its Life, and feels the gentle Air.

Beſides, becauſe we find the Earth, improved by Care, exceeds the uncultivated Soil, and by our Labour offers richer Fruits, we ſay that in the Earth the Seeds of Things lie ſtill, which, by turning up the fruitful Clods, by Ploughing, and, by breaking of the Ground, we force to ſpring;

*Quod ſi nulla forent, noſtro ſine quæque labore*
*Sponte ſua multo fieri meliora videres.*
*Huc accedit, uti quicque in ſua Corpora rurſum*
*Diſſolvat Natura, neque ad Nihilum interimat res.*
*Nam, ſi quid mortale è cunctis partibus eſſet,*
*Ex oculis res quæque repente erepta periret;*
*Nulla vi foret uſus enim, quæ partibus ejus*
*Diſcidium parere, & nexus exſolvere poſſet.*
*At nunc, æterno quia conſtant Semine quæque,*
*Donec vis obiit, quæ res diverberet ictu,*
*Aut intus penetret per inania, diſſolvatque,*
*Nullius exitium patitur Natura videri.*
*Præterea, quæcunque vetuſtate amovet ætas,*
*Si penitus perimit conſumens Materiem omnem,*
*Unde animale genus generatim in lumina vitæ*
*Redducit Venus? aut reductum dædala tellus*
*Unde alit, atque auget, generatim pabula præbens?*
*Unde mare ingenui fontes, externaque longè*
*Flumina ſuppeditant? unde æther ſidera paſcit?*

*Omnia*

but then, if no ſuch Seeds lay there, [k] the Fruits, without our Labour, would of their own accord improve, and of themſelves prevent our Care.

ADD here, that Nature does diſſolve all Bodies into their Principles again; nor can reduce Things into Nothing. *No Annihilation.*

[l] FOR if every Being was liable to Death through all its Subſtance, ſnatch'd from our Eyes, it would directly periſh; no need of Violence to make a Breach in all its Parts, and looſe the vital Bands. But now ſince Things are formed from eternal Seeds, Nature wills that nothing be deſtroyed, unleſs ſome Force prevails, which beats with Blows its outward Form; or pierces through the Pores with ſubtile Art, and ſo diſſolves the Frame.

BESIDES, ſuch Things as are removed by Age, if Time deſtroys them quite in all their Parts, whence does the Power of Love reſtore to Light the ſeveral Race of Beings? Whence the Earth, with niceſt Art, does nouriſh them when born, and makes them grow, and feeds with proper Food each in its Kind? Whence do the bounteous Springs, and Rivers, with their wandring Streams from far, ſupply the Sea? [m] The Air

[k] That is, what can hinder Plants that are produced from Nothing, from improving and growing every Year more fair and fruitful of their own accord?

[l] If Things were mortal in all their Parts, there would be no need of Violence to diſſolve them; but as every Thing would be produced and appear on a ſudden without the Endeavour or Force of any other Thing, ſo without the Force or Violence of any other Thing likewiſe every Thing would periſh, not by a Diſſolution of its Parts, but withdrawing from our Eyes, would vaniſh away in a moment, and thus reſolve into Nothing; for the Reaſon why Force is requiſite to diſſolve every Thing, is becauſe it conſiſts of Seeds that remain after its Diſſolution.

[m] It was the Doctrine of the *Epicureans*, that the Sun and Stars were Fires, that were nouriſhed and kept alive by Vapours and Exhalations that riſe from the Earth and Sea.

*Omnia enim debet, mortali Corpore quæ ſunt,*
*Infinita ætas conſumſe, anteacta dieſque.*
*Quod ſi in eo ſpatio, atque anteacta ætate fuere,*
*E quibus hæc Rerum conſiſtit Summa refecta:*
*Immortali ſunt naturâ prædita certé.*
*Haud igitur poſſunt ad Nilum quæque reverti.*
*Denique res omneis eadem vis cauſaque volgò*
*Conficeret, niſi Materies æterna teneret*
*Inter ſe nexas minus aut magis endopedite.*
*Tactus enim lethi ſatis eſſet cauſa profecto:*
*Quippe, ubi nulla forent æterno Corpore, eorum*
*Contextum vis deberet diſſolvere quæque.*
*At nunc, inter ſe quia nexus principiorum*
*Diſſimiles conſtant, æternaque materies eſt,*
*Incolumi remanent res corpore, dum ſatis acris*
*Vis obeat pro textura cujuſque reperta.*
*Haud igitur redit ad Nihilum res ulla, ſed omnes*
*Diſcidio redeunt in corpora materiaï.*
*Poſtremo pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater Æther*
*In gremium matris Terraï præcipitavit.*
*At nitidæ ſurgunt fruges, ramique vireſcunt*
*Arboribus; creſcunt ipſæ, fœtuque gravantur:*
*Hinc alitur porro noſtrum genus, atque ferarum:*
*Hinc lætas urbeis pueris florere videmus,*
*Frundiferaſque novis avibus canere undique ſylvas,*
*Hinc feſſæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta*
*Corpora deponunt, & candens lacteus humor*
*Uberibus manat diſtentis; hinc nova proles*
*Artubus infirmis teneras laſcivaper herbas*
*Ludit, lacte mero mentеis percuſſa novellas.*

*Haud*

whence feed the Stars? For that vaſt Tract of Time already paſt had long ago conſumed Things that were form'd from mortal Seed; but if thoſe Bodies which compoſe this Univerſe of Things were ſtill ſupplied through all that Space and Periods of Time that paſs'd long ſince, they ſurely muſt conſiſt of an immortal Nature, and from Death ſecure, can never into Nothing fall.

AGAIN, the ſame Violence would every where deſtroy all Beings, if the eternal Power of Matter did not hold faſt their cloſe compacted Frame in Bonds more ſtrong or weak; a ſingle Touch would ſurely be the Cauſe of Death; for Things form'd out of mortal Seed by any Force muſt periſh, and their Frame be quite diſſolv'd; but now, becauſe the Union of the Seeds of Bodies differs, which conſiſt of Matter eternal in its Nature, every Being is ſafe from Danger till ſome proper Force, proportioned to its Texture, makes the Aſſault. So Nothing can return to Nothing; every Thing reſolves by Separation of its Parts into its Principles from whence it ſprung.

LASTLY, the Rains that Father *Æther* pours into the Womb of Mother Earth do ſeem to periſh there, but ſtrait fair Fruits ſpring up; the Boughs grow green upon the Trees, their Limbs increaſe, and bend beneath a Load of Fruit; hence all the living Race of Men and Beaſts are fed, our gallant Cities filled with Youth, our leafy Woods reſound with Songs of Birds new fledg'd; the weary Flocks grown fat repoſe their Bodies on the fertile Plains, while the white milky Humour from their Dugs diſtended flows; and hence their ſprightly Young, in wanton Play, friſk with their tender Limbs o'er the ſoft Graſs, chearing their little Hearts with the pure Milk;

and

*Haud igitur penitus pereunt quæcunque videntur:*
*Quando aliud ex alio reficit Natura, nec ullam*
*Rem gigni patitur, niſi morte adjutam aliena.*
*Nunc age, res quoniam docui non poſſe creari*
*De Nihilo, neque item genitas ad Nil revocari;*
*Ne qua forte tamen cæptes diffidere dictis,*
*Quod nequeunt oculis rerum Primordia cerni;*
*Accipe præterea, quæ Corpora Tute neceſſe 'ſt*
*Confiteare eſſe in rebus, nec poſſe videri.*
*Principio,* VENTI *vis verberat incita pontum,*
*Ingenteiſque ruit naveis, & nubila differt;*
*Interdum rapido percurrens turbine campos*
*Arboribus magnis ſternit, monteiſque ſupremos*
*Silvifragis vexat flabris: ita perfurit acri*
*Cum fremitu, ſævitque minaci murmure pontus.*
*Sunt igitur* VENTI *nimirum corpora cæca,*
*Quæ mare, quæ terras, quæ denique nubila cæli*
*Verrunt, ac ſubito vexantia turbine raptant.*
*Nec ratione fluunt alia, ſtragemque propagant,*
*Ac cum mollis aquæ fertur natura repente*
*Flumine abundanti, quod largis imbribus auget*
*Montibus ex altis magnus decurſus aquaï:*
*Fragmina conjiciens ſylvarum, arbuſtaque tota;*

and therefore Things we ſee do not entirely die; [n] Nature ſtill renews one Being by another, nor does ſhe ſuffer one Thing to be, unleſs ſupplied with Matter from ſomething elſe that was diſſolved before.

And now, ſince I have taught that Nothing can proceed from Nothing, nor can Things once form'd to Nothing be reduced, [o] leſt you by chance ſhould doubt my Reaſons, ſince the Seeds of Things cannot be ſeen with naked Eyes; hear further, that there are Seeds of Bodies (and you muſt confeſs there are) impervious to the Sight.

And firſt, the raging Force of Winds does laſh the Sea, o'erthrow vaſt Ships, and chaſe the Clouds; ſometimes they ſcour the Plains with furious Storms, and ſpread them o'er with talleſt Trees, and vex the lofty Hills with Blaſts that rend the Woods. And ſo they bluſter with a dreadful Sound, and roar with threatening Noiſes through the Air. Theſe Winds are therefore Bodies to the Eye unſeen, which ſcour the Sea, the Lands, the Clouds, and toſs them, thus tormented, with their Blaſts. They act the ſame, and ſpread Deſtruction round as a ſtill Stream, increaſed by ſudden Rain, and ſwell'd by Torrents pouring from the Hills, the Effect of driving Showers, is born along, rending the Limbs of Trees, and then whole Woods: Nor can the

[n] He concludes that Nothing returns to Nothing, ſince Nature produces one Thing out of another, and never any Thing new, but makes uſe of the Matter of another Thing that had been diſſolved before.

[o] Leſt *Memmius* ſhould diſtruſt the Validity of the Arguments he has produced to eſtabliſh his Atoms, becauſe the firſt Principles of Things are, by reaſon of their Exility, imperceptible to the Senſe, he brings ſeveral Inſtances of corporeal Subſtances, to which no Man denies an Exiſtence, tho' they are inviſible to the Eye.

ſtrongeſt

*Nec validi poſſunt pontes venientes aquaï*
*Vim ſubitam tolerare: ita magno turbidus imbri*
*Molibus incurrens validis cum viribus amnis,*
*Dat ſonitu magno ſtragem; volvitque ſub undis*
*Grandia ſaxa, ruit quà quidquid fluctibus obſtat.*
*Sic igitur debent* VENTI *quoque flamina ferri:*
*Quæ, veluti validum flumen, cum procubuere*
*Quamlibet in partem, trudunt res ante, ruuntque*
*Impetibus crebris; interdum vertice torto*
*Corripiunt, rapidoque rotantia turbine portant.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam ſunt* VENTI *Corpora cæca:*
*Quandoquidem factis ac moribus, æmula magnis*
*Amnibus inveniuntur, aperto Corpore qui ſunt.*
*Tum porro varios rerum ſentimus* ODORES,
*Nec tamen ad nareis venienteis cernimus unquam:*
*Nec calidos* ÆSTUS *tuimur, nec* FRIGORA *quimus*
*Uſurpare oculis, nec* VOCES *cernere ſuemus;*
*Quæ tamen omnia Corporea conſtare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Natura: quoniam ſenſus impellere poſſunt.*
TANGERE ENIM ET TANGI, NISI CORPUS, NULLA POTEST RES.
*Denique fluctifrago ſuſpenſæ in littore Veſtes*
*Uveſcunt, eædem diſpanſæ in Sole fereſcunt;*
*At neque quo pacto perſederit humor aquaï*
*Viſu 'ſt nec rurſum quo pacto fugerit æſtu;*
*In parvas igitur parteis diſpergitur Humor,*
*Quas oculi nulla poſſunt ratione videre.*
*Quin etiam multis Solis redeuntibus annis*
*Annulus in digito ſubtertenuatur habendo:*
*Stillicidi caſus lapidem cavat: uncus aratri*
*Ferreus occultè decreſcit Vomer in arvis:*
*Strataque jam volgi pedibus detrita viarum*
*Saxea conſpicimus: tum portas propter ahena*

*Signa*

ſtrongeſt Bridges bear the Force, ſo ſudden, of the ruſhing Flood; the Stream, made mad by haſty Rains, beats on the Damms with Force impetuous, ſwells through the Breach with horrid Noiſe, and rolls the maſſy Stones under its Waves, and breaks what ſtops its Tide. Juſt ſo the Hurricanes of Wind drive on which way they point their Blaſts, like mighty Floods, force all before them, beat with frequent Strokes; ſometimes they ſnatch with rapid Turns, and whirl Things as they roll in Eddies through the Air. Theſe Winds, 'tis plain, are Bodies ſtill unſeen, ſince by their furious Blaſts they rival in their Force the largeſt Streams, which Bodies are we own.

Besides, we feel the various Smells of Things, but can't diſcern how they affect the Noſe; nor can we ſee the raging Heat, nor with our Eyes perceive the Cold, nor can we ſee a Voice; all which by Nature are of Bodies form'd, becauſe they make Impreſſion on the Senſe, for nothing but Body can be touch'd, or touch.

Again, a Garment hung up nigh the Shore, That breaks the Waves, grows wet, and, to the Sun expanded, dries; yet no one ever ſaw how the moiſt Vapour fix'd, or how again it fled before the Heat; the watery Drops muſt be diſſolv'd into ſmall Parts too ſubtle to be at all diſcover'd by the Eye.

But further, after many circling Years, a Ring upon the Finger wears away, the Fall of dropping Water hollows Stones, the crooked Plough-ſhare, tho' of Iron, waſtes in the Fields inſenſibly by Uſe; we ſee the Streets, paved with hard Stones, worn out by frequent Tread of Paſſengers; [p] the

[p] He means the Images of the Tutelar or Guardian Gods, whoſe Right Hand, whoever came into the City or went out of it, was uſed to kiſs, *boni ominis causâ*, for good Luck's ſake.

brazen

*Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari*
*Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum:*
*Hæc igitur minui, cum sint detrita videmus;*
*Sed quæ Corpora decedant in tempore quoque,*
*Invida præclusit speciem Natura videndi.*
*Postremo, quæcunque Dies, Naturaque rebus*
*Paullatim tribuit, moderatim crescere cogens,*
*Nulla potest oculorum acies contenta tueri;*
*Nec porro quæcunque ævo, macieque senescunt:*
*Nec mare quæ impendent vesco sale Saxa peresa,*
*Quid quoque admittant in tempore, cernere possis.*
*Corporibus cæcis igitur Natura gerit res.*
*Nec tamen undique Corporea stipata tenentur*
*Omnia natura, namque est in rebus* INANE.
*Quod tibi cognôsse in multis erit utile rebus:*
*Nec sinet errantem dubitare, & quærere semper*
*De Summa rerum, & nostris diffidere dictis;*
*Quapropter locus est intactus,* INANE, *vacansque.*
*Quod si non esset, nulla ratione moveri*
*Res possent; namque officium, quod Corporis extat,*
*Officere, atque obstare, id in omni tempore adesset*
*Omnibus: Haud igitur quidquam procedere posset,*
*Principium quoniam cedendi nulla daret res.*
*At nunc per maria, ac terras, sublimaque cæli,*
*Multa modis multis varia ratione moveri*
*Cernimus ante oculos; quæ, si non esset* INANE,
*Non tam sollicito motu privata carerent;*
*Quàm genita omnino nulla ratione fuissent:*
*Undique Materies quoniam stipata quiesset.*

brazen Statues nigh the Gates ſhew their Right Hands made leſs by many a Kiſs of thoſe who worſhip, or who paſs along. Theſe Things we ſee ſhew leſs and leſs, and wear; but what a Share of Matter every time is bruſhed off, Nature in Envy to us, has not indulg'd the Faculty to ſee.

LASTLY, what every Day and Nature do beſtow on Beings, to make them grow by juſt Degrees, not the moſt piercing Eye could ever find, nor yet the Particles that fly and waſte by Age or by Decay; nor can you ſee by what degrees the Rocks are eaten through by the corroding Salt of daſhing Waves: Thus Nature works by Bodies not diſcern'd.

AND yet all Beings are not form'd of cloſe and ſolid Parts; in Things there is a *Void*, which in your Searches into Nature will be of uſe to know. This will preſerve your wand'ring Mind from Doubt, prevent your conſtant Toil by judging right of Nature's Laws, and make my Words believ'd. *There muſt be a Void.*

WHEREFORE there is a Place we call a [q] *Void*, an empty Space intangible, or elſe no Bodies could be moved, or ſtir; the Quality all Bodies have to ſtop and to oppoſe does never fail, ſo that to move would be in vain to try, no Body firſt by yielding would give way. But now we ſee before our Eyes, that Things move various ways in Seas, in Earth, and in the Heaven above; but were no *Void*, they would not be depriv'd of that Activity of Motion only, but would not be at all; for Matter wedg'd and crouded cloſe on every ſide had ever been at reſt.

[q] If there were no Void interſperſed in Things, all Things would be crouded to ſuch a degree, that not only nothing in the whole Univerſe could be moved from its Place, but it would be even impoſſible to give a Reaſon, and explain how any thing can be generated, becauſe a local Motion is abſolutely neceſſary for the Generation of all Things, and without a Void there can be no Motion whatever.

BESIDES,

*Præterea quamvis Solidæ res eſſe putentur,*
*Hinc tamen eſſe licet Raro cum corpore cernas:*
*In ſaxis, ac ſpeluncis permanat Aquarum*
*Liquidus humor, & uberibus flent omnia guttis:*
*Diſſupat in corpus ſeſe Cibus omne animantum:*
*Creſcunt Arbuſta, & fœtus in tempore fundunt,*
*Quod Cibus in totas uſque ab radicibus imis*
*Per truncos, ac per ramos diffunditur omneis:*
*Inter ſepta meant Voces, & clauſa domorum*
*Tranſvolitant: rigidum permanat Frigus ad oſſa.*
*Quod, niſi* INANIA *ſint, qua poſſent Corpora quæque*
*Tranſire, haud ulla fieri ratione videres.*
*Denique cur alias aliis præſtare videmus*
*Pondere res rebus, nihilo majore figura?*
*Nam, ſi tantundem 'ſt in Lanæ glomere, quantum*
*Corporis in Plumbo 'ſt, tantundem pendere par eſt;*
*Corporis officium eſt quoniam premere omnia deorſum:*
*Contra autem natura manet ſine pondere* INANIS.
*Ergo quod Magnum 'ſt æque, Leviuſque videtur,*
*Nimirum plus eſſe ſibi declarat* INANIS:
*At contra Gravius plus in ſe* CORPORIS *eſſe*
*Dedicat, & multò* VACUI *minus intus habere.*
*Eſt igitur nimirum id, quod ratione ſagaci*
*Quærimus, admiſtum rebus quod Inane vocamus.*

*Illud*

BESIDES [r] though Things appear of ſolid Parts compoſed, yet you will find them, in ſome meaſure, form'd of Bodies that are rare; the liquid Moiſture of the Water ſweats through Rocks and Stones, and all Things weep with Drops abundant; the Food that every Creature eats, diſperſes through the Body; the Trees increaſe and grow, and in due Seaſon ſhew their Fruit; becauſe the Juice is from the lower Roots ſpread through the Trunk, and over all the Boughs. Sounds paſs through ſtrong Partitions, and fly quick through Walls of Houſes, and the piercing Cold ſtrikes through the very Bones; but were no *Void*, no empty Space, that Bodies e'er ſhould paſs, you'd find a Thing impoſſible to prove.

AGAIN, [s] why do we ſee ſome Things exceed others in Weight, tho' of an equal Size? For if as much of Body went to form a Ball of Wooll, as made a Ball of Lead, their Weight would be the ſame; for the Quality of Body is to preſs downward: but a perfect *Void* by Nature has no Weight; ſo that a Body of equal Size, but lighter in its Weight, proves it has more of empty Space. So again, the heavier Body has more of ſolid Parts 'tis plain, and has within it leſs of *Void*. And this is doubtleſs what with Reaſon's ſearching Eye we look for, mixed with Things, we call it *Space*.

[r] Some Bodies, he obſerves, pierce and diſtil through Things that ſeem to be moſt ſolid, as Water through Stones, which could never be, were there not between the Particles of theſe Things ſome void Spaces, through which theſe Bodies might paſs.

[s] It is hard to conceive why two Bodies of the ſame Shape and Size ſhould weigh one more than the other, except the one had more of Body, to which Weight is natural, and the other more of *Void*, which has no Weight at all.

*Illud in his rebus, ne te deducere vero*
*Poſſit, quod quidam fingunt, præcurrere cogor;*
*Cedere Squamigeris latices nitentibus aiunt,*
*Et liquidas aperire vias; quia poſt loca Piſces*
*Linquant, quo poſſint cedentes confluere undæ;*
*Sic alias quoque res inter ſe poſſe moveri,*
*Et mutare locum; quamvis ſint omnia plena:*
*Scilicet id falſa totum ratione receptum 'ſt.*
*Nam quò Squamigeri poterunt procedere tandem,*
*Ni ſpatium dederint latices? concedere porro*
*Quò poterunt undæ, cum piſces ire nequibunt?*
*Aut igitur motu privandum 'ſt corpora quæque;*
*Aut eſſe admiſtum dicendum 'ſt rebus* INANE;
*Unde initium primum capiat res quæque movendi.*
*Poſtremo duo de concurſu Corpora lata,*
*Si cita diſſiliant, nempe aër omne neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Inter corpora quod fuvat, poſſidat* INANE.
*Is porro, quamvis circum celerantibus auris*
*Confluat, haud poterit tamen uno tempore totum*
*Complere ſpatium: Nam primum quemque neceſſe 'ſt*
*Occupet ille locum, deinde omnia poſſideantur.*
*Quòd ſi forte aliquis, cùm Corpora diſſiluere,*
*Tum putat id fieri, quia ſe condenſeat aër,*
*Errat; nam* VACUUM *tum fit, quod non fuit ante;*
*Et repletur item,* VACUUM *quod conſtitit ante:*

*Nec*

But I am forc'd to ſtep before, and anſwer what ſome pretend, leſt you ſhould be ſeduced from Truth: [t] They ſay the Waters yield to Fiſh making their way, and ope their liquid Paths; for when the Fiſh have left a Space, that inſtant thither the yielding Waters circling flow. By the ſame Rule, all Beings may be moved among themſelves, and change their former Place, though all Things ſhould be full: but this, 'tis plain, is falſe throughout; for how could Fiſh advance at all, unleſs the Waters gave them way? And whither ſhould the Waves retire, if the Fiſh did not move, and leave a Space behind? So that all Bodies muſt be deprived of Motion, or you muſt ſay a Void is mixed with every Thing from whence each Being firſt derives a Power to move.

Lastly [u], if two broad Bodies meet, and inſtantly are ſeparated again, the Air muſt needs fill up the Void that is between; but this Air, though it ſhould hurry with its ſwifteſt Powers, it cannot all at once fill up the Space, theſe Bodies will diſcloſe at parting; firſt the neareſt Part will be filled up, and then the more remote, until the whole be full.

If one ſhould ſay, when theſe flat Bodies meet the Air is condens'd, but when they part the Air is rarified, 'tis a Miſtake; for then there muſt be *Void* where there was none before, and that *Void* that was before muſt now be full; in ſuch a

[t] The Water could not give way unleſs there was an empty Place for it to retire to; and therefore there muſt be a Void mix'd with Bodies, or there could be no Motion at all.

[u] If two ſmooth broad Bodies meet, and are parted of a ſudden, a Void will be cauſed by their Diſſolution; for all Matter muſt have been driven away by thoſe two Bodies, and therefore the Space that opens between them, as they part, will be void of all Body.

*Nec tali ratione poteſt denſerier aër,*
*Nec, ſi jam poſſet, ſine* INANI *poſſet, opinor,*
*Se ipſe in ſe trahere, & parteis conducere in unum:*
*Qua propter, quamvis cauſando multa moreris,*
*Eſſe in rebus* INANE *tamen fateare neceſſe 'ſt.*
*Multaque præterea tibi poſſum commemorando*
*Argumenta, fidem dictis, conradere noſtris;*
*Verum animo ſatis hæc veſtigia parva ſagaci*
*Sunt, per quæ poſſis cognoſcere cætera Tute:*
*Namque Canes ut montivagæ perſæpe feraï*
*Naribus inveniunt intectas frunde quietes,*
*Cum ſemel inſtiterunt veſtigia certa viaï:*
*Sic alid ex alio per te Tute ipſe videre*
*Talibus in rebus poteris, cæcaſque latebras*
*Inſinuare omneis, & Verum protrahere inde:*
*Quod ſi pigrâris, paullumve abſceſſeris ab re,*
*Hoc tibi de plano poſſum promittere,* MEMMI:
*Uſque adeo largos hauſtus de fontibu' magnis*
*Lingua meo ſuavis diti de pectore fundet,*
*Ut verear, ne tarda prius per membra Senectus*
*Serpat, & in Nobis Vitaï clauſtra reſolvat,*
*Quàm tibi de quavis una re verſibus omnis*
*Argumentorum ſit copia miſſa per aureis.*
*Sed nunc jam repetam cœptum pertexere dictis:*
*Omnis, ut eſt, igitur, per ſe, Natura, duabus*
*Conſiſtit rebus; nam* CORPORA *ſunt, &* INANE,
*Hæc in quo ſita ſunt, & quà diverſa moventur:*
*Corpus enim per ſe communis deliquat eſſe*
*Senſus; quo niſi prima fides fundata valebit,*
*Haud erit occultis de rebus quo referentes*
*Confirmare animi quicquam ratione queamus.*
*Tum porro Locus, ac Spatium, quod* INANE *vocamus,*
*Si nullum foret, haud uſquam ſita Corpora poſſent*
*Eſſe, neque omnino quàquam diverſa meare;*
*Id quod jam ſupera tibi paullo oſtendimus ante:*

*Præterea*

Caſe, the Air can't be condens'd; and if it could, it can't without a *Void* contract itſelf, and ſo reduce its Parts into a cloſer Space: Wherefore, perplex the Matter as you pleaſe, you muſt confeſs in Things there is a *Void.*

I could by many Arguments confirm this Syſtem of a *Void*, and fix your Faith to what I ſay; but theſe ſmall Tracks I have drawn, to ſuch a ſearching Mind, will be enough; the reſt you may find out without a Guide. For as ſtaunch Hounds, once put upon the Foot, will by the Noſe ſoon rouſe the Mountain Game from their thick Covers; ſo you, in Things like theſe, will one Thing by another trace, will hunt for Truth in every dark Receſs, and draw her thence.

But if you doubt, or in the leaſt object to what I ſay, I freely promiſe this, my *Memmius*, my tuneful Tongue ſhall, from the mighty Store that fills my Heart, pour out ſuch plenteous Draughts from the deep Springs, that tardy Age I fear will firſt creep through my Limbs, and quite break down the Gates of Life, before I can explain in Verſe the many Arguments that give a Light to one Particular. But now I ſhall go on to finiſh regularly what I begun.

All Nature therefore, in itſelf conſidered, is one of theſe, is *Body* or is *Space*; in which all Things are placed, and from whence the various Motions of all Beings ſpring. That there is Body common Senſe will ſhew, this as a fundamental Truth muſt be allowed, or there is nothing we can fix as certain in our Perſuit of hidden Things, by which to find the Truth, or prove it when 'tis found. Then if there were no Place or Space, we call it *Void*, Bodies could have no where to be, nor could they move at all, as we have fully proved to you before.

*There is nothing beſides Body and Void.*

*Præterea nihil eſt, quod poſſis dicere ab omni*
CORPORE *ſejunctum, ſecretumque eſſe ab* INANI:
*Quod quaſi tertia ſit rerum natura reperta.*
*Nam quodcunque erit, eſſe aliquid debebit id ipſum*
*Augmine vel grandi, vel parvo denique dum ſit;*
*Cui ſi Tactus erit quamvis levis, exiguaſque,*
*Corporum augebit numerum, ſummamque ſequetur;*
*Sin Intactile erit, nulla de parte quod ullam*
*Rem prohibere queat per ſe tranſire meantem;*
*Scilicet hoc id erit Vacuum, quod Inane vocamus.*
*Præterea per ſe quodcunque erit, aut faciet quid,*
*Aut aliis fungi debebit agentibus ipſum;*
*Aut erit ut poſſint in eo res eſſe, gerique:*
*At facere & fungi ſine* CORPORE *nulla poteſt res:*
*Nec præbere locum porro, niſi Inane, Vacanſque*
*Ergo præter* INANE, *&* CORPORA, *tertia per ſe*
*Nulla poteſt rerum in numero natura relinqui;*
*Nec, quæ ſub ſenſus cadat ullo tempore noſtros,*
*Nec, ratione animi quam quiſquam poſſit apiſci.*
*Nam quæcunque cluent, aut his* CONJUNCTA *duabus*
*Rebus ea invenies; aut horum* EVENTA *videbis.*
*Conjunctum 'ſt id, quod nunquam ſine perniciali*
*Diſcidio potis eſt ſejungi, ſeque gregari:*
*Pondus uti ſaxis, Calor ignibu', Liquor aquaï,*
*Tactus Corporibus cunctis, Intactus Inani.*
*Servitium contra, Libertas, Divitiæque,*
*Paupertas, Bellum, Concordia, cætera, quorum*
*Adventu manet incolumis natura, abituque,*
*Hæc ſoliti ſumus, ut par eſt,* EVENTA *vocare.*

*Tempus*

Besides, there is Nothing you can ſtrictly ſay, It neither Body is nor Void, which you may call a third Degree of Things diſtinct from theſe. For every Being muſt in Quantity be more or leſs; and if it can be touch'd, tho' ne'er ſo ſmall or light, it muſt be *Body*, and ſo eſteemed; but if it can't be touch'd, and has not in itſelf a Power to ſtop the Courſe of other Bodies as they paſs, this is the *Void* we call an empty Space.

Again, [x] whatever Is muſt either act itſelf, or be by other Agents acted on; or muſt be ſomewhat in which other Bodies muſt have a Place and move; but Nothing without Body can act, or be acted on; and where can this be done, but in a Vacuum or empty Space? Therefore, beſide what Body is or Space, no third Degree in Nature can be found, Nothing that ever can affect our Senſe, or by the Power of Thought can be conceiv'd. All other Things you'll find eſſential *Conjuncts*, or elſe the Events or Accidents of theſe. I call eſſential Conjunct, what's ſo joined to a Thing that it cannot, without fatal Violence, be forced or parted from it; ſuch is Weight to Stones, to Fire Heat, Moiſture to the Sea, Touch to all Bodies, and not to be touch'd eſſential is to *Void*; but, on the contrary, Bondage, Liberty, Riches, Poverty, War, Concord, or the like, which not affect the Nature of the Thing, but when they come or when they go, the Thing remains entire; theſe, as 'tis fit we ſhould, we call *Events*.

[x] Nothing exiſts but Body and Void; for whatever is, either has a Power of acting on another, or may ſuffer from another: that is, it muſt be ſubject either to Action or Paſſion, and that muſt be a Body; or it muſt be that in which Things are contained, and in which they are made and moved, and that is the Void.

*Tempus item per se non est, sed Rebus ab ipsis*
*Consequitur sensus, transactum quid sit in ævo,*
*Tum quæ Res instet; quid porro deinde sequatur:*
*Nec per se quemquam* TEMPUS *sentire fatendu 'st*
*Semotum ab rerum motu, placidaque quiete.*
*Denique Tyndaridem raptam, belloque subactas*
*Trojugenas genteis cum dicunt esse, videndu 'st,*
*Ne forte hæc per se, cogant nos, esse fateri:*
*Quando ea sæcla hominum, quorum hæc eventa fuere*
*Irrevocabilis abstulerit jam præterita ætas.*
*Namque aliud Rebus, aliud regionibus ipsis*
EVENTUM *dici poterit, quodcunque erit actum.*
*Denique Materies si rerum nulla fuisset,*
*Nec Locus, ac Spatium, res in quo quæque geruntur;*
*Nunquam Tyndaridis formæ conflatus amore*
*Ignis Alexandri Phrygio sub pectore glisceus*
*Clara accendisset sævi certamina belli:*
*Nec clam durateus Trojanis Pergama partu*
*Inflammasset equus nocturno Grajugenarum;*
*Perspicere ut possis Res Gestas funditus omneis,*
*Non ita, uti* CORPUS, *per se constare nec esse:*
*Nec ratione cluere eadem, qua constat* INANE:

*Sed*

[y] Time likewiſe of itſelf is Nothing; our Senſe collects from Things themſelves what has been done long ſince, the Thing that preſent is, and what's to come. For no one, we muſt own, e'er thought of Time diſtinct from Things in Motion or at Reſt.

For when the Poets ſing of [z] *Helen*'s Rape, or of the *Trojan* State ſubdued by War, we muſt not ſay that theſe Things do exiſt now in themſelves, ſince Time, irrevocably paſt, has long-ſince ſwept away that Race of Men that were the Cauſe of thoſe *Events*; for every Act is either properly the Event of Things, or of the Places where thoſe Things are done.

Further, if Things were not of Matter form'd, were there no Place or Space where Things might act, the Fire that burn'd in *Paris*' Heart, blown up by Love of *Helen*'s Beauty, had never rais'd the famous Conteſts of a cruel War; nor had the Wooden Horſe ſet *Troy* on fire, diſcharging from his Belly in the Night the armed *Greeks:* from whence you plainly ſee that Actions do not of themſelves ſubſiſt, as Bodies do, nor are in Nature ſuch as is a *Void*, but rather are

[y] *Pythagoras*, *Heraclitus* and others believed, that Time was a Body; but *Lucretius* calls it an Event, attributed to Things by the Mind or Thought only, according as they are conceived to perſevere in the State in which they are, or to ceaſe from it, and to preſerve a longer or ſhorter Exiſtence, and to have it, or to have had it, or to be to have it. *Epicurus*, becauſe he ſaw that Time is nothing beſides Body and Void, aſſerted, that it does not exiſt of itſelf, nor as a Conjunct or Event, but as the chief Event of Events; he taught, that it exiſts not in Reality, but only in the Mind, and therefore may properly be called a Being of the Underſtanding.

[z] The Rape of *Helen*, and the Deſtruction of *Troy*, are not at this time, nor do exiſt in themſelves as Body and Void do, but are, as it were, the Events of Things, of Perſons, or of Places, for the Time paſt has carried off thoſe Men of whom thoſe Actions are Events.

more

*Sed magis ut meritò poſſis* EVENTA *vocare*
*Corporis, atque Loci, res in quo quæque gerantur.*
*Corpora ſunt porro partim Primordia rerum,*
*Partim Concilio quæ conſtant principiorum.*
*Sed quæ ſunt rerum Primordia, nulla poteſt vis*
*Stringere; nam Solido vincunt ea corpora demum:*
*Et ſi difficile eſſe videtur credere quicquam*
*In rebus Solido reperiri corpore poſſe;*
*Tranſit enim Fulmen cæli per ſepta domorum,*
*Clamor ut, ac Voces: Ferrum candeſcit in igne:*
*Diſſiliuntque fero ferventia Saxa vapore:*
*Conlabefactatus rigor Auri ſolvitur æſtu:*
*Tum glacies Æris flamma devicta liqueſcit:*
*Permanat calor Argentum, penetraleque frigus*
*Quando utrumque, manu retinentes pocula ritè,*
*Senſimus infuſo lympharum rore ſupernè:*
*Uſque adeo in rebus Solidi nihil eſſe videtur.*
*Sed quia vera tamen ratio, naturaque rerum*
*Cogit, ades, paucis dum verſibus expediamus,*
*Eſſe ea, quæ Solido atque æterno corpore conſtent,*
*Semina quæ rerum, Primordiaque eſſe docemus:*
*Unde omnis Rerum nunc conſtet Summa creata.*
*Principio quoniam duplex natura duarum*
*Diſſimilis rerum longe conſtare reperta 'ſt*
*Corporis atque Loci, res in quo quæque geruntur;*
*Eſſe utramque ſibi per ſe, puramque neceſſe 'ſt:*
*Nam quâcunque vacat Spatium, quod Inane vocamus;*
CORPUS *eâ non eſt: quâ porro cunque tenet ſe*
*Corpus, eâ vacuum nequaquam conſtat Inane.*
*Sunt igitur Solida, ac ſine Inani Corpora prima.*

*Præterea*

more juſtly called the Events of Body, and of Space, where Things are carried on.

LASTLY, Bodies are either the firſt Seeds of Things, or formed by the uniting of thoſe Seeds. [a] The ſimple Seeds of Things no Force can ſtrain, their ſolid Parts will never be ſubdued. Tho' it is difficult, I own, to think that any Thing in Nature can be found perfectly ſolid; for Heaven's Thunder paſſes through the Walls of Houſes, juſt as Sound or Words; Iron in the Fire grows hot, and burning Stones fly into pieces by the raging Heat; the Stiffneſs of the Gold is looſed by Fire, and made to run; the hard and ſolid Braſs, ſubdued by Flames, diſſolves; the Heat and piercing Cold paſſes through Silver; both of theſe we find, as in our Hand we hold a Cup, and at the Top pour Water hot or cold: ſo nothing wholly ſolid ſeems to be found in Nature. But becauſe Reaſon and the fixed State of Things oblige me, hear, I beg, while in few Verſes we evince, that there are Beings that conſiſt of ſolid and everlaſting Matter which we call the Seeds, and the firſt Principles of Things, from whence the whole of Things begin to be.

AND, firſt, becauſe we find two Sorts of Things unlike in Nature, in themſelves diſtinct, *Body* and *Space*, 'tis neceſſary each ſhould be entire, and ſeparate in itſelf; for where there is a Space which we call *Void*, there Nothing is of Body; ſo where Body is, there Nothing is of empty Space: and therefore ſuch Things there are as Solids and firſt Seeds, which Nothing in them can admit of *Void*. *The Seeds are Solid.*

[a] He comes now to diſpute more at large concerning Bodies, which he divides into Simple and Compound, and aſſerts, that Simple Bodies, or the Principles of the Compounds, are moſt ſolid, perfectly full, and contain no Void; tho' he allows this is very hard to conceive.

*Præterea quoniam genitis in rebus Inane 'ſt,*
*Materiem circum Solidam conſtare neceſſe 'ſt:*
*Nec res ulla poteſt vera ratione probari*
*Corpore Inane ſuo celare atque intus habere;*
*Si non, quod cohibet, Solidum conſtare relinquas.*
*Id porro nihil eſſe poteſt, niſi Materiaï*
*Concilium, quod Inane queat rerum cohibere.*
*Materies igitur Solido quæ corpore conſtat,*
*Eſſe æterna poteſt, cum cætera diſſolvantur.*
*Tum porro ſi nil eſſet, quod Inane vacaret,*
*Omne foret Solidum; niſi contra corpora cæca*
*Eſſent, quæ loca complerent, quæcunque tenerent:*
*Omne, quod eſt, Spatium vacuum conſtaret Inane.*
*Alternis igitur nimirum Corpus Inani*
*Diſtinctu 'ſt, quoniam nec Plenum naviter extat;*
*Nec porro Vacuum: ſunt ergo corpora cæca,*
*Quæ Spatium Pleno poſſint diſtinguere Inane.*
*Hæc neque diſſolvi plagis extrinſecùs icta*
*Poſſunt: nec porro penitùs penetrata retexi;*
*Nec ratione queunt alia tentata labare:*
*Id quod jam ſupera tibi paullo oſtendimus antè.*
*Nam neque conlidi ſine Inani poſſe videtur*
*Quicquam, nec frangi, nec findi in bina ſecando:*
*Nec capere humorem, neque item manabile frigus,*
*Nec penetralem ignem, quibus omnia conficiuntur.*
*Et quàm quæque magis cohibet res intus Inane,*
*Tam magis his rebus penitùs tentata labaſcit.*
*Ergo, ſi Solida, ac ſine Inani Corpora prima*
*Sunt, ita uti docui, ſint hæc Æterna neceſſe 'ſt.*
*Præterea, niſi Materies Æterna fuiſſet,*

*Antehac*

BESIDES; becauſe in all created Things there is a *Void*, 'tis neceſſary ſome ſolid Matter ſhould ſtill include this *Void*; nor can you prove, by any Rule of Reaſon, that any Thing contains within it ſelf an empty Space, unleſs you will allow what holds it in is perfect ſolid; and this is Nothing elſe but the cloſe Union of firſt Seeds, which bind and do confine within themſelves this *Void*. Matter therefore compoſed of ſolid Parts eternal is, when all Things elſe muſt die.

FURTHER, if there was no ſuch Thing as we call *Void*, every Thing would be ſolid; then again, unleſs there were ſome Things ſolid to fill up the Space they hold, all would be empty Space. Body from Space therefore is in itſelf diſtinct; for all is neither full, nor is all *Void*; and therefore there are ſolid Seeds which make a Difference between Full and Space.

THESE ſolid Seeds by no Force from without can be diſſolved, nor can they be deſtroyed by being pierced within, nor made to yield by any other Means, as proved before. For Nothing can be bruiſed without a *Void*, or broken or by Force be cleft in two, or receive Moiſture, or the piercing Cold, or ſearching Fire which all Things elſe deſtroys. And the more of *Void* the ſolid Seeds confine, the ſooner when they are ſtruck will they diſſolve, and fall to pieces[b]; therefore, if theſe firſt Seeds are ſolid, free from *Void*, they, as I ſaid, muſt be eternal, and from Death ſecure. *The Seeds are Eternal.*

AGAIN, if Matter had not been eternal, [c]long before

[b] Having aſſerted the Solidity of his Atoms, he proves they are eternal; for Solids are perfectly full, contain no Void, and therefore are not ſubject to Diſſolution, or to a Separation and Diviſibility of Parts.

[c] If the firſt Seeds of Things were diſſolved, they would fall into Nothing; for there are no Principles, prior to the firſt, into

*Antehac ad Nihilum penitus res quæque rediſſent ;*
*De Nihiloque renata forent quæcunque videmus.*
*At quoniam ſupera docui* NIL *poſſe creari*
*De Nihilo, neque quod genitu'ſt ad Nil revocari :*
*Eſſe immortali Primordia corpore debent,*
*Diſſolvi quo quæque ſupremo tempore poſſint ;*
*Materies ut ſuppeditet rebus reparandis.*
*Sunt igitur Solida Primordia ſimplicitate,*
*Nec ratione queunt alia ſervata per ævum*
*Ex infinito jam tempore res reparare.*
*Denique, ſi nullam finem Natura parâſſet*
*Frangendis rebus, jam Corpora materiaï*
*Uſque redacta forent, ævo frangente priore,*
*Ut nihil ex illis à certo tempore poſſet*
*Conceptum, ſummum ætatis pervadere florem :*
*Nam quidvis citiùs diſſolvi poſſe videmus,*
*Quam rurſus refici. Quapropter longa diei*
*Infinitæ ætas anteacti temporis omnis*
*Quod fregiſſet adhuc, diſturbans, diſſolvenſque,*
*Id nunquam reliquo reparari tempore poſſet :*
*At nunc nimirum frangendi reddita finis*
*Certa manet : quoniam refici rem quamque videmus,*
*Et finita ſimul generatim tempora rebus*
*Stare, quibus poſſint ævi contingere florem.*

*Huc*

before now all Beings had return'd to Nothing, and each Being we behold again had been reſtored from Nothing; but, as before I proved, Nothing from Nothing can be made, and what was once in Being can ne'er to Nothing be reduced; it follows, thoſe firſt Seeds muſt be compoſed of Principles immortal, into which at laſt each Being muſt diſſolve, and thence ſupply an everlaſting Stock of Matter to repair the Things decay'd. Theſe firſt Seeds therefore are ſolid and ſimple, elſe they could not laſt entire through Ages paſt and infinite, to repair Beings periſhed and diſſolv'd.

BUT ſtill, [d] if Nature had prefix'd no Bounds in breaking Things to pieces, the Parts of Matter, broken by every paſſing Age, had been reduced ſo ſmall, that Nothing could of them be form'd that would in any time become mature; for Things we ſee much ſooner are diſſolv'd than are again reſtored; and therefore what an infinite Tract of Ages paſt has broken, and ſeparated and diſſolv'd, in future Time can never be repaired; ſo that certain Bounds of breaking and dividing muſt be ſet, becauſe we ſee each Being is repaired, and ſtated Times are fixed to every Thing in which it feels the Flower of its Age.

into which they can be reſolved; and thus the Things that are daily born would ariſe from Nothing; it muſt therefore be allowed either that the Seeds are eternal, or that Things proceed from Nothing, which the Philoſophers held as the greateſt Abſurdity.

[d] The Seeds of Things are of a fixed Magnitude, and indiſſoluble; for had they been broken and waſted for ſo vaſt a Tract of Time as is already paſt, they would have been reduced into Parts ſo extremely ſmall, that they could never in any Length of Years, and therefore not in a few, be re-united and made up again into one Maſs.

AND

*Huc accedit, uti Solidiſſima materiaï*
*Corpora cum conſtant, poſſint tamen omnia reddi*
*Mollia, quæ fiant, Aër, Aqua, Terra, Vapores,*
*Quo pacto fiant, & qua vi cunque genantur,*
*Admiſtum quoniam ſimul eſt in rebus Inane.*
*At contra, ſi Mollia ſint Primordia rerum,*
*Unde queant validi ſilices, ferrumque creari,*
*Non poterit ratio reddi. Nam funditus omnis*
*Principio fundamenti Natura carebit.*
*Sunt igitur Solida pollentia ſimplicitate,*
*Quorum condenſo magis omnia conciliatu*
*Arctari poſſunt, validaſque oſtendere vireis.*
*Denique jam quoniam generatim reddita finis*
*Creſcendi rebus conſtat, vitamque tuendi,*
*Et quid quæque queant per fœdera Naturaï,*
*Quid porro nequeant ſancitum quandoquidem exſtat:*
*Nec commutatur quicquam, quin omnia conſtant,*
*Uſque adeo, variæ volucres ut in ordine cunctæ*
*Oſtendant maculas generaleis corpori ineſſe:*
*Immutabile materiæ quoque corpus habere*
*Debent nimirum. Nam ſi Primordia rerum*
*Commutari aliqua poſſent ratione revicta,*
*Incertum quoque jam conſtet, quid poſſit oriri,*
*Quid nequeat; finita poteſtas denique quoique*
*Quanam ſit ratione, atque altè termimus hæreat;*

AND yet, [e] though the firſt Seeds of Things are ſolid, all Beings that are compounded, ſuch as Air and Water, Earth and Fire, may be ſoft, (however made, or by what Power form'd) and from them be produced, becauſe there is a Void ſtill mix'd with Things; and, on the contrary, if theſe firſt Seeds were ſoft, what Reaſon can there be aſſign'd whence hardned Flints and Iron could be form'd, for Nature would want the proper Principles to work upon; and therefore theſe firſt Seeds muſt ſimple Solids be, by whoſe Union cloſe and compact all Things are bound up firm, and ſo diſplay their Strength and hardy Force. *Whence proceeds Softneſs.*

AGAIN, [f] becauſe each Being in its Kind has certain Bounds prefix'd to its Increaſe, and to the Preſervation of its Life, and ſince by Nature's Laws it is ordained to each how far their Powers to act or not extend; ſince Nothing changes, and every Thing goes on as it began, each Kind of Birds, moſt ſteady in their Courſe, ſhew the ſame Colours painted on their Wings, the Principles of Matter whence they ſpring muſt be fix'd and unchangeable; if the Seeds of Things could change by any Means, 'twould be unknown what could be form'd, what not; by what Means every Being is limited, and ſtops ſhort within the Bounds it cannot break; nor could

[e] Soft Bodies may be compounded of ſolid Seeds by the Intermixture of Void; but if the Seeds were ſoft, how hard Bodies ſhould be made from them is impoſſible to conceive.

[f] How could Animals carry always upon them the diſtinguiſhing Marks of their ſeveral Kinds, if they were not formed of Principles not liable to Change or Diſſolution? If the Seeds could be changed or diſſolved, neither Men nor any other Animals would retain their uſual Shapes; ſome would enjoy a prodigious Strength and Length of Days, while others of the ſame Kind would be puny and ſhort-lived. We ſhould ſee frequently white Crows, and ſometimes black Swans.

*Nec toties poſſent generatim ſæcla referre*
*Naturam, motus, victum, moreſque parentum.*
*Tum porro, quoniam extremum cujuſque cacumen;*
*Corporis eſt aliquod, noſtri quod cernere ſenſus*
*Jam nequeunt, id nimirum ſine partibus exſtat,*
*Et Minima conſtat natura; nec fuit unquam*
*Per ſe ſecretum, neque poſthac eſſe valebit;*
*Alterius quoniam eſt ipſum pars, primaque, & ima:*
*Inde aliæ, atque aliæ ſimiles ex ordine partes*
*Agmine condenſo naturam Corporis explent.*
*Quæ quoniam per ſe nequeunt conſtare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Hærere, ut nequeant ulla ratione revelli.*
*Sunt igitur Solida Primordia ſimplicitate;*
*Quæ minimis ſtipata cohærent partibus arctè.*
*Non ex ullorum conventu conciliata,*
*Sed magis æterna pollentia Simplicitate:*
*Unde neque avelli quicquam, neque diminui jam*
*Concedit Natura reſervans ſemina rebus.*
*Præterea, niſi erit Minimum, Parviſſima quæque*
*Corpora conſtabunt ex partibus Infinitis;*
*Quippe ubi dimidiæ partis pars ſemper habebit*
*Dimidiam partem, nec res perfiniet ulla:*
*Ergò rerum inter ſummam, minimamque qui eſcit?*

*Non*

the Courſe of Time in every Age, the Nature, Motion, Diet, and the Manners of the old Sire impreſs upon the Young.

Besides, [g] becauſe the utmoſt Point or the Extreme of every *Body* ſomething is the Eye cannot diſcern, it is not made of Parts, but is in Nature what we call the *Leaſt*; which ne'er exiſts of itſelf, divided from Body, nor ever can, becauſe it is the very Firſt and Laſt of ſomething elſe. For 'tis by heaping up ſuch Parts as theſe, one by another, that complete the Being of every *Body*. Since then they can't ſubſiſt apart, and ſeparate, they muſt needs ſtick cloſe, nor be divided by the utmoſt Force. Theſe Seeds therefore are in their Nature ſolid, and ſimple, form'd of ſmalleſt Parts bound cloſe; not tied together by united Seeds of various Kinds, but in themſelves entire, eternally unmix'd and pure, from which Nature will ſuffer Nothing to be forced or leſſened, reſerving them as firſt Seeds, to form and to repair thoſe Things that die.

Again, [h] ſuppoſe there was no *Leaſt*, the ſmalleſt Bodies muſt be compoſed of Parts boundleſs and infinite; the Half of every Being muſt then contain another Half, ſo there would be no End of ſtill dividing; and where would be the Difference between the ſmalleſt and the largeſt Bo- *Atoms.*

[g] Every Seed is of neceſſity ſimple and indiſſoluble, becauſe it conſiſts of Parts even the leaſt that can be conceived, and which no Art or Strength can diſjoin, becauſe no Art or Strength can reduce into Nothing; for Nothing goes into Nothing.

[h] The firſt Seeds are eternal and not to be diſſolved, not becauſe they are deſtitute of Parts, but becauſe they are ſolid, and therefore cannot be broken in pieces, nor divided by the greateſt Force. Theſe Parts have no Parts, and are purely Mathematical; for unleſs ſuch *Leaſts* are allowed, there would be no Inequality between the greateſt and the ſmalleſt Things, becauſe either of them would contain infinite Parts alike; and thus both of them would be infinite, which is abſurd.

*Non erit ut diſtent: nam quamvis funditus omnis*
*Summa ſit Infinita, tamen Parviſſima quæ ſunt,*
*Ex Infinitis conſtabunt partibus æquè,*
*Quoi quoniam ratio reclamat vera, negatque*
*Credere poſſe animum, victus fateare neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Eſſe ea quæ nullis jam prædita partibus exſtent,*
*Et Minima conſtent natura. Quæ quoniam ſunt,*
*Illa quoque eſſe tibi Solida, atque Æterna fatendum.*
*Denique ni Minimas in parteis cuncta reſolvi*
*Cogere conſuêſſet rerum Natura creatrix,*
*Jam nihil ex illis eadem reparare valeret:*
*Propterea quia, quæ multis ſunt partibus aucta,*
*Non poſſunt ea, quæ debet Genitalis habere*
*Materies, varios Connexus, Pondera, Plagas,*
*Concurſus, Motus, per quæ res quæque geruntur.*
*Porro, ſi nulla 'ſt frangendis reddita finis*
*Corporibus, tamen ex æterno tempore quædam*
*Nunc etiam ſuperare neceſſe 'ſt Corpora rebus,*
*Quæ nondum clueant ullo tentata periclo:*
*At quoniam fragili natura prædita conſtant,*
*Diſcrepat æternum tempus potuiſſe manere*
*Innumerabilibus plagis vexata per ævum.*
*Quapropter, qui Materiem rerum eſſe putârunt*
*Ignem, atque ex igni Summam conſiſtere ſolo*

*Magnopere*

dies? None in the leaſt; for though the whole be intirely infinite, yet Bodies that are ſmalleſt would contain infinite Parts alike, which, ſince true Reaſon exclaims againſt, nor will allow the Mind to give aſſent, you muſt, convinced, profeſs that there are Bodies which are void of Parts, and are by Nature *Leaſt*; ſince ſuch there are, you muſt admit them Solid and Eternal.

Lastly, [i] if Nature, Parent of Things, had not compelled all Things that periſh then to be reſolv'd into *Leaſt* Parts, ſhe could from them repair Nothing that dies; for Bodies that are form'd of various Parts can never be endued with Properties, which the firſt Seeds of Things ought to poſſeſs, as Union, Weight, and Force, Agreement, Motion, by which all Things act.

And yet, [k] ſuppoſe that Nature had allowed no End to Bodies being divided, yet ſome Bodies from Eternity muſt have been, which by no Force could ever be ſubdued. But Bodies that are form'd of brittle Seeds, and to be broken, could not have remained for Ages infinite, vexed as they have been with endleſs Blows, but muſt have been diſſolv'd.

Wherefore, thoſe Sages who have thought that Fire is the firſt Principle of Things, and from that alone the whole is form'd, do greatly

[i] If Nature did not leſſen even to the minuteſt Mites, the Matter of which Things are formed would be unfit to undergo thoſe Changes, and receive thoſe Figures, to which it muſt be expoſed; for if thoſe minute Bodies were formed of ſeveral Parts, and contained within them any Void, they would not be endued with an equal Weight, or uniform Motion; and therefore could never be united together.

[k] If there were no Solids which could not be diſſolved, where can we find thoſe Bodies that from Eternity have remained unbroken? for frail Atoms, that for ſo long a Tract of Time have been expoſed to infinite Strokes and Blows, muſt of neceſſity have been diſſolved.

*Magnopere à vera lapſi ratione videntur.*
HERACLITUS *init quorum dux prælia primus,*
*Clarus ob obſcuram linguam magis inter inaneis,*
*Quàmde graveis inter Graïos, qui vera requirunt.*
*Omnia enim Stolidi magis admirantur, amantque*
*Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt:*
*Veraque conſtituunt, quæ bellè tangere poſſunt*
*Aureis, & lepido quæ ſunt fucata ſonore.*
*Nam cur tam variæ res poſſent eſſe, requiro,*
*Ex vero ſi ſunt Igni, puroque creatæ?*
*Nil prodeſſet enim calidum denſerier Ignem,*
*Nec rarefieri, ſi partes Ignis eandem*
*Naturam, quam totus habet ſuper Ignis, haberent.*
*Acrior Ardor enim conductis partibus eſſet:*
*Languidior porro disjectis, diſque ſupatis.*
*Amplius hoc fieri nihil eſt, quod poſſe rearis*
*Talibus in cauſis, nedum variantia rerum*
*Tanta queat denſis rariſque ex Ignibus eſſe.*
*Atque* HI *ſi faciant, admiſtum rebus Inane;*
*Denſeri poterunt Ignes, rarique relinqui:*
*Sed, quia multa ſibi cernunt contraria, muſſant,*
*Et fugitant in rebus Inane relinquere purum, &,*
*Ardua dum metuunt, amittunt vera viaï:*
*Nec rurſum cernunt exempto rebus Inani,*
*Omnia denſeri, fierique ex omnibus unum*

*Corpus,*

err from the true Rule of Reaſon. The Champion of theſe, [1] *Heraclitus*, enters firſt the Liſts, more famed for dark Expreſſion among empty *Greeks*, than with the Wiſe, who ſearch for Truth; for none but Fools admire, and love what they ſee couch'd in Words abſtruſe; and that they take for Truth which quaintly moves the Ear, and painted o'er affects by witty Jingling of the Sound. *Againſt* Heraclitus.

For how ſuch various Beings could ariſe, I aſk, if form'd from pure and real Fire? To ſay, [m] that the hot Fire is now condens'd, and ſometimes rarified, would nought avail; the ſeveral Parts muſt ſtill retain the Nature of Fire, the ſame which the Fire had when whole; the Heat would be more fierce, the Parts condens'd, more languid when divided and made rare. There's nothing more than this you can derive from Cauſes ſuch as theſe, much leſs ſo great Variety of Things can be produced from Fire or Flame, condenſed or made rare.

Indeed, would they admit in Things a *Void*, Fire then might be condens'd or rarified; but This, becauſe it contradicts their Schemes, they murmur at, and will allow in Things no empty *Space:* So, while they fear to grant this difficult Truth, they loſe the Way that's right, nor do they ſee, by not allowing there is in Things a *Void*, all Bodies would be denſe; and out of all one only would be

[1] He taught, that all Things are made of Fire, and reſolv'd again into Fire; and tho' the Poet ſingles out this Philoſopher, he takes it for granted, that his Arguments conclude as ſtrongly againſt others; ſince whatever oppoſes this Doctrine of Fire, will equally hold good againſt the Air, or any other of the Elements.

[m] *Heraclitus* aſſerted, that Fire, by being condenſed, grows moiſt, and ſo becomes Air; and the Air, by Compreſſion, becomes Water; which Water, by Condenſation, is turned into Earth: But this is not proved; for the more the Fire is condenſed, the more it is Fire, and the Rarifaction is nothing to the purpoſe; for rarify Fire as much as you will, it will ſtill be Fire.

*Corpus, nil ab ſe quod poſſit mittere raptim,*
*Æſtifer Ignis uti lumen jacit, atque vaporem :*
*Ut videas non è ſtipatis partibus eſſe.*
*Quod ſi fortè ulla credunt ratione poteſſe*
*Igneis in cætu ſtingui, mutareque corpus ;*
*Scilicet ex ulla facere id ſi parte reparcent,*
*Occidet ad Nihilum nimirum funditus Ardor*
*Omnis, & ex Nihilo fient quæcunque creantur.*
*Nam quodcunque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,*
*Continuò hoc mors eſt illius, quod fuit ante ;*
*Proinde aliquid ſuperare neceſſe 'ſt incolume olli,*
*Ne tibi res redeant ad Nilum funditus omnes,*
*De Nihiloque renata vireſcat copia rerum.*
*Nunc igitur, quoniam certiſſima corpora quædam*
*Sunt, quæ conſervant naturam ſemper eandem,*
*Quorum abitu, aut aditu, mutatoque ordine, mutant*
*Naturam res, & convertunt corpora ſeſe ;*
*Scire licet non eſſe hæc Ignea corpora rerum.*
*Nil referret enim quædam decedere, abire,*
*Atque alia attribui, mutarique ordine quædam,*
*Si tamen Ardoris naturam cuncta tenerent.*
*Ignis enim foret omnimodis, quodcunque crearent.*
*Verùm, ut opinor, ita 'ſt : Sunt quædam Corpora,*
*quorum*

*Concurſus,*

made, which could by force emit Nothing without it ſelf, as the hot Fire emits both Light and Heat, which ſhews it is not compoſed of crouded Parts, without a *Void.*

But if they think, that [n] Fire in all its Parts may be extinguiſh'd, and ſo its Body change; if they inſiſt that This may once be done, then the whole Fire muſt be reſolv'd to Nothing, and Things new-form from Nothing muſt ariſe; for whatſoever is chang'd, and breaks the Bounds of its firſt Nature, dies, and is no more what firſt it was: ſome Seeds of Beings therefore muſt ſtill remain whole and unhurt, leſt Things to Nothing ſhould perfectly return; and then revive, and ſhould again from Nothing be reſtored.

But now, ſince there remain ſome certain Seeds that keep their Nature ſtill the ſame, whoſe Abſence or their Preſence, and their Change of Order change the Nature of compound Bodies, you muſt not think that theſe [o] firſt Seeds are fiery; if they were, what would it ſignify what Seeds are abſent, or what retire, what others take their place, how others may their Rank and Order change, ſince All would ſtill be in their Nature Fire, and Beings form'd from Them muſt wholly be of Fire? But, as I think, the Caſe is thus: Some certain Seeds there are by

[n] If Fire be a ſimple and uncompounded Thing, of which all Things are made, it cannot change without totally periſhing; a compound Body may change, and aſſume another State, but a Body uncompounded, if it loſes its firſt Nature, entirely dies.

[o] The firſt Seeds are not fiery in their own Nature; if they were, neither adding, detracting, nor tranſpoſing them, would ſignify nothing to produce any Effect: for if the Nature of Fire ſtill continued ſafe, nothing but Fire can be made ~~of~~ it. He ſays further, that certain Corpuſcles, whoſe Form cannot be perceived by Senſe, are the firſt Principles of Things, from whoſe meeting and uniting in various Manners, Fire and all Things elſe are produced.

*Concurſus, Motus, Ordo, Poſitura, Figuræ,*
*Efficiunt Ignes, mutatoque ordine mutant*
*Naturam; neque ſunt Igni ſimulata, neque ullæ*
*Præterea reii, quæ corpora mittere poſſit*
*Senſibus, & noſtros adjectu tangere tactus.*
*Dicere porro Ignem res omneis eſſe, neque ullam*
*Rem veram in numero rerum conſtare, niſi Ignem,*
*Quod facit* HIC IDEM, *perdelirum eſſe videtur.*
*Nam contra Senſus ab Senſibus ipſe repugnat:*
*Et labefactat eos, unde omnia credita pendent:*
*Unde hic cognitus eſt ipſi, quem nominat Ignem.*
*Credit enim Senſus Ignem cognoſcere verè,*
*Cætera non credit, nihilo quæ clara minus ſunt:*
*Quod mihi cum vanum, tum delirum eſſe videtur.*
*Quo referemus enim? Quid nobis certius ipſis*
*Senſibus eſſe poteſt, quo vera ac falſa notemus?*
*Præterea, quare quiſquam magis Omnia tollat,*
*Et velit Ardoris naturam linquere ſolam,*
*Quam neget eſſe Ignis, Summam tamen eſſe relinquat?*
*Æqua videtur enim dementia dicere utrumque.*
*Quapropter qui Materiem rerum eſſe putârunt*
*Ignem, atque ex Igni Summam conſiſtere poſſe:*
*Et qui principium gignundis Aëra rebus*
*Conſtituêre: aut Humorem quincunque putârunt*
*Fingere res ipſum per ſe: Terramve creare*

whoſe Concuſſion, Motion, Order, Site, and Figure, Fire is form'd; and when their Order is chang'd, they change the Nature of this Fire; but theſe firſt Seeds have nothing fiery in themſelves, nor of ſuch a Nature are they, as to ſend forth Bodies to be perceiv'd by Senſe, or be the Object of our Touch.

[p] And now to ſay that every Thing is Fire, that no true Thing in Nature does exiſt but Fire, as this Man does, is Madneſs all; he contradicts his Senſes by his Senſe, and overthrows thoſe Teſts of Truth by which all Things are known: For 'tis by Them we know that Thing which he calls Fire, and this Senſe concludes, it truly knows the Nature of this Fire; but then all other Things it will deny, which equally are true. This is to me a vain and fooliſh Way to judge; for to what ſhall we apply? And what can be more ſure than are our Senſes to us, by which we fully know Falſhood and Truth?

Besides, why any one ſhould all Things elſe diſclaim, and only Fire allow, or ſay there's no ſuch Thing as Fire, and all Things elſe allow, either of theſe is vain, and equal Madneſs to believe.

Wherefore, [q] thoſe Sages who contend that Fire is the firſt Principle, and that of Fire all Things conſiſt, and thoſe who make the Air the firſt Seeds of Bodies, and ſuch who ſay the Water is the ſole Cauſe of Beings, or that the Earth

[p] *Heraclitus* confeſſes, he knows Fire by the Help of his Senſes; *Lucretius* urges, that by his Senſes he diſcovers other Things beſides Fire. The Philoſopher never denied, but that other Things beſides Fire appeared, but he would not allow them to be; the Poet inſiſts, that other Things beſides Fire truly are, and that the Senſes evidently diſcover them to be.

[q] *Heraclitus* held, that Fire, *Anaximenes Mileſius*, that Air, *Thales Mileſius*, that Water, and *Pherecydes*, that Earth was the firſt Principle of all Things.

all

*Omnia, & in rerum naturas vertier omneis:*
*Magnoperè à vero longéque errâſſe videntur.*
*Adde etiam qui conduplicant primordia rerum,*
*Aëra jungentes Igni, Terramque Liquori:*
*Et qui Quatuor ex rebus poſſe omnia rentur,*
*Ex Igni, Terrâ, atque Anima procreſcere, & Imbri:*
*Quorum Acragantinus cum primis* EMPEDOCLES *eſt:*
*Inſula quem Triquetris terrarum geſſit in oris:*
*Quam fluitans circum magnis amfractibus æquor*
*Ionium glaucis aſpergit virus ab undis:*
*Anguſtoque fretu rapidum mare dividit undis*
*Italiæ terraï oras à finibus ejus:*
*Hîc eſt vaſta Charybdis, & hîc Ætnæa minantur*
*Murmura flammarum rurſum ſe conligere iras,*
*Faucibus eruptos iterum ut vis evomat igneis:*
*Ad cœlumque ferat flammaï fulgura rurſum:*
*Quæ cùm magna modis multis miranda videtur*
*Gentibus humanis regio, viſendaque fertur,*
*Rebus opima bonis, multa munita virûm vi:*
*Nil tamen hoc habuiſſe Viro præclarius in ſe,*
*Nec ſanctum magis, & mirum, carumque videtur.*
*Carmina quin etiam divini pectoris ejus*
*Vociferantur, & exponunt præclara reperta;*
*Ut vix humana videatur ſtirpe creatus.*
*Hic tamen, & ſupera, quos diximus, inferiores*
*Partibus egregiè multis, multoque minores,*
*Quanquam multa benè, ac divinitùs invenientes*

*Ex*

all Things creates, and can infuſe itſelf into the Nature of all Things, do ſtrangely err, and wander wide from Truth.

AND ſo do thoſe who double the firſt Elements of Things, and to produce all Beings, join the Air to Fire, the Earth to Water, or believe that from all Four all Beings are produced, and ſpring from Air, and Water, Earth and Fire. *Things are not made of four Elements.*

THE Chief of theſe we rank [r] *Empedocles* of *Agrigentum*, born in *Sicily*, the Iſland famed for its three Promontories, whoſe Sides the *Ionian* Sea flows all around, with mighty Windings, from whoſe Coaſts the Sea, by a narrow Frith, divides the Bounds of *Italy*. Here is the fierce *Charybdis*, here *Ætna* roars, and threatens loud to ſuck in Flames of Vengeance, with greater Force to belch them out again, burſt from his Jaws, and throw the flaſhing Fire high as the Sky. This Iſland, tho' renown'd by Men for many Things, and worth their Sight, rich in the beſt Advantages of Life, by mighty Men defended, yet produced Nothing more glorious than this One great Man, Nothing more venerable, admired, and dear. Beſides his Verſe, that from his Soul Divine flows ſweetly, ſo clearly proves, and ſo explains the noble Secrets he has found, he ſeems ſcarce born of Human Race, but from the Gods. Empedocles.

YET He, with others of inferior Note we named before, remarkably, by great Degrees, and much below him, tho' theſe have ſucceeded well in their Search, and many Things have found as if

[r] The Son of *Meton*, born at *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*, who taught that all Things were formed of the four Elements, *Fire*, *Water*, *Air*, and *Earth*. Whatever *Lucretius* objects againſt his Doctrine, will conclude likewiſe againſt thoſe who hold, that Things are produced from two or three Elements only; for if four cannot be thought ſufficient, much leſs will a fewer Number ſuffice.

inſpired,

*Ex adyto tanquam cordis reſponſa dedêre*
*Sanctiùs, & multò certa ratione magis, quam*
*Pythia, quæ tripode ex Phœbi, lauroque profatur;*
*Principiis tamen in rerum fecere ruinas,*
*Et graviter Magni magno cecidere ibi caſu:*
*Primum, quod motus, exempto rebus Inani,*
*Conſtituunt, & res molleis, raraſque relinquunt,*
*Aëra, Solem, Ignem, Terras, Animalia, Fruges:*
*Nec tamen admiſcent in eorum corpus Inane.*
*Deinde quod omnino finem non eſſe ſecandis*
*Corporibus faciunt, neque pauſam ſtare fragori;*
*Nec prorſum in rebus Minimum conſiſtere quicquam:*
*Cum videamus id extremum cujuſque cacumen*
*Eſſe quod ad ſenſus noſtros Minimum eſſe videtur:*

inſpired, and have pronounced their Oracles (from the moſt cloſe Receſſes of their Souls) much more Divine, and founded more on Reaſon than *Pythia*, ſacred Propheteſs, from *Tripod*, or from *Apollo*'s Laurel ever ſpoke. Yet they have made ſad Havock, when they ſearch into the Principles of Things, and fell with this Great Man's Miſtakes together with Him.

And firſt, [s] becauſe, denying there is *Void* in Bodies, they admit of Motion, and allow that Things are ſoft or rare; as the Air, the Sun, the Fire, the Earth, the Creatures, Fruits, and yet will mix no empty Space in the Contexture of Bodies that are form'd.

And then they ſet no Bounds to Bodies being divided, nor will admit an End to Blows that break their Frame; nor will they grant that ſuch a Thing as *Leaſt* is found in Bodies, when we plainly ſee that every Being has a Part, a Point that utmoſt lies, and obvious to our Senſe, which is the Leaſt of all; and thence conclude, that ut-

[s] He objects againſt the Philoſophers, firſt, that they admit of Motion, of Rareneſs and Softneſs, and yet deny a *Void*. Secondly, that they aſſert all Bodies to be infinitely diviſible, which he oppoſes. Thirdly, that their firſt Seeds are ſoft, and conſequently ſubject to change; and if they could change, they muſt be annihilated: but he has proved before, that Nothing proceeds or returns to Nothing. Fourthly, that the Elements they ſet up are contrary to one another, and therefore will mutually deſtroy one another, at leaſt they can never unite in the Compoſition of Bodies. He obſerves, fifthly, that if they ſay the Elements loſe their Nature, when they are changed into Things, and that Things are again changed into them, in this Caſe he ſays, the Elements are not more properly the Principles of Things, than Things are the Principles of the Elements. If they ſay the Elements ſtill retain their Nature, he inſiſts, that Nothing of one Species, and of one Name, could then be produced, but only a certain rude and undigeſted Maſs of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water; as of the Things of Gold, Silver, Tin, and Braſs, Nothing can ever be made but a Heap of Gold, Silver, Tin, and Braſs.

moſt-

*Conjicere ut poſſis ex hoc, quod cernere non quis,*
*Extremum quod habent, Minimum conſiſtere rebus.*
*Huc accedit item, quod jam primordia rerum*
*Mollia conſtituunt, quæ nos nativa videmus*
*Eſſe, & mortali cum corpore funditus; atqui*
*Debeat ad Nihilum jam rerum Summa reverti,*
*De Nihiloque renata vireſcere copia rerum:*
*Quorum utrumque quid à vero jam diſtet, habebas.*
*Deinde inimica modis multis ſunt, atque venena*
*Ipſa ſibi inter ſe: Quare aut congreſſa peribunt,*
*Aut ita diffugient, ut tempeſtate coorta,*
*Fulmina diffugere, atque Imbreis Ventoſque videmus.*
*Denique Quatuor ex rebus ſi cuncta creantur,*
*Atque in eas rurſum res omnia diſſolvuntur,*
*Quî magis illa queunt rerum Primordia dici,*
*Quam contra res illorum, retroque putari?*
*Alternis gignuntur enim, mutantque colorem,*
*Et totam inter ſe naturam tempore ab omni:*
*Sin ita fortè putas, Ignis, Terræque coire*
*Corpus, & Aërias auras, Rorcmque liquorum,*
*Nil in concilio naturam ut mutet eorum:*
*Nulla tibi ex illis poterit res eſſe creata,*
*Non Animans, non Exanimo quid corpore, ut Arbos:*
*Quippe ſuam quidque in cœtu variantis acervi*
*Naturam oſtendet, miſtuſque videbitur Aër*
*Cum Terra ſimul, atque Ardor cum Rore manere:*
*At Primordia gignundis in rebus oportet*
*Naturam Clandeſtinam, cœcamque adhibere,*
*Emineat nequid, quod contra pugnet & obſtet,*
*Quò minùs eſſe queat propriè, quodcunque creatur.*

moſt Point is that ſame *Leaſt* in Things too ſmall to be diſcover'd by the Sight.

BESIDES, theſe Men make their Principles of Things conſiſt of ſoft Seeds, which we ſee are born, and altogether mortal in their Frame; if ſo, the whole of Things muſt have return'd to Nothing, and be again from thence reſtored; how diſtant both from Truth you have heard before.

AND then ſuch Seeds are many times at war among themſelves, and Poiſon to each other, and ſo will periſh in the Attack, or fly ſcatter'd, as in a Tempeſt we obſerve the Thunder, and the Showers and Wind diſperſe.

LASTLY, if all Things from four Elements are form'd, and into them are finally diſſolv'd, why ſhould they rather the firſt Principles of Things be called, than Things the Principles of them? For they are produced alternately, are ever changing their Form and their whole Nature mutually into each other; but if by chance you think the Body of the Fire and Earth is joined, that Air is joined to Water, and thus united, each Element preſerves its Nature ſtill entire; Nothing from Seeds like theſe could have been form'd, not Men, nor Things inanimate, as Trees: For every Element in this various Heap of Matter, ever changing, would diſplay its proper Nature ſtill; you'd ſee the Air mix'd with the Earth, and Fire with Water joined. But the firſt Principles whence Things are form'd ſhould be in Nature cloſe and undiſcern'd, that Nothing might appear, which ſhould oppoſe or jar, and thus prevent the compound Body from being uniform, and make it conſiſt of Parts diſſimilar, confuſed and void.

*Quin etiam repetunt à cœlo, atque ignibus ejus*
*Et primum faciunt Ignem ſe vertere in Auras*
*Aëris: hinc Imbrem gigni, Terramque creari*
*Ex Imbri, retroque à Terra cuncta reverti,*
*Humorem primum, poſt Aëra, deinde Calorem:*
*Nec ceſſare hæc inter ſe mutare, meare*
*De Cœlo ad Terram, de Terra ad Sidera Mundi:*
*Quod facere haud ullo debent primordia pacto.*
*Immutabile enim quiddam ſuperare neceſſe 'ſt;*
*Ne res ad Nihilum redigantur funditus omnes.*
*Nam quodcunque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,*
*Continuò hoc mors eſt illius, quod fuit antè,*
*Quapropter, quoniam quæ paullo diximus antè,*
*In commutatum veniunt, conſtare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Ex aliis ea, quæ nequeant convertier unquam:*
*Ne tibi res redeant ad Nihilum funditus omnes.*
*Quin potiùs tali natura prædita quædam*
*Corpora conſtituas, Ignem ſi forte creârint,*
*Poſſe eadem demptis paucis, pauciſque tributis,*
*Ordine mutato, & motu, facere Aëris auras:*
*Sic alias aliis rebus mutarier omneis.*
*At manifeſta palam res indicat, inquis, in auras*
*Aëris è Terra res omnes creſcere, alique;*

*Et*

BESIDES [t], Philoſophers like Theſe derive their Tranſmutation from Celeſtial Fire; and firſt, they make this Fire to change to Air, from Air is Water form'd, the Earth from Water; and then again, from Earth theſe Elements return, firſt Water, then the Air, and laſt the Fire. Nor do theſe conſtant Changes ever ceaſe among themſelves, but ſtill proceed from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Stars, that light the World. But the firſt Seeds of Things muſt by no means be thus diſpoſed; ſomething immutable muſt needs remain, leſt Things ſhould utterly to Nothing be reduced: For whatſoever ſuffers a Change, by paſſing o'er the Bounds of its firſt Nature, dies, and is no more what it firſt was. Thoſe Elements therefore, which, as we ſaid above, admit of Change, muſt needs conſiſt of other Seeds which never can change at all, leſt Things ſhould utterly to Nothing be reduced: Then rather ſay, there are ſome certain Principles in Nature which are the Seeds of Fire, ſuppoſe, and ſome of theſe being taken away, or elſe by adding more, by changing of their Order or their Motion, they compoſe the Air, and ſo all other Beings may be produced by Changes ſuch as Theſe.

[u] BUT you ſay, that common Fact does clearly ſhew, that all Things grow, and riſe into the Air,

[t] *Empedocles* and his Followers taught, that the Elements are continually preying upon and robbing one another; but the Poet urges, that if the Principles change, they will fall into Nothing; and therefore, ſince they allow the Elements are chang'd, they cannot be the firſt Principles of Things: For Nothing comes from Nothing, and therefore, there muſt be an immutable Matter, which being variouſly moved, produced now Fire, now Air, now Earth, now Water.

[u] He raiſes an Objection, that Plants and all Animals grow, and are nouriſhed by the four Elements; and therefore are ſaid to be the Principles of all Things: but he replies, that they

*Et niſi tempeſtas indulget tempore fauſto,*
*Imbribus, & tabe nimborum arbuſta vacillant.*
*Solque ſua pro parte fovet, tribuitque calorem:*
*Creſcere non poſſunt Fruges, Arbuſta, Animantes.*
*Scilicet: & niſi nos Cibus aridus, & tener Humor*
*Adjuvet, amiſſo jam corpore, vita quoque omnis*
*Omnibus è nervis atque oſſibus exſolvatur:*
*Adjutamur enim dubio procul, atque alimur nos*
*Certis ab rebus, certis aliæ atque aliæ res.*
*Nimirum quia multa modis communia multis*
*Multarum rerum in rebus Primordia miſta*
*Sunt, ideo variis variæ res rebus aluntur.*
*Atque eadem magni refert Primordia ſæpe*
*Cum quibus, & quali poſitura contineantur:*
*Et quos inter ſe dent motus, accipiantque.*
*Namque eadem Cœlum, Mare, Terras, Flumina, Solem*
*Conſtituunt; eadem Fruges, Arbuſta, Animanteis:*
*Verùm aliis, alioque modo commiſta moventur.*
*Quin etiam paſſim noſtris in Verſibus ipſis*
*Multa Elementa vides multis communia verbis:*
*Cum tamen inter ſe Verſus, ac verba neceſſe 'ſt*
*Confiteare & re, & ſonitu diſtare ſonanti:*
*Tantum Elementa queunt permutato ordine ſolo:*
*At rerum quæ ſunt Primordia, plura adhibere*
*Poſſunt, unde queant variæ res quæque creari.*

*Nunc*

Air, and are ſupported by the Earth; and unleſs the Seaſon, in happy Time, indulges Rain, and ſhakes the Trees with driving Showers, unleſs the Sun, on his Part, cheriſhes and gives his Heat, nor Fruits, nor Trees, nor Creatures could increaſe. 'Tis true, but theſe are not firſt Seeds; and we likewiſe, unleſs dry Food and kindly Juice preſerve our Bodies, they muſt periſh, and every Spark of Life, out of our Nerves and Bones, muſt be extinct. We are upheld, no doubt, and nouriſhed by certain Means; and other Things are ſtaid by certain others; for many common Principles of many Things are mix'd in each. And therefore, the various kind of Things we find ſupported in a different manner; but yet it much concerns with what, and in what Order, theſe firſt Seeds unite, and what Motion they give and take among themſelves; for the ſame Seeds compoſe Heaven, Earth, the Sea, the Rivers, and the Sun, the ſame compoſe the Creatures, Fruits, and Trees, they differ only as they are moved by others, and as their Mixture differs in themſelves.

So, in theſe Lines of mine, the many Letters you ſee are common to the Make and Form of many Words; and yet, you muſt confeſs, the Verſes and the Words are much unlike in Senſe and Sound: Such is the Force of Letters, by Change of Order only. But the firſt Seeds of Things being more, muſt needs admit of Changes more different; from whence proceeds that great Variety of Things we ſee produced.

are no more the Principles than Wine, Wheat, and other Things, by which we ſupport Life; for Things that nouriſh are not therefore Principles, but Thoſe from which they receive a Contexture, which makes them fit Nouriſhment for Things.

*Nunc & ANAXAGORÆ ſcrutemur Homœomeriam,*
*Quam Græci memorant, nec noſtra dicere lingua*
*Concedit nobis patrii ſermonis egeſtas:*
*Sed tamen ipſam rem facile 'ſt exponere verbis,*
*Principium rerum quam dicit Homœomeriam:*
*Oſſa videlicet è pauxillis atque minutis*
*Oſſibu': ſic & de pauxillis atque minutis*
*Viſceribus Viſcus gigni: Sanguenque creari,*
*Sanguinis inter ſe multis coëuntibu' guttis:*
*Ex Aurique putat micis conſiſtere poſſe*
*Aurum: & de Terris Terram concreſcere parvis:*
*Ignibus ex Ignem: Humorem ex Humoribus eſſe:*
*Cætera conſimili fingit ratione, putatque.*
*Nec tamen eſſe ulla parte IDEM in rebus Inane*
*Concedit, neque corporibus finem eſſe ſecandis:*
*Quare in utraque mihi pariter ratione videtur,*
*Errare, atque ILLI, ſupera quos diximus ante.*
*Adde quod imbecilla nimis Primordia fingit,*
*Si Primordia ſunt, ſimili quæ prædita conſtant*
*Natura, atque ipſæ res ſunt; æquèque laborant,*
*Et pereunt, neque ab exitio res ulla refrænat:*
*Nam quid in oppreſſu valido durabit eorum,*

NOW, let us inquire into the [x] *Homœomery* of [y] *Anaxagoras*, the *Greeks* ſo call it, but the Poverty of the Latin Tongue will not allow us to expreſs it; but yet, by a ſhort Periphraſis, we can explain that Thing which he calls *Homœomery*, and makes the Principle of Bodies. For inſtance, Bones proceed from ſmall and little Bones, and Fleſh is made of ſmall and little Bits of Fleſh; and Blood is form'd of many Drops of Blood flowing together; and Gold, he thinks, conſiſts of little Grains of Gold; and Earth grows firm by Particles of Earth; Fire is made of Fire; Water from Water ſprings; and all Things elſe, he thinks, from Cauſes ſuch as Theſe ariſe. *Againſt Anaxagoras.*

AND yet this Man in no Caſe will allow in Things a *Void*, nor that there is an End to Bodies being divided: He equally miſtakes in both; and ſo do thoſe Sages ſpoken of before.

BESIDES [z], the Seeds he choſe are much too weak, if of the ſame frail Nature they conſiſt, as do the Things themſelves, they equally fall to decay, and periſh, nothing hinders them from Death: For which of theſe can long hold out againſt the fierce Jaws of Death, and ſo eſcape

[x] *Homœomery* ſignifies a Likeneſs of Parts; we call *Homœomeries* thoſe Things whoſe minuteſt Parts have the Name of the Whole, as Stones, Gold, Blood, &c.

[y] This Philoſopher held the Matter of which all Things are produced to be infinite, and made it conſiſt of very minute Particles, exactly like one another, confuſed at firſt, but reduced afterwards into Order by the Divine Mind. Things he aſſerted were formed of ſimilar Parts, as Bones of little Bones, Blood of Drops of Blood, &c.

[z] If like Things conſiſt of like, and the Principles are exactly of the ſame Nature with the Compounds, it follows that they are both equally liable to periſh; for certainly no Reaſon can be given, why a ſmall Part of Fleſh ſhould not be equally obnoxious to Corruption as a greater.

*Ut mortem effugiat lethi ſub dentibus ipſis?*
*Ignis? an Humor? an Aura? quid horum? Sanguen? an Oſſa?*
*Nil, ut opinor, ubi ex æquo res funditus omnis*
*Tam mortalis erit, quàm quæ manifeſta videmus*
*Ex oculis noſtris aliqua vi victa perire.*
*At neque recidere ad Nihilum res poſſe, neque autem*
*Creſcere de Nihilo, teſtor res ante probatas.*
*Præterea quoniam Cibus auget corpus alitque:*
*Scire licet, nobis Venas, & Sanguen, & Oſſa,*
*Et Nervos alienigenis ex partibus eſſe:*
*Sive Cibos omneis commiſto corpore dicent*
*Eſſe, & habere in ſe Nervorum corpora parva,*
*Oſſaque, & omnino Venas, parteiſque Cruoris;*
*Fiet, uti Cibus omnis & aridus, & Liquor ipſe,*
*Ex alienigenis rebus conſtare putetur,*
*Oſſibus, & Nervis, Veniſque, & Sanguine miſto.*
*Præterea quæcunque è Terra corpora creſcunt;*
*Si ſunt in Terris, Terras conſtare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Ex alienigenis, quæ Terris exoriuntur.*
*Transfer item, totidem verbis utare licebit:*
*In Lignis ſi flamma latet, fumuſque, ciniſque:*
*Ex alienigenis conſiſtant Ligna neceſſe 'ſt.*
*Linquitur hic tenuis latitandi copia quædam:*
*Id quod* ANAXAGORAS *ſibi ſumit, ut omnibus omneis*
*Res putet immiſtas rebus latitare: ſed illud*
*Apparere unum, cujus ſint pluria miſta,*

*Et*

Deſtruction, cruſhed between his very Teeth? Can Fire? Can Air? Can Water? Which of theſe? Can Blood? Can Bones? In my Opinion none. All Things in Nature then would equally be liable to Death, as are ſuch Things we ſee before our Eyes by any Force deſtroy'd. But this, I think, is fully proved before, that Nothing can fall to Nothing, or from Nothing riſe.

BESIDES, [a] ſince Food increaſes and ſupports the Body, then we know the Veins, the Blood, the Bones, conſiſt of heterogeneous and Parts diſſimilar, as does our Food. But if they ſay all Food conſiſts of Parts various and mixed, and in itſelf contains the little Strings of Nerves and Bones, and all the Veins and Parts of Blood, then all dry Meat and Drink muſt needs conſiſt of Parts diſſimilar, of Bones, of Nerves, of Veins, and mingled Blood.

FURTHER, if all Things which grow from the Earth are in the Earth contain'd, the Earth muſt then conſiſt of Parts diſſimilar, as do thoſe Things which from the Earth ariſe. Now change the Theme, but keep the Terms the ſame; in Wood if Flame and Smoke, and Aſhes lay conceal'd, then Wood muſt needs conſiſt of Parts of different Frame.

BUT here a thin Evaſion ſeems to ſhake this Argument a little; and *Anaxagoras* himſelf makes uſe of it: he thinks all Things are mixed with all Things and lie hid, but that one Thing only

[a] The Body is ſupported by ſeveral Sorts of Food, which plainly conſiſts of diſſimilar Parts; and therefore the Parts of our Body conſiſt of diſſimilar likewiſe: for the ſeveral Parts of it, the Bones, the Veins, the Nerves, are nouriſhed with different and diſſimilar Aliments. If it be pretended, that thoſe Aliments contain ſome Particles of Bones, Nerves, *&c.* it follows that there is not in thoſe Bodies that *Homœomery* imagined by *Anaxagoras*.

*Et magis in promptu, primaque in fronte locata:*
*Quod tamen à vera longe ratione repulsum 'st.*
*Conveniebat enim Fruges quoque sæpe minutas,*
*Robore cum saxi franguntur, mittere signum*
*Sanguinis, aut aliûm nostro quæ corpore aluntur:*
*Cum lapidi lapidem terimus, manare cruorem,*
*Consimili ratione Herbas quoque sæpe decebat,*
*Et laticis dulceis guttas, similique sapore*
*Mittere, lanigeræ quali sunt ubera lactis:*
*Scilicet & Glebis terrarum sæpe friatis*
*Herbarum genera, & fruges, frondeisque videri,*
*Dispertita, atque in Terris latitare minutè:*
*Postremo, in Lignis cinerem fumumque videri,*
*Cum præfracta forent, igneisque latere minutos.*
*Quorum nil fieri quoniam manifesta docet res,*
*Scire licet non esse in rebus res ita mistas:*
*Verum semina multimodis immista latere*
*Multarum rerum in rebus communia debent.*
*At sæpe in magnis sit montibus, inquis, ut altis*
*Arboribus vicina cacumina summa terantur*
*Inter se, validis facere id cogentibus Austris,*
*Donec fulserunt flammæ fulgore coörto:*
*Scilicet: & non est lignis tamen insitus Ignis,*
*Verùm Semina sunt Ardoris multa, terendo*
*Quæ cum confluxere, creant incendia sylvis.*
*Quòd si tanta foret sylvis abscondita flamma,*
*Non possent ullum tempus celarier Ignes:*
*Conficerent volgò sylvas, Arbusta crémarent.*

*Jamn*

appears, of which it moſt abounds, and on the Surface lies; but this Reply is vain, and wide from Truth; for then the little Grains of Corn, when ground, would ſhew ſome Signs of Blood, or of ſome other Parts which form our Bodies; and when we wear the Stones, the Blood would flow. By the like Reaſon Herbs would ſweat ſweet Drops of Liquor, ſo delightful to the Taſte, as flow from Dugs of woolly Sheep, and Clods of crumbled Earth would ſhew the various Kinds of Fruits and Herbs, and Leaves diſtinct and hid in ſmalleſt Particles within the Earth; And then, in Wood divided, might be ſeen conceal'd Aſhes and Smoke, and ſmalleſt Parts of Fire. But ſince Experience ſhews Nothing of this appears, we muſt conclude there' sno ſuch Mixture as This in Things; but ſay, that common Seeds of many Things in various Order join'd, are mix'd in every Thing, and lie conceal'd.

But oft, [b] you ſay, upon the Mountain Tops, the Heads of lofty Trees that grow together are by the violent Blaſts of forcing Winds, ſo rubb'd by cloſe Colliſion, that they ſoon are all on fire, and Flames ſhine out. 'Tis true, and yet there's no actual Fire within the Wood, but many Seeds of Fire, which by hard Rubbing unite, and ſo the Wood is all in flames. For if ſo much of Fire had lain concealed within the Wood, this Fire would have appeared immediately, and ſo conſumed the Wood intirely, and burnt its Root Branches to the ground.

[b] He ſays, there is not any Fire in the Tree itſelf, but that the Seeds of Fire, or the *Moleculæ* of the Atoms, being diſpoſed in a certain and new Order, and daſhing with Violence againſt one another, exhibit and produce the Species of Fire. If there were actually Fire in Woods and Forests of Trees, it would certainly ſhew its Strength, and make a wide Deſtruction.

*Jamne vides igitur, paullo quod diximus ante,*
*Permagni referre eadem Primordia ſæpe*
*Cum quibus, & quali poſitura contineantur,*
*Et quos inter ſe dent motus, accipiantque;*
*Atque eadem paullo inter ſe mutata creare*
*Igneis è Lignis, quo pacto Verba quoque ipſa*
*Inter ſe paullo mutatis ſunt elementis,*
*Cum* LIGNA, *atque* IGNES *diſtincta voce notemus.*
*Denique jam quæcunque in rebus cernis apertis,*
*Si fieri non poſſe putas, quin Materiaï*
*Corpora conſimili natura prædita fingas,*
*Hac ratione tibi pereunt Primordia rerum:*
*Fiet uti riſu tremulo concuſſa cachinnent,*
*Et lacrymis ſalſis humectent ora, genaſque*
*Nunc age, quod ſupereſt, cognoſce, & clarius audi.*
*Nec me animi fallit quam ſint obſcura, ſed acri*
*Percuſſit thyrſo Laudis ſpes magna Meum cor,*
*Et ſimul incuſſit ſuavem mî in pectus amorem*
*Muſarum: quo nunc inſtinctus, mente vigenti*
*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante*
*Trita ſolo: juvat integros accedere fonteis,*
*Atque haurire: juvatque novos decerpere flores:*
*Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,*
*Unde prius nulli velârint tempora Muſæ:*
*Primùm quod magnis doceo de rebus, & arctis*
RELLIGIONUM *animos nodis exſolvere pergo:*
*Deinde quod obſcura de re tam lucida pango*
*Carmina, Muſæo contingens cuncta lepore,*

*Id*

You ſee therefore of what Concern it is, as we obſerv'd before, with what firſt Principles thoſe Seeds are joined, and in what Order placed, and what the Motions are they give and take among themſelves, and how, the Seeds remaining ever the ſame, but yet their Order changed, produce a Fire from Wood; juſt as we write *Ignis* and *Lignum*, tho' quite different Words, they are yet compoſed of Letters much the ſame.

Lastly, if Things moſt obvious to the Senſe, you think, cannot be form'd, unleſs you make their Seeds conſiſt of Principles the ſame in Nature, thoſe Principles would be deſtroy'd; you'd ſee ſome Seeds would [c] ſhake their little Sides with Laughing, ſome bedew their Face with Tears.

Now, what remains obſerve, attend me cloſe; I know my Theme is dark, but the great Love of Praiſe pricks on my Heart with ſharpeſt Spurs, and ſtrikes my Soul at once with ſweet Deſire of the moſt tuneful Nine; by this urged on, my Mind in Rapture, I haunt the Muſes Seats, of difficult Acceſs, and yet untrod; I love to approach the pureſt Springs, and thence to draw large Draughts. I love to crop freſh Flowers, and make a noble Garland for my Head; from thence, where yet the Muſes never bound another's Temples with a Crown like mine. And firſt, I write of lofty Things, and ſtrive to free the Mind from the ſevereſt Bonds of what Men call *Religion*; then my Verſe I frame ſo clear, altho' my Theme be dark; ſeaſoning my Lines with the Poetic Sweets of Fancy, and Reaſon

[c] Some late Philoſophers ſeem at leaſt to favour this opinion of *Anaxagoras*, when they aſſert, that theſe Affections do indeed, in ſome ſort, præexiſt in the Elements, tho' not in the ſame manner as in Man.

juſtifies

*Id quoque enim non ab ulla ratione videtur:*
*Sed veluti Pueris abſinthia tetra medentes*
*Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum*
*Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,*
*Ut Puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur*
*Labrorum tenus, interea perpotet amarum*
*Abſinthî laticem, deceptaque non capiatur,*
*Sed potiùs tali facto recreata valeſcat:*
*Sic ego nunc, quoniam hæc Ratio plerumque videtur*
*Triſtior eſſe, quibus non eſt tractata, retroque*
*Volgus abhorret ab hac, volui tibi ſuaviloquenti*
*Carmine Pierio Rationem exponere noſtram,*
*Et quaſi Muſæo dulci contingere melle,*
*Si tibi fortè animum tali ratione tenere*
*Verſibus in noſtris poſſem, dum perſpicis omnem*
*Naturam rerum, qua conſtet compta figura.*
*Sed quoniam docui, Solidiſſima Materiaï*
*Corpora perpetuò volitare invicta per ævum*
*Nunc age Summaï ecquænam ſit finis eorum,*
*Necne ſit, evolvamus: item, quod Inane repertum 'ſt*
*Seu locus, ac ſpatium, res in quo quæque genantur,*
*Pervideamus utrum finitum funditus* OMNE
*Conſtet, an Immenſum pateat vel ad uſque profundum?*
OMNE *quod eſt, igitur, nulla regione viarum*
*Finitum 'ſt: namque Extremum debebat habere.*
*Extremum porro nullius poſſe videtur*
*Eſſe, niſi ultra ſit quod finiat, ut videatur,*
*Quò non longiùs hæc ſenſus natura ſequatur.*

*Nunc*

juſtifies the Method. For as the Phyſicians, when they would prevail on Children to take down a bitter Draught of Wormwood, firſt tinge the Edges of the Cup, that ſo the Childrens unſuſpecting Age may be deceiv'd, at leaſt their Lips, and take the bitter Juice, thus harmleſly betrayed, but not abuſed, they have their Health reſtored: So I, becauſe this Syſtem ſeems ſevere and harſh, to ſuch who have not yet diſcern'd its Truth, and the common Herd are utterly averſe to this Philoſophy, I thought it fit to ſhew theſe rigid Principles in Verſe ſmooth and alluring, and tinge them, as it were, with ſweet Poetic Honey, thus to charm thy Mind with my ſoft Numbers, till you view the Nature of All Things clearly, and perceive the Figure and the Order they diſplay.

BUT ſince I taught the Principles of Matter are ſolid, are eternal, ever-moving, nor are deſtroy'd; now, come, let us enquire, whether they have an End, or are by Nature infinite: and ſince we have found a *Void* or Place, or Space in which all Things are mov'd, let us now ſee whether the Univerſe, made up of Void and Body, be circumſcrib'd, or does to a profound Immenſity extend.

THIS [d] *All*, therefore, does not admit of Bounds; for if it did, then it muſt have ſomething Extreme: Now, no Extreme can be, unleſs it lies beyond thoſe Things whoſe Bounds, or whoſe Extreme it is, from whence they may be ſeen, and beyond which our Faculty of Sight can reach no further. Now ſince we muſt own,

[d] Whatever is finite has an Extreme, but whatever has an Extreme may be ſeen by what is without or beyond it. Now the Univerſe, or the All, is not ſeen by any Thing that is beyond it; therefore the Univerſe has no Extreme.

that

*Nunc extra Summam quoniam nihil esse fatendum 'st,*
*Non habet Extremum: caret ergo fine, modoque:*
*Nec refert quibus assistas regionibus ejus,*
*Usque adeo quem quisque locum possidit, in omneis*
*Tantundem parteis infinitum Omne relinquit.*
*Præterea, si jam finitum constituatur*
*Omne quod est spatium, si quis procurrat ad oras*
*Ultimus extremas, jaciatque volatile telum,*
*Id validis utrùm contortum viribus ire*
*Quò fuerit missum mavis, longéque volare,*
*An prohibere aliquid censes, obstareque posse?*
*Alterutrum fatearis enim, summaque necesse 'st,*
*Quorum utrumque tibi effugium præcludit, & Omne*
*Cogit ut exempta concedas fine patere.*
*Nam sive est aliquid, quod prohibeat, officiatque*
*Quò minu' quo missum 'st veniat, finique locet se,*
*Sive foras fertur, non est ea fini' profecto.*
*Hoc pacto sequar, atque oras ubicunque locaris*
*Extremas, quæram quid Telo denique fiat.*
*Fiet uti nusquam possit consistere finis:*
*Effugiumque fugæ prolatet copia semper.*
*Præterea spatium Summai totius omne*
*Undique si inclusum certis consisteret oris,*

*Finitumque*

that nought can be beyond the *All*, this *All* has therefore no Extreme, it has no End, no Bounds; nor does it ſignify what Spot of this great All you ſtand upon; for on what Part ſoever you are fix'd, you have a wide and infinite Space around you every way.

But if this wide Extent of Space be finite and circumſcrib'd, let a Man ſtand upon the utmoſt Verge, and from thence throw a[e] Dart, whether you chooſe this Dart, with mighty Force thus caſt, ſhould reach the Mark deſign'd, and fly ſwift on, or whether you think that ſomething ſhould hinder or oppoſe its Flight, and one of theſe you muſt confeſs; now either way you are caught, and can't eſcape: You are forc'd to own this All lies wide extended without Bounds. For whether there be ſomething that does hinder and ſtop its Flight, ſo that it cannot reach the Mark deſign'd, and there reſt ſtill and fix'd; or whether it flies forward, there this End you cannot fix: for if it ſtops, then ſomething muſt lie beyond the utmoſt Verge; and if it flies, there is a Space beyond the extremeſt Brink. And thus I follow cloſe, and whereſoe'er you place the extremeſt Bounds, I ſtill demand what comes of your Dart? So that no Bounds can any where be fixed, but Space immenſe will always give a Paſſage to its Flight.

Besides, were this *All's* extended Space ſhut up by certain Bounds on every Side, and was by

[e] Suppoſe the Univerſe be finite, and let a Man be placed on the extremeſt Verge of it, and ſtrive to throw a Dart, either the Dart will fly forward, or ſomething will ſtop it; if it flies forward, there is a Space beyond the extremeſt Brink; if it be ſtopt by any Thing, there muſt be Something without the utmoſt Part.

*Finitumque foret, jam copia Materiaï*
*Undique ponderibus ſolidis conflûxet ad Imum;*
*Nec res ulla geni ſub cœli tegmine poſſet:*
*Nec foret omnino Cœlum, neque lumina Solis:*
*Quippe ubi materies omnis cumulata jaceret*
*Ex infinito jam tempore ſubſidendo*
*At nunc nimirum requies data Principiorum*
*Corporibus nulla 'ſt: quia nil eſt funditus Imum,*
*Quò quaſi confluere, & ſedes ubi ponere poſſint;*
*Semper & aſſiduo motu res quæque genuntur*
*Partibus in cunctis, æternaque ſuppeditantur*
*Ex Infinito cita corpora Materiaï.*
*Poſtremò ante oculos rem res finire videtur,*
*Aër diſſepit Colleis, atque Aëra Montes;*
*Terra Mare, & contra Mare Terras terminat omneis.*
OMNE *quidem verò nihil eſt quod finiat extra:*
*Eſt igitur natura loci, ſpatiumque profundi,*
*Quod neque clara ſuo percurrere flumina curſu*
*Perpetuo poſſint ævi labentia tractu:*
*Nec prorſum facere, ut reſtet minus ire, meando:*
*Uſque adeo paſſim patet ingens copia rebus,*
*Finibus exemptis in cunctas undique parteis.*

*Ipſa*

Nature finite, then this [f] Maſs of Matter, preſs'd by its ſolid Weight, had long ere now ſunk to the *loweſt Place*, and therefore Nothing under the Vault of Heaven could have a Being, nor could there be Heavens at all, or the Sun's Light. For then the Seeds of Things that had been ſinking from all Eternity, would in Confuſion lie on Heaps; but now the Principles of Bodies having no Reſt at all, are ever moving, becauſe there's no ſuch Thing as *loweſt Place*, to which they may deſcend, no fix'd Abode where they ſhould reſt; but Things are ever carried by Motion never-ending, through every Part of this vaſt All, from whence the active Seeds of Things ariſe, and are eternally ſupplied.

FURTHER [g], we ſee one Thing bounds in another; the Air bounds in the Hills, the Hills the Air, the Earth ſhuts up the Sea, and then again the Sea ſurrounds the Earth; but this Great *All* Nothing exterior to it ſelf can bind. For the Nature of this Place, this empty Space, is ſuch, that Rivers of the ſwifteſt Stream, were they to run for Ages infinite, with a perpetual Current, could not run through it, or ever by their running prove they had leſs of their Courſe to run; ſo vaſtly wide this mighty Space of Things extended lies on all Sides, every way, without all Bounds.

[f] If the Univerſe were finite, in that finite Space there would be ſome loweſt Place, to which Matter that by its natural Gravity had been ſinking from all Eternity, would have ſunk down and reſted. And thus it would have happened long ago, that the univerſal Matter having reached the *loweſt Place*, would from that Time have generated Nothing; for Nothing can proceed from Seeds that are at Reſt.

[g] There can be Nothing exterior to the Univerſe that can be its Bound, ſince that very Thing that is exterior to it is a Part of it; for the Univerſe contains *All* that is.

*Ipſa modum porro ſibi rerum Summa parare*
*Ne poſſit, Natura tenet: quia Corpus Inani,*
*Et quod Inane autem 'ſt, finiri Corpore cogit:*
*Ut ſic alternis Infinita omnia reddat.*
*Aut etiam, alterutrum niſi terminet alterum eorum,*
*Simplice natura & pateat tantum Immoderatum:*
*Nec Mare, nec Tellus, nec Cœli lucida templa,*
*Nec Mortale genus, nec Divûm corpora ſancta*
*Exiguum poſſent horaï ſiſtere tempus.*
*Nam diſpulſa ſuo de cœtu Materiaï*
*Copia ferretur magnum per Inane ſoluta.*
*Sive adeo potiùs nunquam concreta creâſſet*
*Ullam rem, quoniam cogi disjecta nequiſſet.*
*Nam certè neque conſilio primordia rerum*
*Ordine ſe quæque, atque ſagaci mente locârunt;*

BESIDES [h], the Laws of Nature do provide, that this Univerſe of Things will not admit of Limits to itſelf, becauſe Body is Bound to *Void*, and *Void* a Bound to Body; and by this mutual Termination it is, that this great All becomes Immenſe; for were not each a Bound unto the other, were Body not a Limit ſet to *Void*, the Void would be infinite, and all finite Bodies would be diſſolv'd, and ſo nor Sea, nor Earth, nor the bright Heavens, nor mortal Race of Men, nor ſacred Bodies of the Gods could be one Moment of an Hour; for the Seeds of Bodies being diſunited in themſelves, would fly, and quite diſſolv'd, be carried through the *Void*; or rather, being never joined, had form'd no Being; for once ſcatter'd through this Space, they could not be compelled to join again.

FOR certainly [i] the Principles of Things could never range themſelves in Form or Order, by Counſel, or by Wiſdom of the Mind, nor any

[h] This Argument is allowed to be very intricate, and hard to be explained; he ſeems to mean that Body and Void mutually bind each other, and that an Immenſity muſt needs proceed from the mutual Termination; becauſe neither of them, that is, neither Body nor Void, can be the laſt, but whatever has no Part that can be the Leaſt or extremeſt, that indeed is infinite.

[i] The *Stoicks* held the World to be a rational Creature, and to conſiſt of Heaven and Earth, as of Soul and Body. The Heavens, they ſaid, were the ſame to the whole, as Reaſon is to Man, and the Stars were the Eyes of the World. He derides this Opinion, and teaches, that after a Length of Time all Things were produced by a fortuitous Concourſe of theſe indiviſible Bodies, which after ſtriking, joſtling and crouding one another in the infinite Void, perhaps for many Myriads of Ages, after all poſſible Configurations, Changes, Poſtures, Succeſſions and Agitations, happened at laſt to fall into this goodly Fabrick of the Univerſe. This is the Syſtem of *Epicurus* concerning the firſt Beginning of Things, which common Senſe ſufficiently overthrows.

*Nec quos quæque darent motus pepigere profecto:*
*Sed quia multimodis, multis, mutata, per Omne*
*Ex infinito vexantur percita plagis,*
*Omne genus motus, & cœtus experiundo,*
*Tandem deveniunt in taleis disposituras,*
*Qualibus hæc rebus consistit Summa creata:*
*Et multos etiam magnos servata per annos,*
*Ut semel in motus conjecta 'st convenienteis,*
*Efficit, ut largis avidum Mare fluminis undis*
*Integrent Amnes, & Solis Terra vapore*
*Fota novet fœtus, summissaque gens animantum*
*Floreat, & vivant labentes Ætheris ignes.*
*Quod nullo facerent pacto, nisi Materiaï*
*Ex Infinito suboriri copia posset,*
*Unde amissa solent reparari in tempore quoque.*
*Nam veluti privata cibo Natura animantum*
*Diffluit amittens corpus, sic omnia debent*
*Dissolvi, simul ac defecit suppeditare*
*Materies recta regione aversa viaï.*
*Nec Plagæ possent extrinsecùs undique Summam*
*Conservare omnem, quæcunque 'st conciliata.*
*Cudere enim crebrò possunt, partemque morari,*
*Dum veniant aliæ, ac suppleri Summa queatur.*

*Interdum*

Compact make how each ſhould move; but being chang'd in various Forms, and ſtruck with many Blows, they are driven through this *Void* for many Ages, and having try'd all Kinds of Motion, and of Union, they at lengh by chance are ſo diſpoſed, to frame thoſe Bodies of which this Univerſe of Things conſiſts. And [k] theſe Seeds once thrown into convenient Motions, and keeping in the ſame for many Ages, is the true Cauſe that Rivers, with a large Supply of Waters from their Streams, fill up the greedy Sea, and the Earth, ſupported by the Sun's Heat, renews the Fruits, and the Race of living Creatures flouriſh, and the rolling Stars of Heaven are kept alive; all which could never be, if from this infinite Maſs a Supply of Seeds flow'd not, from whence decaying Things might riſe, and live, and be from Age to Age repaired.

For as the Animal Creation, deprived of Food, muſt periſh, and their Bodies be quite deſtroy'd, ſo Things muſt be diſſolv'd as ſoon as Matter, turning from its Courſe, fails to afford Supply, and ſave the whole.

Nor, as ſome may object, can [l] outward Blows on all Sides given, preſerve this All of Things we ſee compounded, from falling into pieces: They may indeed beat thick, and ſtay ſome Part, till other Atoms come, and ſo ſupply the Univerſe.

[k] After this accidental Coition of the Seeds, they never varied from their original and ſtated Motions; and ſo the Frame of the Univerſe is preſerved.

[l] He means that finite Atoms cannot always, and at every Moment of Time, mutually ſtrike one another; and when they do, they muſt ſometimes rebound, and thus give Time and Room for the Principles of the Compounds which affect to be in continual Motion, to break the Chain of their Contexture, and to fly away from one another.

*Interdum reſilire tamen coguntur, & unà*
*Principiis rerum ſpatium, tempuſque fugaï*
*Largiri, ut poſſint à cœtu libera ferri.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam ſuboriri multa neceſſe 'ſt.*
*Et tamen ut Plagæ quoque poſſint ſuppetere ipſæ,*
*Infinita opus eſt vis undique Materiaï.*
*Illud in his rebus longe fuge credere, Memmi,*
*In medium Summæ (quod dicunt) omnia niti,*
*Atque ideo Mundi naturam ſtare ſine ullis*
*Ictibus externis, neque quòquam poſſe reſolvi*
*Summa atque Ima, quod in Medium ſint omnia nixa,*
*(Ipſum ſi quicquam poſſe in ſe ſiſtere credis:*
*Et quæ pondera ſunt ſub Terris omnia ſurſum*
*Nitier, in Terraque retrò requieſcere põſſa:*
*Ut per aquas quæ nunc rerum ſimulacra videmus:)*
*Et ſimili ratione Animalia ſubtu' vagari*
*Contendunt, neque poſſe è Terris in loca Cœli*
*Recidere inferiora magis, quam corpora noſtra*
*Sponte ſua poſſint in Cœli templa volare:*
*Illî cum videant Solem, nos Sidera noctis*
*Cernere, & alternis nobiſcum tempora Cœli*
*Dividere, & noctes parileis agitare, dieſque.*

*Sed*

But oft they are compelled to bound, and leap back, and ſo afford the Seeds both Time and Place to fly away, and thus to get their former Liberty again. Therefore, 'tis fit that many Seeds ſhould ſtill ariſe, from Time to Time, for a Supply; and that theſe Blows might never ceaſe to beat, the Force of Matter muſt be on all Sides infinite.

In theſe Enquiries ſee that you avoid, my *Memmius*[m], to believe with ſome that ſay, all Bodies ſtrive to reach the middle Place of this great *All*, and ſo the Nature of the World ſtands fix'd, not ſtruck at all by outward Blows; nor can the upper or the lower Parts be ſcatter'd any way abroad, ſince all Things by Nature to the Centre tend (as if you could believe that any Thing could ſtay and reſt upon itſelf, that heavy Bodies tend upwards, and fix their Reſt upon the Surface of the Earth oppoſite to us, juſt as we ſee the Images of Bodies ſhew themſelves in Water.) By the ſame Reaſon they contend, that Creatures walk underneath, as we above; nor can they fall into the Regions of the Air below, than can our Bodies naturally fly upwards towards Heaven; and when they ſee the Sun, we view the Stars of Night, and ſo by turns they ſhare with us the Seaſons of the Heavens, and with us ſtill divide the Nights and Days.

[m] He refutes the Opinion, that the Univerſe has a Centre, to which all Things tend by their natural Gravity. He ſays, there can be no Middle, becauſe the Void is infinite; but what is infinite has neither Beginning nor End, and therefore no Middle. And grant there was a Centre, yet no Reaſon can be given why heavy Bodies ſhould ſtop in the middle Part of the Void, when a Void gives way to heavy Bodies equally in every Part of it.

*Sed vanus Stolidis hæc omnia finxerit error,*
*Amplexi quod habent perversè prima viaï.*
*Nam Medium nihil esse potest, ubi Inane, locusque*
*Infinita: neque omnino, si jam Medium sit,*
*Possit ibi quicquam hac potiùs consistere causa,*
*Quàm quavis alia longè regione manere.*
*Omnis enim locus, ac spatium, quod Inane vocamus,*
*Per Medium, per non Medium concedat oportet*
*Æquis ponderibus, motus quàcunque feruntur.*
*Nec quisquam locus est, quo Corpora cum venere,*
*Ponderis amissa vi possint stare in Inani:*
*Nec quod Inane autem 'st, illis subsistere debet,*
*Quin, sua quod natura petit, concedere pergat.*
*Haud igitur possunt tali ratione teneri*
*Res in concilio, Medii cuppedine victæ:*
*Præterea quoque jam non omnia corpora fingunt*
*In Medium niti, sed Terrarum, atque Liquorum,*
*Humorem ponti, magnisque è montibus Undas,*
*Et quasi Terreno quæ corpore contineantur:*
*At contrà tenues exponunt Aëris auras,*
*Et calidos simul à Medio differrier Igneis,*

*Atque*

But vain Miſtake hath form'd this Scheme for Fools, who judge perverſly of the Seeds of Things. For there can be no *Middle*, where there is a *Void* or Space that's infinite; or if there was, can Bodies, for this Reaſon, rather ſtop their Courſe in this Medium, than take up their Abode in any Part of Space that's further off. For Place, or empty Space, which we call *Void*, muſt equally give way to heavy Movements through a Medium, or through none, which way ſoe'er their Motions tend; nor is there any Place where Bodies, when they come, throw off their Weight, and ſtand fix'd in a Void, and take their Reſt. Nor can a Void ſupport the Weight of Bodies, but muſt by its own Nature ſtill give way. It follows then, that Things are not preſerv'd, or held together by this means, as if they fondly ſtrove to reach a middle Space.

Besides, all Bodies, they pretend, do not incline towards the Centre, but thoſe of Earth and Water, the Sea, and Rivers rolling from the Hills, and thoſe that are compoſed of [n] earthy Parts. But the thin Air, they ſay, and the hot Fire are carried upwards from the Middle; and hence it is the Sky is ſpangled every way with Stars, and

[n] Thoſe who ſuppoſe a Centre, aſſert, that the Particles of the Earth and Water only tend thither; but he anſwers, if ſome earthly Particles did not riſe upwards likewiſe, how could Animals be nouriſh'd? How could Trees and all manner of Plants grow? He ſays, they pretend that certain ſolid Heavens incloſe thoſe light Particles that riſe from the Centre, are roll'd round all Things, and hold them in; for if theſe Particles were not ſtopt, they would immediately fly through the immenſe Void, and the Heavens and the Earth would be diſſolved, and fall to pieces; for where any Part of the World begins to fail, the Whole will ſoon be diſſolved. He recites theſe Opinions as Abſurdities, and thinks by ſo doing he confutes them.

*Atque ideo totum circumtremere Æthera ſignis,*
*Et Solis flammam per cœli cærula paſci,*
*Quod calor à Medio fugiens ibi colligat igneis.*
*(Quippe etiam veſci è Terra mortalia ſæcla:*
*Nec prorſum arboribus ſummos frundeſcere ramos*
*Poſſe, niſi à terris paullatim cuique cibatum*
*Terra det) at ſuprà circum tegere omnia Cœlum*
*Ne volucrum ritu flammarum, mœnia Mundi*
*Diffugiant ſubito magnum per Inane ſoluta,*
*Et ne cætera conſimili ratione ſequantur:*
*Neve ruant cœli tonitralia templa ſupernè,*
*Terraque ſe pedibus raptim ſubducat, & omnes*
*Inter permiſtas terræ, cœlique ruinas*
*Corpora ſolventes, abeant per Inane profundum,*
*Temporis ut puncto nihil exſtet relliquiarum,*
*Deſertum præter Spatium, & Primordia cæca.*
*Nam quacunque priùs de parti corpora cêſſe*
*Conſtitues, hæc rebus erit parsjanua lethi:*
*Hac ſe turba foras dabit omnis Materiaï.*
*Hæc ſi pernoſces, parva perfunctus opella,*
*(Namque alid ex alio clareſcet) non tibi cæca*
*Nox iter eripiet, quin ultima Naturaï*
*Pervideas, ita Res accendent lumina Rebus.*

the Sun's Flame in his celeſtial Courſe is fed, becauſe the Fire flying from the Centre, there binds up all its Heat; (ſo from the Earth all mortal Things are fed, nor can the Trees adorn their lofty Heads with Leaves, unleſs the Earth to every Kind affords its due Support.) They ſay, a ſort of Heavenly Canopy above covers the whole, and holds it in; leſt the ° World's Walls, their Parts being all diſſolv'd, ſhould inſtantly be ſcatter'd through the *Void*, like ſwifteſt Flames, and all Things be o'erwhelm'd in this great Ruin; leſt the thundering Vaults of Heaven ſhould tumble from above, and Earth ſhould fail our trembling Feet, and the whole Race of Men, their Bodies broken and diſſolv'd, ſhould wander through the boundleſs *Void*, amidſt theſe mingled Ruins of the Earth and Heavens; and in a Moment nothing would be left but deſart empty Space, and ſenſeleſs Seeds. For in whatever Part you will ſuppoſe the Seeds to ſeparate, here will be the Gate of Death to Bodies; for Matter through the Breach will ruſh abroad, and preſs with mighty Force.

If This you throughly know, and little Pains will ſerve (for one Thing by another you'll explain) no more ſhall Darkneſs interrupt your Way, but you ſhall view the utmoſt Depths of Nature; for Things will ſhew themſelves by mutual Light.

° He means the whole Circumference of the Heavens, which, like Walls, incloſe and ſurround the World.

*The* END *of the* FIRST BOOK.

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

*OUR Poet made choice of a Subject naturally crabbed, and therefore he adorned it with Poetical Deſcriptions and Precepts of Morality in the Beginning and Ending of his Books. In this Book he treats of the Motions and Figures of his Atoms, and introduces his Subject with the Praiſe of that Philoſophy which* Epicurus *taught, and which he calls,* The Doctrine of the Wiſe. *This he recommends to his* Memmius, *as what will alleviate all his Care, and deliver the Mind from Anxiety and Fear. Then he diſputes about the Properties and Qualities of his Seeds or Atoms, the firſt of which is Motion. That Seeds do move, is demonſtrated from the Generation of Things, but their Motion is downwards; for all Seeds are heavy: But when ſolid Seeds meet, they muſt of neceſſity rebound every way from one another. Thus ſome Seeds happen to unite and join together, and thoſe whoſe Union is moſt compact, compoſe Things that are hard and denſe; but the Seeds whoſe Connexion is more looſe, make thoſe that are ſoft and rare. But ſome Seeds never unite, but like the Particles of Duſt we ſee in the Beams of the Sun, are with perpetual Motion carried through the Void, and inceſſantly ſtrike, and drive up and down*

*other*

*other Atoms and Themſelves. He then explains the Swiftneſs of the Seeds that tend downwards; and, after his uſual Manner, ſeverely falls upon thoſe who confeſs a divine and ruling Providence. He obſerves that the Seeds, as they tend downwards, decline a little from a ſtrait Line; for unleſs they did ſo, Nothing at all, at leaſt no free Agent, could ever be produced. He ſhews that the Seeds ſtill keep the ſame Motion in which they have moved from all Eternity; and that no Man ſhould diſtruſt this Opinion, becauſe he cannot diſcover this Motion by his Sight, ſince the very Seeds themſelves cannot be perceived. Figure is the ſecond Quality or Property of Seeds, and he proves that all Seeds are not of the ſame Figure, but that ſome are round, ſome ſquare, ſome ſmooth, ſome rough, ſome hooked, &c. And he ſhews at large, what Figures compoſe bitter Bodies, what ſweet, what hard, what ſoft; that this Variety of Figures is not infinite, but that Seeds of the ſame Figure are infinite, that is, the Round are infinite, the Square infinite, &c. He obſerves, that Things are not compoſed of Seeds of the ſame Figure, and proves by many Arguments, that compound Bodies contain Seeds of different Figures; Seeds, he ſays, have none of thoſe Qualities which we call ſenſible, as Colour, Taſte, Heat, Cold, &c. and that they are not endowed with Senſe, tho' coloured, ſavory, hot, cold, and ſenſible Things are compoſed of them. Laſtly, that theſe infinite Seeds flying up and down through the infinite Void, compoſe infinite Worlds, and that theſe Worlds are ſometimes increaſed in Bulk by the Seeds that drop down out of the infinite Space, and ſometimes diminiſhed and diſſolved, becauſe the Seeds get looſe and fly away from them into the infinite Space likewiſe; in the ſame Manner as Plants and Animals are born, increaſe in Growth, wax old, and at length die.*

*T. Lucretii*

# *T. Lucretii Cari*

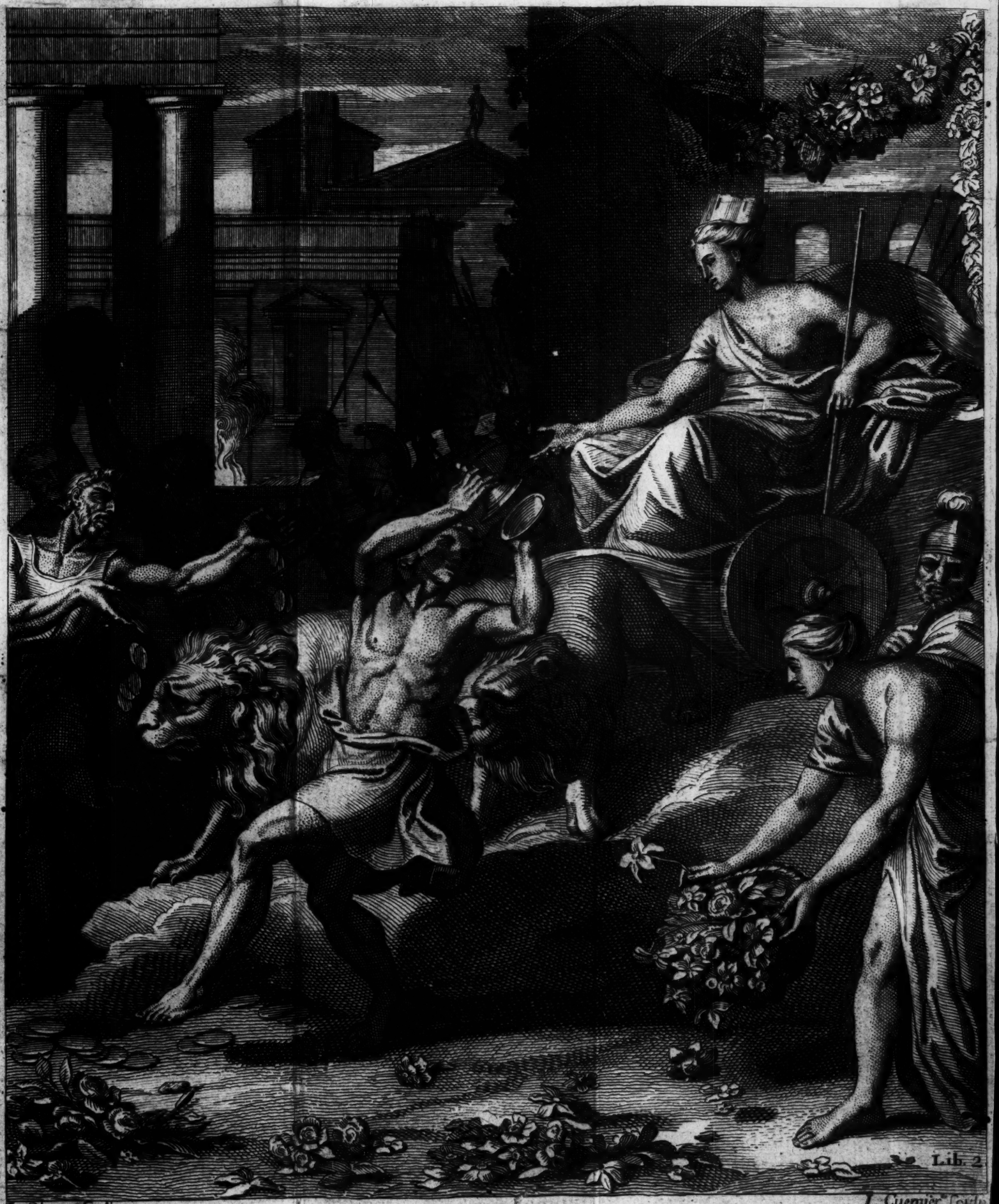
## DE

# RERUM NATURA

## LIBER SECUNDUS.

*SUAVE, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis*
*E terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;*
*Non quia vexari quemquam 'ſt jucunda voluptas,*
*Sed, quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave 'ſt.*
*Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri*
*Per campos inſtructa, Tua ſine parte pericli*
*Sed nil dulcius eſt, benè quàm munita tenere*
*Edita doctrina Sapientum templa ſerena;*

*Deſpicere*



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# *T. Lucretius Carus,*

## OF THE

# NATURE *of* THINGS.

## THE

## SECOND BOOK.

'TIS pleaſant, when a Tempeſt drives the Waves, in the wide Sea, to view the ſad Diſtreſs of others from the Land; not that the Pleaſure is ſo ſweet that others ſuffer, but the Joy is this, to look upon the Ills from which yourſelf are free. It likewiſe gives delight to view the bloody Conflicts of a War, in Battle ranged over all the Plains, without a Share of Danger to yourſelf: But nothing is more ſweet, than to attain the ſerene tho' lofty Heights of true [a] Philoſophy, well fortified with Learning of the *Wiſe*, and thence look down on others,

[a] The Poet introduces his Subject with the Praiſe of that Philoſophy taught by *Epicurus*; and intending in this Book to treat of the Motions and Figures, and other Qualities of his Atoms, he relaxes the wearied Mind of his *Memmius*, by forewarning him of the Dangers and Calamities of others, and to allure him to the Study of that Philoſophy which he calls *The Doctrine of the Wiſe*.

*Deſpicere unde queas Alios, paſſimque videre*
*Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ,*
*Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,*
*Noctes atque dies niti præſtante labore*
*Ad ſummas emergere opes, rerumque potiri:*
*O miſeras hominum menteis! ô pectora cæca!*
*Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantiſque periclis*
*Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque 'ſt! nonne videre*
*Nil aliud ſibi Naturam latrare, niſi ut, cùm*
*Corpore ſejunctus dolor abſit, mente fruatur*
*Jucundo ſenſu, cura ſemota, metuque!*
*Ergo corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus*
*Eſſe opus omninò, quæ demant quemque dolorem,*
*Delicias quoque uti multas ſubſternere poſſint,*
*Gratius interdum neque Natura ipſa requirit.*
*Si non aurea ſunt juvenum ſimulacra per ædeis*
*Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,*
*Lumina nocturnis epulis ut ſuppeditentur,*
*Nec domus argento fulget, auroque renidet;*
*Nec citharis reboant laqueata aurataque templa:*
*Attamen inter ſe proſtrati in gramine molli*
*Propter aquæ rivum, ſub ramis arboris altæ,*
*Non magnis opibus jucundè Corpora curant:*
*Præſertim cum tempeſtas arridet, & anni*
*Tempora conſpergunt viridanteis floribus herbas,*
*Nec calidæ citiùs decedunt corpore febres,*
*Textilibus ſi in picturis, oſtroque rubenti*
*Jactaris, quam ſi plebeia in veſte cubandu 'ſt:*
*Quapropter quoniam nil noſtro in corpore Gazæ*

*Proſ-*

and behold Mankind wandering and roving every way, to find a Path to Happineſs; they ſtrive for Wit, contend for Nobility, labour Nights and Days, with anxious Care, for Heaps of Wealth, and to be Miniſters of State.

O wretched are the Thoughts of Men! How blind their Souls! In what dark Roads they grope their way, in what Diſtreſs is this Life ſpent, ſhort as it is! Don't you ſee Nature requires no more, than the Body free from Pain, ſhe may enjoy the Mind eaſy and chearful, remov'd from Care and Fear?

And then we find a littie will ſuffice the Nature of our Bodies, and take off every Pain; nay, will afford much Pleaſure, and Nature wiſhes for nothing more deſirable than this. What tho' no [b] Golden Images of Boys, holding forth blazing Torches in their Hands, to light the Midnight Revels of the Great, adorn thy Houſe? What tho' thy Rooms ſhine not with Silver, nor are overlaid with Gold, nor do thy arched gilded Roofs rebound with the ſtrong Notes of Muſick? Yet we find Men ſweetly indulge their Bodies, as they lie together on the ſoft and tender Graſs, hard by a River's Side, under the Boughs of ſome high Tree, without a Heap of Wealth; chiefly when the Spring ſmiles, and the Seaſon of the Year ſprinkles the verdant Herbs with flowery Pride. Nor will a burning Fever ſooner leave the Body, when you are toſſed in Cloaths embroidered on Beds of bluſhing Purple, than when you lie in coarſeſt Blankets. Since Riches then afford no Comfort to our Bo-

*The Vanity of all ſublunary Things.*

[b] The Golden Statues uſed in the Houſes of Perſons of Quality, inſtead of Sconces and Candleſticks in their Entertainments by Night.

*Proficiunt, neque Nobilitas, neque Gloria regni:*
*Quod ſupereſt, animo quoque nil prodeſſe putandum:*
*Si non forte tuas Legiones per loca campi*
*Fervere cum videas belli ſimulacra cieneis:*
*Fervere cum videas Claſſem, latéque vagari,*
*His tibi tum rebus timefactæ Relligiones*
*Effugiunt animo pavidæ, mortiſque timores:*
*Tum Vacuum pectus linquunt, curaque ſolutum.*
*Quod ſi ridicula hæc, ludibriaque eſſe videmus,*
*Re veraque Metus hominum, Curæque ſequaces,*
*Nec metuunt ſonitus armorum, nec fera tela:*
*Audacterque inter Reges, rerumque Potenteis*
*Verſantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro,*
*Nec clarum veſtis ſplendorem purpureaï:*
*Quid dubitas, quin omne ſit hoc rationis egeſtas,*
*Omnis cùm in tenebris præſertim vita laboret?*
*Nam veluti Pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis*
*In Tenebris metuunt: ſic nos in Luce timemus*
*Interdum nihilo quæ ſunt metuenda magis, quàm*
*Quæ Pueri in Tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.*
*Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebraſque neceſſe eſt*
*Non Radii ſolis, neque lucida tela diei*
*Diſcutiant, ſed Naturæ ſpecies, Ratioque.*
*Nunc age, quo motu* GENITALIA *Materiaï*
CORPORA *res variàs gignant, genitaſque reſolvant,*
*Et qua vi facere id cogantur, quæve ſit ollis*

*Reddita*

dies, nor Nobleneſs, nor the Glory of Ambition, 'tis plain you are to think they do the Mind no good. If, when you behold your furious Legions embattled o'er the Plains, waging mock War, or when you view your Navy ſtand eager to engage, or bear away o'er the wide Sea, if ſtruck with Sights like theſe, your fearful Superſtitions, and the Dread of Death, forſake your Mind, and leave your Breaſt ſerene, and free from Care, 'twere ſomething. But if theſe Things are vain and all Grimace, and the truth is, that nor the Fears of Men, nor following Cares fly from the Sound of Arms or cruel Darts, but boldly force their way among the Kings and Mighty of the Earth; nor do they Homage pay to ſhining Gold, nor the gay Splendor of a purple Robe. Do you doubt but all this Stuff is want of Senſe, and all our Life is groping in the dark?

For as [c] Boys tremble and fear every thing in the dark Night, ſo we, in open Day, fear Things as vain, and little to be feared, as thoſe that Children quake at in the dark, and fancy making towards them. This Terror of the Mind, this Darkneſs then, not the Sun's Beams, nor the bright Rays of Day can ſcatter, but the Light of Nature and the Rules of Reaſon.

But now, come on, remember you attend, while I explain by what Motion the Genial Seeds of Matter produce the various Kinds of Bodies, and diſſolve them when produced, and by what Force compelled they act, and what Celerity of

[c] As Children dread every thing in the dark, ſo Men are terrified with a Belief of Providence and of Puniſhments after Death, which, according to *Epicurus*, are but the Day-Dreams of a crazy Mind.

*Reddita Mobilitas magnum per Inane meandi,*
*Expediam: Tu te dictis præbere memento.*
*Nam certè non inter ſe ſtipata cohæret*
*Materies, quoniam minui rem quamque videmus,*
*Et quaſi longinquo fluere omnia cernimus ævo;*
*Ex oculiſque vetuſtatem ſubducere noſtris:*
*Cùm tamen incolumis videatur Summa manere,*
*Propterea quia, quæ decedunt Corpora cuique,*
*Unde abeunt, minuunt: quo venere, augmine donant:*
*Illa ſeneſcere, at hæc contra floreſcere cogunt.*
*Nec remorantur ibi: ſic rerum Summa novatur*
*Semper, & inter ſe mortales mutua vivunt.*
*Augeſcunt aliæ gentes, aliæ minnuntur:*
*Inque brevi ſpatio mutantur ſæcla animantum:*
*Et, quaſi Curſores, vitaï lampada tradunt.*
*Si ceſſare putas rerum Primordia poſſe,*
*Ceſſandoque novos rerum progignere Motus:*
*Avius à vera longe ratione vagaris.*

*Nam,*

Motion they poſſeſs, to force their way thro' all the mighty Void.

For certain it is, that no [d] Seeds of Matter ſtick cloſe and unmov'd among themſelves; for we ſee every thing grows leſs, and perceive all Things wear away by a long Tract of Time, and old Age removes them quite from our Sight. And yet the Maſs of Things ſtill remains ſafe and entire; and for this Reaſon, becauſe the Particles of Matter which fall off, leſſen the Bodies from whence they fall, but add to thoſe to which they join. Theſe they force to decay; thoſe, on the contrary, they increaſe: Nor do they remain in this Poſture. And thus the Univerſe of Things is continually renewing; Generations ſucceed one another, one Kind of Animal increaſes, another waſtes away; and in a ſhort time the living Creation is entirely changed, and, like [e] Racers, delivers the Lamp of Life to thoſe that are behind. *The Motion of the Seeds.*

But if you think the Seeds of Things can be at reſt, and, being themſelves unmov'd, can give Motion to Bodies, you wander wildly from the Way of true Reaſon. For ſince all the Seeds of

[d] He proves there is Motion from the Growth and Decreaſe of Things; for Things grow, becauſe ſome Particles of Matter fly, and adhere to them, and Things decreaſe, becauſe ſome minute Principles loſe their hold and fly away; and this cannot be done without Motion.

[e] He alludes to certain Games celebrated at *Athens* in honour of *Vulcan*, in which the Racers carried Torches in their Hands, and ſtrove who ſhould firſt reach the Goal, with his Torch not extinguiſhed. In this Conteſt, he whoſe Torch was extinguiſhed, yielded the Victory to him who came next after him; and he, in like manner, to the third: And therefore, as the Runner whoſe Torch went out yielded the Victory to the Follower, ſo a living Thing, when its Light of Life is extinguiſhed, gives up to another living Thing, as it were, its Lamp of Life.

*Nam, quoniam per Inane vagantur, cuncta neceſſe'ſt*
*Aut Gravitate ſua ferri Primordia rerum,*
*Aut ictu forte alterius: nam cita ſupernè*
*Obvia cum flixere, fit, ut diverſa repente*
*Diſſiliant: neque enim mirum, Duriſſima quæ ſint,*
*Ponderibus ſolidis, neque quicquam à tergis obſtet.*
*Et quo jactari magis omnia Materiaï*
*Corpora pervideas, reminiſcere Totius imum*
*Nil eſſe in Summa: neque habere ubi Corpora prima*
*Conſiſtant: quoniam Spatium ſine fine, modoque'ſt:*
*Immenſumque patere in cunctas undique parteis,*
*Pluribus oſtendi, & certa ratione probatu'ſt.*
*Quod quoniam conſtat, nimirum nulla quies eſt*
*Reddita Corporibus primis per Inane profundum:*
*Sed magis aſſiduo, varioque exercita motu,*
*Partim intervallis magnis conflicta reſultant:*
*Pars etiam brevibus ſpatiis nexantur ab Ictu.*
*Et quæcunque magis condenſo conciliatu,*
*Exiguis intervallis connexa reſultant.*

*Indupedit*

Things are rambling through the Void, they muſt neceſſarily be born along either by their own natural Gravity, or by the outward Stroke of ſomething elſe [f]; for when theſe Seeds tending downwards meet with others, they muſt all fly off, and rebound a different way, and no wonder, ſince they are hard Bodies, and of ſolid Weight; nor is there any thing behind to ſtop the Motion: But, that you may perceive more plainly how all the Seeds of Matter are toſſed about, you muſt recollect, that there is no ſuch thing in the Univerſe as the *Loweſt Place*, where the firſt Seeds may remain fixed, becauſe I have ſhewn fully, and proved by certain Reaſon, that Space is without End, without Bounds immenſe, and lies extended every way.

This being plain, there can be no Reſt poſſibly allowed to theſe firſt Seeds, for ever wandering through the empty Void; but being toſſed about with conſtant and different Motion, and ſtriking againſt other Bodies [g], ſome rebound to a great Diſtance, others fly off, but not ſo far; ſuch of them as rebound but for a ſmall Diſtance, their Contexture being more cloſe, and being hinder'd

[f] The Seeds being ſolid are therefore heavy, and heavy Things tend downwards, and in their Deſcent lighting upon Bodies that are either at reſt, or move more ſlowly than themſelves, they muſt neceſſarily rebound; and this is the Cauſe of the aſcending Motion, which is violent, the other is natural, and both are neceſſary to the Generation and Diſſolution of Things.

[g] Since the Seeds are in continual Motion, and ſtrike and rebound, this Rebounding is made to unequal Diſtances; thoſe Seeds that rebound to a leſs Diſtance, and are toſſed in a narrower Space, compoſe hard Bodies, as Iron and Stone; and ſuch as rebound to a greater Diſtance, and wander in a wider Space, compoſe Bodies that are ſoft and rare, ſuch as Air and Fire.

by

*Indupedita ſuis perplexis ipſa figuris ;*
*Hæc validas Saxi radices, & fera Ferri*
*Corpora conſtituunt, & cætera de genere horum*
*Paucula : Quæ porro magnum per Inane vagantur,*
*Et cita diſſiliunt longe, longèque recurſant*
*In magnis intervallis : hæc Aëra rarum*
*Sufficiunt nobis, & ſplendida lumina Solis.*
*Multaque prætereà magnum per Inane vagantur,*
*Conciliis rerum quæ ſunt rejecta, nec uſquam*
*Conſociare etiam motus potuere recepta :*
*Cujus, uti memoro, rei ſimulacrum, & imago*
*Ante oculos ſemper nobis verſatur, & inſtat.*
*Contemplator enim, cum Solis lumina cunque*
*Inſertim fundunt radios per opaca domorum :*
*Multa minuta modis multis per Inane videbis :*
*Corpora miſceri radiorum lumine in ipſo :*
*Et velut æterno certamine prælia, pugnaſque*
*Edere turmatim certantia : nec dare pauſam,*
*Conciliis, & diſcidiis exercita crebris :*
*Conjicere ut poſſis ex hoc, Primordia rerum,*
*Quale ſit, in magno jactari ſemper Inani,*
*Duntaxat rerum magnarum parva poteſt res*
*Exemplare dare, & veſtigia notitiaï.*
*Hoc etiam magis hæc animum te advertere par eſt*
*Corpora, quæ in Solis radiis turbare videntur :*
*Quod tales turbæ motus quoque Materiaï*
*Significant clandeſtinos, cæcoſque ſubeſſe.*
*Multa videbis enim plagis ibi percita cæcis*
*Commutare viam, retròque repulſa reverti*
*Nunc huc, nunc illuc, in cunctas denique parteis.*

*Scilicet*

by their natural Twinings, theſe compoſe the ſolid Roots of Rocks, and the hard Bodies of Iron, and a few other Things of the ſame Nature; but ſuch as wander widely through the *Void*, and moved by the Blow, fly further off, and rebound to greater Diſtances; theſe compoſe the thin Air, and the Sun's brighter Light.

Besides, there are many Seeds keep wandering through the Void, that are refuſed all Union with other Seeds, nor could ever be admitted to join their Motion to any thing elſe. An Inſtance or Repreſentation of this, as I conceive, is always at hand, and viſibly before our Eyes. When the Sun's Light ſhoots its Rays through a narrow Chink into a darkned Room, you ſhall ſee a thouſand little Atoms dance a thouſand ways through the empty Space, and mingle in the very Rays of Light, engaging, as it were, in endleſs War, drawing up their little Troops, never taking breath, but meeting and exerciſing their hoſtile Fury with conſtant Blows. And hence you may collect, in what Manner the Principles of Things are toſſed in this empty Void; ſo ſmall an Inſtance will give you an Example of theſe extraordinary Motions, and open a Way to your Knowledge of greater Events.

But here it is fit you ſhould apply yourſelf more cloſely to obſerve theſe Bodies which ſeem ſo diſturbed in the Sun's Beams; for it appears by theſe Diſorders, that there are certain ſecret Principles of Motion in the Seeds themſelves, tho' inviſible to us; for ſome of theſe Motes you will ſee ſtruck by ſecret Blows, and forc'd to change their Courſe, ſometimes driven back, then again returning, now this, now that, and every other way; and this Variety of Motion is certainly

*Scilicet hic à Principiis eſt omnibus error.*
*Prima moventur enim per ſe Primordia rerum*
*Inde ea, quæ parvo ſunt Corpora conciliatu,*
*Et quaſi proxima ſunt ad vireis Principiorum,*
*Ictibus illorum cæcis impulſa cientur:*
*Ipſaque, quæ porro paullo majora, laceſſunt.*
*Sic à Principiis aſcendit motus, & exit*
*Paullatim noſtros ad ſenſus, ut moveantur*
*Illa quoque, in Solis quæ lumine cernere quimus;*
*Nec quibus id faciant Plagis apparet apertè.*
*Nunc, quæ Mobilitas ſit reddita Materiaï*
*Corporibus, paucis licet hinc cognoſcere,* MEMMI.
*Primum Aurora novo cum ſpargit lumine terras,*
*Et variæ volucres nemora avia pervolitantes,*
*Aëra per tenerum liquidis loca vocibus opplent:*
*Quam ſubitò ſoleat Sol ortus tempore tali*
*Conveſtire ſua perfundens omnia luce,*
*Omnibus in promptu, manifeſtumque eſſe videmus.*
*At Vapor is, quem Sol mittit, lumenque ſerenum,*
*Non per Inane meat vacuum, quò tardiùs ire*
*Cogitur, aërias quaſi cum diverberet undas:*

certainly in the [h] very Seeds; for the Principles of Things firſt move of themſelves, then compound Bodies that are of the leaſt Size, and approach neareſt, as it were, to the Exility of the firſt Seeds, are by them ſtruck with Blows unſeen, and put into Motion, and theſe again ſtrike thoſe that are ſomething larger; ſo from firſt Seeds all Motion ſtill goes on, till at length it becomes ſenſible to us; and thus we ſee how thoſe Motes that play in the Sun's Beams are moved, tho' the Blows by which they are driven about do not ſo plainly appear to us.

*The Swiftneſs of the Seeds.*

And now, my *Memmius*, you may in brief, from the following Inſtance, collect how rapid is the Motion of the firſt Seeds; for when the Morning ſpreads the Earth with riſing Light, and ſweet Variety of Birds frequent the Woods, and fill each Grove with moſt delightful Notes through the ſoft Air, every one perceives, and the Thing we ſee is plain, how ſuddenly, and in a moment, the riſing Sun covers the World, and ſhines with inſtant Light. But that Vapour, that glittering Ray, which the Sun ſends forth, does not paſs through meer empty [i] Space, and therefore is forced to move ſlower, as it has the reſiſting Air to part and divide as it goes; nor

[h] Since all Bodies will keep the ſame Line, unleſs they are diverted by ſome outward Violence, or by the Preſſure of their own interior Weight, it follows that ſome Motions of the Seeds, tho' inviſible to the Eye, agitate thoſe Motes or little Bodies, and drive them about in that manner; for he inſiſts, that all Motion that is obſerv'd in Things is in the Seeds themſelves.

[i] The Heat of the Sun paſſes through the Air, which is full of Atoms and other Bodies, as Winds and Exhalations, which hinder the Courſe of his Rays; and the Corpuſcles of Light paſs not through the whole Air in an inſtant of Time; nor ſingly one by one, but conglobed and intangled in one another, which muſt hinder the Swiftneſs of their Motion.

*Nec ſingillatim corpuſcula quæque Vaporis,*
*Sed complexa meant inter ſe, conque globata.*
*Quapropter ſimul inter ſe retrahuntur, & extra*
*Officiuntur, uti cogantur tardiùs ire.*
*At, quæ ſunt ſolida Primordia ſimplicitate,*
*Cum per Inane meant Vacuum, nec res remoratur*
*Ulla foris, atque ipſa ſuis è partibus unum,*
*Unum in quem cœpere locum connixa feruntur:*
*Debent nimirum præcellere Mobilitate,*
*Et multò citiùs ferri, quàm lumina Solis:*
*Multiplexque loci ſpatium tranſcurrere eodem*
*Tempore, quo Solis pervolgant fulgura cœlum:*
*Nam neque conſilio debent tardata morari,*
*Nec perſcrutari Primordia ſingula quæque,*
*Ut videant, qua quidque geratur cum ratione.*
*At quidam contra hæc,* IGNARI *Materiaï*
*Naturam non poſſe Deûm ſine numine rentur*
*Tantopere humanis rationibus, ac moderatis*
*Tempora mutare annorum, frugeſque creare:*

*Nec*

are the Principles that compoſe this Ray ſimple firſt Seeds, but certain little globular Bodies made up of theſe firſt Seeds, that paſs thro' the Air; and theſe firſt Seeds being agitated by various Motions, theſe little Bodies which are form'd of them are retarded by different Motions within themſelves, and are likewiſe hinder'd from without by other Bodies, and ſo are obliged to move the ſlower.

But Seeds that are ſolid and ſimple in their Nature, when they paſs through a pure Void, having nothing to ſtop them from without, and being one, and uncompounded thro' all their Parts, are carried at once, by an inſtant Force, to the Point to which they firſt ſet out. Such Seeds muſt exceed the Rays of the Sun in their Motion, and be carried on with much more Celerity; they muſt pierce through longer Tracts of Space in the ſame Time in which the Sun-Beams paſs through the Air; for theſe Seeds cannot agree together by Deſign, to move ſlowly, nor ſtop in the Air to ſearch into Particulars, and be ſatisfied for what Reaſon their ſeveral Motions are thus carried on and diſpoſed.

But ſome object to this, Fools as they are, and conceive that [k] ſimple Matter cannot of it ſelf, without the Aſſiſtance of the Gods, act ſo agreeably to the Advantage and Convenience of Mankind, as to change the Seaſons of the Year,

[k] He moſt ridiculouſly inſiſts, that Matter, rude as it was, did make this World without Art or Deſign; that Pleaſure is the Guide and Life of Man, that all Things are govern'd by her, and that the World nor any Thing elſe was made for the Uſe of Man; and then promiſes in another Place to ſhew, that the Frame of this World is ſo ill contrived, that it would be a Scandal to the Gods to charge them with the Creation of it.

*Nec jam cætera, mortaleis quæ ſuadet adire,*
*Ipſaque deducit dux vitæ* DIA VOLUPTAS,
*Ut res per Veneris blanditim ſæcla propagent,*
*Ne genus occidat Humanum: Quorum omnia cauſa*
*Conſtituiſſe Deos fingunt, ſed in omnibu' rebus*
*Magnopere à vera lapſi ratione videntur.*
*Nam quamvis rerum ignorem Primordia quæ ſint,*
*Hoc tamen ex ipſis Cœli rationibus auſim*
*Confirmare, aliiſque ex rebus reddere multis,*
*Nequaquam nobis Divinitùs eſſe creatam*
*Naturam mundi, quæ tanta 'ſt prædita culpa:*
*Quæ tibi poſteriùs,* MEMMI, *faciemus aperta;*
*Nunc id quod ſupereſt de Motibus expediemus.*
*Nunc locus eſt (ut opinor) in his illud quoque rebus*
*Confirmare Tibi, nullam rem poſſe ſua vi*
*Corpoream ſurſum ferri, ſurſumque meare.*
*Ne tibi dent in eo Flammarum corpora fraudem:*
*Surſus enim vorſus gignuntur, & augmina ſumunt:*
*Et ſurſum nitidæ Fruges, Arbuſtaque creſcunt,*
*Pondera quantum in ſe 'ſt, cum deorſum cuncta ferantur.*
*Nec cùm ſubſiliunt Ignes ad tecta domorum,*
*Et celeri flamma deguſtant tigna, trabeiſque,*
*Sponte ſua jacere id, ſine vi ſubigente, putandu 'ſt:*
*Quod genus, è noſtro cum miſſus corpore Sanguis*

*Emicat*

to produce the Fruits, and do other Things which Pleaſure, (the Deity and great Guide of Life,) perſuades Men to value and eſteem. It could not induce us to propagate our Race, by the Blandiſhments of tender Love, leſt the Species of Mankind ſhould be extinct, for whoſe ſake they pretend the Gods made all the Beings of the World; but all Conceits like theſe fall greatly from the Dictates of true Reaſon: for tho' I were entirely ignorant of the Riſe of Things, yet from the very Nature of the Heavens, and the Frame of many other Bodies, I dare affirm and inſiſt, that the Nature of the World was by no means created by the Gods upon our account, it is ſo very faulty and imperfect; which, my *Memmius*, I ſhall hereafter fully explain. But now let us explain what remains to be ſaid of Motion.

*All Things naturally deſcend.*

And here, I think, is the proper Place to prove to you, that no[k] Being can be carried upwards, or aſcend by any innate Virtue of its own, leſt by obſerving the Tendency of Flame, you ſhould be led into a Miſtake. For Flame, you know, is born upwards, as well when it begins to blaze, as when it is increaſed by Fuel; ſo the tender Corn and lofty Trees grow upwards. Nor when the Flames aſpire, and reach the Tops of Houſes, and catch the Rafters and the Beams with a fierce Blaze, are you to ſuppoſe they do this by voluntary Motion, and not compelled by Force. 'Tis the ſame when the Blood guſhes

[k] He had ſaid before, that the Seeds tend downwards; and to the Objection that Fire moves upwards, he anſwers, that Plants and Trees riſe upwards likewiſe, by reaſon of the driving Force which breaks out of the Earth, and compels them to grow by Aſcent. The ambient Air drives the Flames upwards, and makes it yield to an Element more denſe than it ſelf.

*Emicat exſultans altè, ſpargitque cruorem.*
*Nonne vides etiam, quanta vi Tigna Trabeiſque*
*Reſpuat humor Aquæ? nam quam magi' merſimus altum*
*Directa, & magna vi multi preſſimus ægrè;*
*Tam cupidè ſurſum revomit magis, atque remittit,*
*Plus ut parte foras emergant, exſiliantque.*
*Nec tamen hæc, quantu 'ſt in ſe, dubitamus, opinor,*
*Quin vacuum per Inane deorſum cuncta ferantur.*
*Sic igitur debent Flammæ quoque poſſe per auras*
*Aëris expreſſæ ſurſum ſuccedere; quanquam*
*Pondera, quantum in ſe 'ſt, deorſum deducere pugnent:*
*Nocturnaſque faces Cœli ſublime volanteis*
*Nonne vides longos flammarum ducere tractus,*
*In quaſcunque dedit parteis Natura meatum?*
*Non cadere in terram Stellas, & Sidera cernis?*
*Sol etiam ſummo de vertice diſſupat omneis*
*Ardorem in parteis, & lumine conſerit arva:*
*In terras igitur quoque Solis vergitur ardor.*
*Tranſverſoſque volare per imbres Fulmina cernis:*
*Nunc hinc, nunc illinc abrupti nubibus Ignes*
*Concurſant, cadit in terras vis Flammea volgò.*
*Illud in his quoque Te rebus cognoſcere avemus:*
*Corpora cum deorſum rectum per Inane feruntur,*
*Ponderibus propriis incerto tempore ferme,*

*Incertiſque*

from a Vein, it ſpouts bounding upwards, and ſprinkles all about the purple Stream. Don't you obſerve likewiſe, with what Force the Water throws up the Beams and Poſts of Wood? The more we plunge them in, and preſs them down with all our Might, the more forcibly the Stream ſpews them upwards, and ſends them back; ſo that they riſe, and leap up at leaſt half their thickneſs above the Water. And yet I think, we make no queſtion that all Things, as they paſs through empty Void, are carried naturally down below. So likewiſe the Flame riſes upwards, being forcibly preſſed through the Air, tho' its Weight, by its natural Gravity, endeavours to deſcend. Don't you ſee the nightly Meteors of the Sky flying aloft, and drawing after them long Trains of Flame, which way ſoever Nature yields a Paſſage? Don't you ſee alſo the [1] Stars and fiery Vapours fall downwards upon the Earth? The Sun too ſcatters from the Tops of Heaven his Beams all round, and ſows the Fields with Light: Its Rays therefore are downwards ſent to us below. You ſee the Lightning through oppoſing Showers fly all about; the Fires burſt from Clouds, now here now there engage, at length the burning Vapour falls down upon the Ground.

I DESIRE you would attend cloſely upon this Subject, and obſerve that Bodies, when they are carried downwards through the *Void* in a ſtrait Line, do at ſome time or other, but at no fix'd and determinate Time, and in ſome Parts of the *Void* likewiſe, but not in any one certain and de-

[1] The Stars never fall, but he means a fat, oily, and ſulphurous Exhalation, which kindles in the Air, and falls to the ground in a purple-colour'd Jelly.

*Incertisque locis spatio decedere paullùm:*
*Tantùm quod Momen mutatum dicere possis.*
*Quod nisi Declinare solerent, omnia deorsum,*
*Imbris uti guttæ, caderent per Inane profundum:*
*Nec foret Offensus natus, nec Plaga creata*
*Principiis: ita nil unquam Natura creasset.*
*Quòd si forte aliquis credit Graviora potesse*
*Corpora, quò citiùs rectum per Inane feruntur,*
*Incîdere è supero Levioribus, atque ita Plagas*
*Gignere, quæ possint genitaleis reddere motus:*
*Avius à vera longè ratione recedit.*
*Nam per Aquas quæcunque cadunt, atque Aëra deorsum:*
*Hæc pro ponderibus casus celerare necesse 'st,*

*Propterea,*

terminate Place of it, decline a little from the direct Line by their own Strength and Power; ſo nevertheleſs, that the direct Motion can be ſaid to be chang'd the leaſt that can be imagined. [m] If the Seeds did not decline in their Deſcent, they would all fall downwards through the empty Void, like Drops of Rain; there would be no Blow, no Stroke given by the Seeds overtaking one another, and by conſequence Nature could never have produced any Thing.

BUT if any one ſhould ſuppoſe, that the heavier Seeds, as they are carried by a ſwift Motion through the Void in a ſtrait Line, might overtake, and fall from above upon the lighter, and ſo occaſion thoſe Strokes which produce a genial Motion by which Things are formed, he is entirely out of the way, and wanders from the Rule of true Reaſon. [n] Indeed, whatſoever falls downward through the Water, or through the Air, muſt neceſſarily have its Speed haſtened in pro-

[m] If the Seeds deſcended through the Void in a direct Line, and with equal Swiftneſs, they could never meet nor overtake one another; and therefore he inſiſts upon this Declination of Motion, otherwiſe his Atoms could never have met, and conſequently there could have been no Generation whatever; and from this Declaration proceed the Conjunctions, Unions, and Adheſions of the Atoms to one another and among themſelves, by which the World was made, and all Things contained in it.

[n] He ſays, that all Seeds are hurried through the Void with equal Swiftneſs; he grants that the Medium through which they paſs, may haſten or retard their Motion, and that Bodies of the ſame Matter, but different in Weight, when they fall through Water or Air, are not equally ſwift, which is falſe; but he will have the Motion to be the ſwifter, the more empty the Place is thro' which the Bodies move; ſo that where the Space is moſt void and empty, there the Motion is moſt ſwift; and be there ever ſo many Motions or Things moving in that Space, they are all of the like Swiftneſs.

*Propterea, quia corpus Aquæ, naturaque tenuis*
*Aëris haud possunt æquè rem quamque morari:*
*Sed citiùs cedunt Gravioribus exsuperata.*
*At contra nulli de nulla parte, neque ullo*
*Tempore Inane potest Vacuum subsistere rei,*
*Quin, sua quod natura petit, concedere pergat.*
*Omnia quapropter debent per Inane quietum*
*Æquè ponderibus non æquis concita ferri.*
*Haud igitur poterunt Levioribus incidere unquam*
*Ex supero Graviora, neque Ictus gignere per se,*
*Qui varient motus, per quos Natura genat res.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam paullùm clinare necesse 'st*
*Corpora, nec plùs quàm minimùm, ne fingere motus*
*Obliquos videamur, & id res vera refutet.*
*Namque hoc in promptu, manifestumque esse videmus:*
*Pondera, quantum in se 'st, non posse Obliqua meare,*
*Ex supero cum præcipitant, quod cernere possis.*
*Sed nihil omnino rectâ regione viaï*
*Declinare, quis est, qui possit cernere, sese?*
*Denique si semper motus connectitur omnis,*
*Et vetere exoritur semper novus ordine certo,*
*Nec Declinando faciunt Primordia motus*
*Principium quoddam, quod Fati fœdera rumpat,*
*Ex infinito ne causam causa sequatur:*

*Libera*

portion to its Weight; and for this Reaſon, becauſe the Body of the Water, and the thin Nature of the Air, cannot equally delay the Progreſs of every thing that is to paſs through it, but muſt be obliged to give way ſooneſt to heavy Bodies. But, on the contrary, mere empty Space cannot oppoſe the Paſſage of any thing in any manner; but muſt, as its Nature requires, continue for ever to give way: Therefore all Things muſt be carried with equal Force through a Void that cannot reſiſt, tho' their ſeveral Weights be unequal; ſo that the heavier Bodies can never fall from above upon the lighter, nor occaſion thoſe Blows which may change their Motions, and by which all Things are naturally produced.

It follows then, that the Seeds do every now and then decline a little from a direct Line in their Deſcent, tho' the leaſt that can be imagined, leſt we ſhould think their Motion were oblique, which the Nature of the Thing refutes. For we ſee this is plain and obvious, that Bodies by their natural Gravity do not obliquely deſcend, when they fall ſwiftly from above through a *Void*, which you may diſcover by your Eyes. But that Nothing declines in its Deſcent, ever ſo little from a direct Line, who is ſo ſharp-ſighted as to diſtinguiſh?

Besides, were all Motion of the Seeds uniform, and in a ſtrait Line, did one ſucceed another in an exact and regular Order, did not the Seeds, by their declining, occaſion certain Motions, as a Sort of Principle, to break the Bonds of Fate, and prevent a Neceſſity of Acting, and exclude a fix'd and eternal Suc-

*Libera per terras unde hæc animantibus extat,*
*Unde eſt hæc (inquam) fatis avolſa Voluntas,*
*Per quam progredimur, quo ducit quemque voluptas?*
*Declinamus item motus, nec tempore certo,*
*Nec regione loci certa, ſed ubi ipſa tulit Mens.*
*Nam dubio procul his rebus ſua cuique Voluntas*
*Principium dat: & hinc motus per membra rigantur.*
*Nonne vides etiam patefactis tempore puncto*
*Carceribus, non poſſe tamen prorumpere Equorum*
*Vim cupidam tam deſubitò, quàm Mens avet ipſa?*
*Omnis enim totum per Corpus materiaï*
*Copia conquiri debet, concita per artus*
*Omneis, ut ſtudium Mentis connexa ſequatur:*
*Ut videas initum motus à Corde creari,*
*Ex Animique voluntate id procedere primum:*
*Inde dari porro per totum Corpus, & artus:*
*Nec ſimile eſt, ut cùm impulſi procedimus ictu,*
*Viribus alterius magnis, magnoque coactu,*

Nam

ceſſion of Cauſes, which deſtroy all° Liberty; whence comes that Free-will, whence comes it, I ſay, ſo ſenſibly obſerv'd in all Creatures of the World, who act as they pleaſe, wholly reſcued from the Power of Fate and Neceſſity? That Will by which we are moved which way ſoever our Inclination leads us? We likewiſe forbear to move, not at any particular Time, nor at any certain Place, but when and where our Mind pleaſes; and without doubt, the Will is the Principle that determines theſe Motions, and from whence all Motion is conveyed to the Limbs. Don't you obſerve, when the Barriers of the Liſts are thrown open of a ſudden, the eager Deſire of the Horſes cannot ſtart to the Race with that Celerity as their Mind requires? Becauſe the Spirits or Particles of Matter that maintain the Courſe, muſt be got together from all Parts of the Body, and ſtirr'd thro' every Limb, and fitly united, that they may readily follow the eager Deſire of the Mind. You ſee then, the Beginning of Motion riſes in the Heart, proceeds then by means of the Will, and is thence diffuſed thro' every Limb, over the whole Body.

But the Caſe is otherwiſe, when we act as we are compelled by Force, by the prevailing Power and the great Violence of another; for then we

° Every one perceives a Liberty in himſelf, and with Reaſon concludes, that the ſame Freedom is in other Animals, who we ſee vary their Motions as they liſt, and live as they pleaſe. We find, that when we are compelled to act by any outward Force, there is ſomething within us that reſiſts that Compulſion; that we perceive a great Difference within us, when we act by our own Will, and when we are compelled. There can be nothing of this Liberty in the Seeds themſelves; it muſt therefore be imputed to the Declination of the Atoms: for a direct Motion of them would deſtroy all our Freedom.

*Nam tum materiam totius Corporis omnem*
*Perſpicuu 'ſt nobis invitis ire, rapique,*
*Donicum eam refrænavit per membra Voluntas.*
*Jamne vides igitur, quamquam vis extera multos*
*Pellit, & invitos cogit procedere ſæpe,*
*Præcipiteiſque rapit, tamen eſſe in pectore noſtro*
*Quiddam, quod contra pugnare, obſtareque poſſit,*
*Cujus ad arbitrium quoque copia materiaï*
*Cogitur interdum flecti per membra, per artus,*
*Et projecta refrænatur, retroque reſidit.*
*Quare in Seminibus quoque idem fateare neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Eſſe aliam præter Plagas, & Pondera cauſam*
*Motibus, unde hæc eſt nobis innata poteſtas:*
*De Nihilo quoniam fieri Nil poſſe videmus.*
*Pondus enim prohibet, ne Plagis omnia fiant,*
*Externa quaſi vi, ſed ne Mens ipſa neceſſum*
*Inteſtinum habeat cunctis in rebus agendis;*
*Et devicta quaſi cogatur ferre, patique:*
*Id facit exiguum* CLINAMEN *Principiorum*
*Nec regione loci certa, nec tempore certo.*

feel plainly, that the whole Weight of our Body moves, and is urged on againſt our Conſent, till our Will reſtrains the Motion through all our Limbs. Don't you ſee now, that though an outward Force drives us on, and often compels us to proceed againſt our Will, and hurries us headlong, yet there is ſomething in the Heart that reſiſts and ſtrives againſt that Compulſion, at whoſe Command the Spirits or Particles of Matter are forced through the Nerves into the ſeveral Limbs and Members, and are curbed likewiſe by the ſame Nerves, and obliged to retire backwards.

Wherefore [p], you muſt needs confeſs there is ſomething elſe beſide Stroke and Weight, which is the Cauſe of thoſe Motions from whence this innate Power of our Will proceeds. We ſee Nothing can ariſe from Nothing; for Weight, which is natural to Bodies, hinders us to conclude, that all Things are moved by Stroke or outward Force; and leſt the Mind ſhould ſeem to act by ſome neceſſary Impulſe within itſelf, (that is, by Motion that proceeds from Weight) and overpower'd, be compelled, as it were, to bear and ſuffer, this is occaſioned by ever ſo little a Declination of the Seeds, which however is done at no certain or determinate Time or Place.

[p] This Freedom of Will cannot proceed from Stroke; for Motion by Stroke is an outward Force, which is contrary to Liberty; and Weight, tho' it be an inward Principle of Motion, yet ſince it tends downwards, and in the ſame manner, is an Enemy to Liberty likewiſe: Therefore Declination, which is neither made at any certain Time, nor in any certain Place, avoids that Neceſſity of which both Weight and Stroke are the Cauſe, and unlinks the Chain of Deſtiny.

Nor

*Nec ſtipata magis fuit unquam Materiaï*
*Copia, nec porrò majoribus intervallis.*
*Nam neque adaugeſcit quicquam, neque deperit inde.*
*Quapropter quo nunc in motu Principiorum*
*Corpora ſunt, in eodem anteacta ætate fuere,*
*Et poſthac ſemper ſimili ratione ferentur;*
*Et quæ conſuerunt gigni, gignentur eadem*
*Conditione: & erunt, & creſcent, inque valebunt,*
*Quantum cuique datum 'ſt per fœdera Naturaï,*
*Nec rerum Summam commutare ulla poteſt vis.*
*Nam neque quo poſſit genus ullum Materiaï*
*Effugere ex Omni, quicquam 'ſt, neque rurſus, in Omne*
*Unde coörta queat nova vis irrumpere, & Omnem*
*Naturam rerum mutare, & vertere motus.*
*Illud in his rebus, non eſt mirabile, quare*
*Omnia cum rerum Primordia ſint in motu,*
SUMMA *tamen ſumma videatur ſtare quiete,*
*Præterquam ſi quid proprio dat corpore motus.*
*Omnis enim longè noſtris ab ſenſibus infra*
PRIMORUM *natura jacet: quapropter ubi illa*
*Cernere jam nequeas, motus quoque ſurpere debent:*

*Præſertim*

Nor was [q] the Maſs of Matter ever more cloſe or more looſe, nor did the Number of Seeds ever increaſe or diminiſh; and therefore the ſame Courſe in which the Seeds move now, the ſame Motion they had for the time paſt, and they will be carried on hereafter in the very ſame manner; and the Things that have been hitherto produced, ſhall be formed again in the ſame way; they ſhall come into Being, grow, and arrive at Perfection, as far as the Laws of their reſpective Natures will admit: For this Univerſe of Things no Force can change; neither is there any Place into which the leaſt Particle of Matter may fly off from the whole Maſs; nor is there a Place from whence any new Seeds may break in upon this *All*, and ſo change the Nature of Things, and diſorder their Motions.

There is Nothing wonderful in this, that when all the [r] Principles of Things are in continual Motion, the *Whole* ſhould at the ſame time ſeem to be at perfect Reſt, tho' every particular Body has a ſort of Motion peculiar to itſelf; for the Nature of firſt Seeds is ſo ſubtil, that they lie far beyond the Reach of our Senſe; and therefore, ſince you cannot perceive them by the Eye, their Motions are much leſs to be diſcern'd;

[q] He had taught, that the Seeds are not liable to Change; now he aſſerts, that the univerſal Maſs of Matter can neither increaſe nor diminiſh, that the Motions of the Seeds are immutable, and therefore, that whatever has been produced heretofore, the ſame may be produced now.

[r] If it ſhould be objected againſt this perpetual Motion of the Atoms, that the All or Univerſe appears quiet, and ſeems buried in a profound Tranquillity; he ſays, that the Motions of the Seeds muſt needs be imperceptible, ſince the Seeds themſelves are inviſible to the ſharpeſt Sight; and adds, that the Motion even of ſenſible Things, cannot be perceiv'd at a great Diſtance.

eſpecially,

*Præsertim cùm, quæ possimus cernere, celent*
*Sæpe tamen motus spatio diducta locorum.*
*Nam sæpe in colli tondentes pabula læta*
*Lanigeræ reptant Pecudes, quo quamque vocantes*
*Invitant herbæ gemmantes rore recenti:*
*Et satiati Agni ludunt, blandéque coniscant:*
*Omnia quæ nobis longè confusa videntur,*
*Et veluti in viridi candor consistere colli.*
*Præterea magnæ Legiones cum loca cursu*
*Camporum complent, belli simulacra cientes:*
*Et circumvolitant Equites, medioque repente*
*Tramittunt valido quatientes impete campos:*
*Fulgur ibi ad Cœlum se tollit, totaque circum.*
*Ære renidescit Tellus, subterque virûm vi*
*Excitur pedibus sonitus, clamoreque Montes*
*Icti rejectant voces ad Sidera mundi:*
*Et tamen est quidam locus altis montibus, unde*
*Stare videtur, & in campis consistere Fulgur.*
*Nunc age jam deinceps cunctarum exordia rerum,*
*Qualia sint, & quam longè distantia formis,*
*Percipe, multigenis quàm sint variata* FIGURIS:
*Non quòd multa parum similis sint prædita forma,*
*Sed quia non volgò paria omnibus omnia constant.*

eſpecially, as we obſerve many Things are diſcover'd to us by our Sight, whoſe Motions we cannot perceive, by being placed at a remote Diſtance from us. For oft the woolly Flock upon a Hill wander about, and crop the tender Graſs, where-e'er the ſweet Herbs crowned with pearly Dew invite; the Lambs, their Bellies full, wantonly play, and try their tender Horns: All this to us ſtanding far off, appears confuſed, and like a ſteady White ſpread o'er the Green. And thus a mighty Army fills the Plain, and moves about, and acts a real Fight; the Horſe ſcour o'er the Field, and wheel at once, and in the Centre charge, and ſhake the Ground with mighty Force; the Blaze of Arms darts up to Heaven, all the Earth around glitters with brazen Shields, and groans beneath the Feet of Men enraged; the neighbouring Hills, ſtruck with the Noiſe, rebound it to the Skies; yet place yourſelf upon a Mountain-top, to view this wild Confuſion, and you'd think it was a fixed and ſteady Light that filled the Plain.

Now learn at length the [1] Form of theſe firſt Seeds, theſe Principles of Things, how widely different is their Shape, of what Variety of Figure their Frame conſiſts; for tho' many are endowed with a Form not much unlike, yet all are far from being of the ſame Figure. And no

[1] He makes his Atoms of different Figures, not that their Shape is diſcernible by the Eye, any more than their Magnitude; but becauſe their different Figuration may be proved by many Arguments: he ſays, in any Things whatever the greater their Number is, the greater for the moſt part is the Variety of their Figures. He argues further for the different Figures of his Atoms, from the various Shapes and Figures of all natural Things compoſed of them; and ſhews this different Figuration not only in all kind of Things taken collectively, but even in the Individuals of the ſame kind.

wonder;

*Nec mirum: nam cùm sit eorum Copia tanta,*
*Ut neque finis (uti docui) neque Summa sit ullæ:*
*Debent nimirum non omnibus omnia prorsum*
*Esse pari filo, similique affecta Figura.*
*Præterea genus Humanum, mutæque natantes*
*Squammigerûm Pecudes, & læta Arbusta, Feræque,*
*Et variæ Volucres, lætantia quæ loca aquarum*
*Concelebrant circum ripas, fonteisque, lacusque:*
*Et quæ pervolgant nemora avia pervolitantes:*
*Horum unum quodvis generatim sumere perge,*
*Invenies tamen inter se distare Figuris.*
*Nec ratione alia Proles cognoscere Matrem,*
*Nec Mater posset Prolem: quod posse videmus,*
*Nec minùs atque homines inter se nota cluere.*
*Nam sæpe ante Deûm vitulus delubra decora*
*Turicremas propter mactatus concidit aras,*
*Sanguinis exspirans calidum de pectore flumen,*
*At Mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans,*
*Linquit humi pedibus vestigia pressa bisulcis,*
*Omnia convisens oculis loca, si queat usquam*
*Conspicere amissum Fœtum: completque querelis*
*Frundiferum nemus adsistens, & crebra revisit*
*Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa Juvenci:*
*Nec teneræ salices, atque herbæ rore vigentes,*
*Fluminaque ulla queunt summis labentia ripis,*
*Oblectare animum, subitamque avertere curam:*
*Nec Vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta*
*Derivare queunt alliò, curaque levare:*
*Usque adeo quiddam proprium, notumque requirit.*
*Præterea teneri tremulis cum vocibus Hædi*
*Cornigeras nôrunt Matres, Agnique petulci*

*Balantum*

wonder; for ſince (as I have ſaid) their Number is ſo great, that no End, no Bound is to be ſet to them, they ought, for the ſame Reaſon, to be all of a different Contexture, and not faſhioned alike of the ſame Form.

Besides, conſider well Mankind, the ſcaly Fry of ſilent Fiſh that ſwim the Flood, the verdant Trees, wild Beaſts, the various kind of Birds, ſuch as flock about the Banks of pleaſant Streams, the Fountains and the Lakes, and thoſe who frequent the thick Covers of the Woods, conſider all theſe in their ſeveral Kinds, and you will find them all conſiſt of Forms different among themſelves. 'Tis by nothing elſe the tender Young knows its own Dam, and thus the Dam diſtinguiſhes her Young; thus we ſee each Creature knows its own Kind, no leſs than Men, and ſo unite together. For oft before the gilded Temples of the Gods, a young Heifer falls a ſlain Victim beſide the Altar flaming with Incenſe, and breathes from her Heart a reeking Stream of Blood. The Dam, robbed of her Young, beats o'er the Fields, and leaves the Marks of her divided Hoofs upon the preſſed Graſs, and ſearches every Place with careful Eyes to find her Young ſhe loſt; then ſtops, and fills the branched Woods with her Complaints, and oft returns back to her Stall, diſtracted with the Love of her dear Young; no more the tender Willows, or the Herbs freſhned with Dew, nor can the running Streams within full Banks divert her Mind, or turn away her Care; nor can a thouſand other Heifers, as they play wantonly o'er the Graſs, take off her Eye, or eaſe the Pain ſhe feels; ſo plain it is ſhe ſearches for her own, for what ſhe knows full well. And thus the tender Kids find by their Bleat their horned Dams, and

*Balantum pecudes: ita, quod natura reposcit,*
*Ad sua quisque fere decurrunt ubera lactis.*
*Postremo quodvis Frumentum, non tamen omne*
*Quodque suo in genere inter se simile esse videbis,*
*Quin intercurrat quædam distantia formis,*
*Concharumque genus parili ratione videmus*
*Pingere telluris gremium, qua mollibus undis*
*Littoris incurvi bibulam pavit Æquor arenam.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam simili ratione necesse 'st,*
*Natura quoniam constant, neque facta manu sunt,*
*Unius ad certam formam Primordia rerum,*
*Dissimili inter se quædam volitare Figura.*
*Perfacile 'st jam animi ratione exsolvere nobis,*
*Quare Fulmineus multò penetralior ignis,*
*Quam noster fluat è Tedis terrestribus ortus.*
*Dicere enim possis cœlestem* FULMINIS *ignem*
*Subtilem magis è parvis constare figuris:*
*Atque ideo transire foramina, quæ nequit ignis*
*Noster hic è Lignis ortus, Tedaque creatus.*
*Præterea Lumen per cornu transit: at Imber*
*Respuitur: Quare? Nisi Luminis illa minora*
*Corpora sunt, quàm de quibus est liquor Almus Aquarum:*
*Et quamvis subitò per colum Vina videmus*
*Perfluere, at contrà tardum cunctatur Olivum;*
*Aut quia nimirum majoribus est Elementis,*
*Aut magis hamatis inter se, perque plicatis.*
*Atque ideo fit uti non tam deducta repente*
*Inter se possint Primordia singula quæque*
*Singula per cujusque foramina permanare.*
*Huc accedit, uti Mellis Lactisque liquores*
*Jucundo sensu linguæ tractentur in ore;*
*At contrà tetra Absinthî natura, ferique*
*Centaurî fœdo pertorquent ora sapore:*

ſo the ſporting Lambs know their own Flocks, and, as by Nature taught, each haſtes to the full Dug of its own Dam.

Observe again, the various Sorts of Corn, you'll find each Grain, tho' in Kind the ſame, not ſo much alike, but there will be a Difference in their Figure; and ſo a great Variety of Shells, we ſee, paints the Earth's Lap, where the Sea's gentle Waves feed the moiſt Sand along the winding Shore. And thus, by Parity of Reaſon, it muſt follow, that the firſt Seeds of Things, as they are formed by Nature, not made by Art in any certain Figure, muſt fly about in Shapes various and different among themſelves.

'Tis eaſy for us now to unfold the Difficulty, why the Flame of Lightning is much more penetrating than our common Fire raiſed from Fuel here below. You may give this Reaſon, that the ſubtil, celeſtial Fire of Lightning con ſts of Particles much ſmaller, and ſo paſſes through Pores, which our Fire, made from Tow or Wood, cannot.

Besides, Light, we perceive, finds a way through Horn, but Water does not; becauſe the Principles of Light are ſmaller, than thoſe of which Water is compoſed. So we ſee Wine paſſes ſwiftly through a Strainer; on the contrary, heavy Oil moves ſlowly through, either becauſe it is made up of larger Seeds, or its Principles are more hooked and entangled among themſelves: and thus it happens, that the ſeveral Particles cannot be ſo ſoon ſeparated from one another, ſo as to flow through the little Holes with the ſame Eaſe. Thus it is, that Honey and Milk paſs in the Mouth with a pleaſing Senſation over the Tongue; on the contrary, the bitter Juice of Wormwood and ſharp Centaury torment the Palate

*Ut facilè agnoſcas è lævibus, atque rotundis*
*Eſſe ea, quæ ſenſus jucundè tangere poſſunt:*
*At contrà quæ amara, atque aſpera cunque videntur,*
*Hæc magis hamatis inter ſe nexa teneri;*
*Proptereaque ſolere vias reſcindere noſtris*
*Senſibus, introituque ſuo perrumpere corpus.*
*Omnia poſtremo Bona ſenſibus, & Mala tactu,*
*Diſſimili inter ſe pugnant perfecta Figura:*
*Ne tu forte putes Serræ ſtridentis acerbum*
*Horrorem conſtare elementis lævibus æquè*
*Ac Muſæa mele, per chordas Organici quæ*
*Mobilibus digitis expergefacta figurant:*
*Neu ſimili penetrare putes Primordia forma*
*In nareis hominum, cum tetra Cadavera torrent,*
*Et cum Scena croco Cilici perfuſa recens eſt,*
*Araque Panchæos exhalat propter odores:*
*Neve bonos rerum ſimili conſtare Colores*
*Semine conſtituas, oculos qui paſcere poſſunt,*
*Et qui compungunt aciem, lacrymareque cogunt:*
*Aut fœda ſpecie tetri, turpeſque videntur.*
*Omnis enim ſenſus quæ mulcet cauſa, juvatque,*
*Haud ſine Principiali aliquo lævore creata 'ſt:*
*At contra, quæcunque moleſta, atque aſpera conſtat,*
*Non aliquo ſine Materiæ ſqualore reperta 'ſt.*
*Sunt etiam quæ jam nec Lævia jure putantur*
*Eſſe, neque omnino flexis mucronibus Unca:*
*Sed magis Angululis paullum proſtantibus, & quæ*

*Titillare*

with a loathſome Taſte. From whence you collect eaſily, that thoſe Things which agreeably affect the Senſe, are compoſed of Particles ſmooth and round; and ſuch again that ſeem rough and bitter, are bound together by Parts more hooked, and cloſer twined; and therefore, they tear the way to our Senſes, and wound the Body as they enter through the Skin. In ſhort, ſuch Things as are agreeable to our Senſes, and thoſe that are rough and unpleaſant to the Touch, are oppoſite, and formed of a Figure very different from one another; leſt you ſhould think perhaps, that the grating Sound of the whetting of a Saw, was made of Parts equally ſmooth, without the ſoft Notes of a Lute, which the Muſician forms upon the Strings, awaked, as it were, by the gentle Strokes of his Fingers.

NOR are you to ſuppoſe, that the Seeds are of the ſame Form which ſtrike upon our Nerves of Smell, when a filthy Carcaſe is burning, or when the Stage is freſh-ſprinkled with *Cilician* Saffron, or the Altar ſweetens the Air with the Odour of *Arabian* Incenſe.

AND ſo in Colours, you muſt not imagine ſuch as are agreeable, and delight our Eyes, are compoſed of the ſame faſhioned Seeds with thoſe which prick our Senſe, and force us to weep, or ſeem dark or ugly, and ſhocking in appearance to us; for whatever pleaſes and delights our Senſe, cannot be compoſed but of ſmooth Particles; and, on the contrary, Things that are hurtful and harſh, cannot be formed without Seeds that are filthy and diſagreeable.

THERE are other Seeds likewiſe, which you cannot properly call ſmooth, nor are altogether hooked, with their Points bent, but are rather ſhaped with ſmall Angles, a little jutting out, and

*Titillare magis ſenſus, quam Lædere poſſunt:*
*Fæcula jam quo de genere 'ſt, Inulæque ſapores.*
*Denique jam calidos Igneis, gelidamque Pruinam,*
*Diſſimili dentata modo compungere ſenſus*
*Corporis, indicio nobis eſt Tactus uterque.*
TACTUS *enim, Tactus (pro Divûm numina ſancta!)*
*Corporis eſt ſenſus, vel cùm res Extera ſeſe*
*Inſinuat, vel cùm lædit, quæ in corpore nata 'ſt,*
*Aut juvat egrediens genitaleis per Veneris res:*
*Aut ex Offenſu cum turbant Corpore in ipſo*
*Semina, confunduntque inter ſe concita ſenſum:*
*Ut ſi forte manu quamvis jam Corporis ipſe*
*Tute tibi partem ferias, æquè experiare.*
*Quapropter longè formas diſtare neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Principiis, varios quæ poſſint edere ſenſus.*
*Denique, quæ nobis Durata ac Spiſſa videntur,*
*Hæc magis hamatis inter ſeſe eſſe neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Et quaſi ramoſis altè compacta teneri.*
*In quo jam genere in primis Adamantina ſaxa,*
*Prima acie conſtant, ictus contemnere ſueta,*
*Et validi Silices, ac duri robora Ferri,*
*Æraque, quæ clauſtris reſtantia vociferantur.*

*Illa*

may be ſaid rather to tickle than to hurt the Senſe; ſuch is the [t] acid Taſte of the ſweet Sauce made of the Lees of Wine, or the ſweet Sauce made of the ſweetiſh-bitter Root of Elecampane. Laſtly, that [u] burning Heat, or freezing Cold, being formed of Seeds of different Figures, do affect the Body with different Senſation, our Touch is Evidence ſufficient to evince.

FOR Touch, the Touch (bleſſed be the Gods above!) is a Senſe of the Body, either when ſomething from without enters through the Pores, or ſomething from within hurts us, as it forces its way out, or pleaſes, as the Effect of Venery tickles as it paſſes through, or when the Seeds, by ſtriking againſt each other, raiſe a Tumult in the Body, and in that Agitation confound the Senſe; and this you may ſoon experience, if you ſtrike yourſelf in any Part with a Blow of your Hand. It is neceſſary therefore, that the Principles of Things ſhould conſiſt of Figures very different in themſelves, ſince they affect the Senſes in ſo different a manner. *Touch what it is.*

FURTHER, thoſe Things which appear to us hard and thick, muſt neceſſarily be joined together by Particles more hooked among themſelves, and be held cloſe by branched Seeds. In the firſt Rank of theſe, you are to place the Rocks of Adamant, that defy the Force of Blows, and ſolid Flints, and the Strength of hard Iron, and brazen Hinges, that creak under the Weight of

[t] The *Fæcula* and the *Inula* were two Sauces of the *Romans*; the one was acid, made of the Lees of Wine; the other ſweet, made of the ſweetiſh bitter Root of the Herb *Inula*, Elecampane.

[u] It was the Opinion of *Epicurus*, that the Seeds of Fire, ſince they pricked the Senſe, had ſome prominent Angles; and that the Seeds of Cold had a Trigonical or Pyramidal Figure, that is, their Figure conſiſted of four triangular Faces.

*Illa autem debent ex Lævibus atque Rotundis*
*Eſſe magis, fluido quæ corpore Liquida conſtant:*
*Nec retinentur enim inter ſe glomeramina quæque,*
*Et procurſus item in proclive volubilis extat.*
*Omnia poſtremò quæ puncto tempore cernis*
*Diffugere, ut Fumum, Nebulas, Flammaſque neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Si minùs omnibu' ſunt è Lævibus atque Rotundis,*
*At non eſſe tamen perplexis indupedita,*
*Pungere uti poſſint corpus, penetrareque ſaxa:*
*Nec tamen hærere inter ſe, quod quiſque videmus*
*Sentibus eſſe datum: Facilè ut cognoſcere poſſis*
*Non è Perplexis, ſed Acutis eſſe Elementis.*
*Sed quod Amara vides eadem, quæ fluvida conſtant,*
*Sudor uti Maris eſt, minimè id mirabile habendum.*
*Nam quod fluvidum eſt, è Lævibus atque Rotundis*
*Eſt, at Lævibus, atque Rotundis miſta doloris*
*Corpora; nec tamen hæc retineri Hamata neceſſe 'ſt:*
*Scilicet eſſe globoſa, tamen cùm Squalida conſtent,*
*Provolvi ſimul ut poſſint, & lædere ſenſus.*
*Et quò miſta putes magis aſpera lævibus eſſe*
*Principiis, unde 'ſt Neptuni corpus acerbum:*
*Eſt ratio ſecernundi, ſeorſumque videndi.*
*Humor dulcit ubi per terras crebriùs idem*
*Percolatur, ut in foveam fluat, ac manſueſcat.*
*Linquit enim ſuprà tetri Primordia viri*

*Aſpera,*

their Gates. But Liquids that conſiſt of fluid Bodies, muſt be formed of Seeds more ſmooth and round; for their globular Particles are not intangled among themſelves, and their flowing Motion rolls on forward with the greater Eaſe.

But, laſtly, all ſuch Things which you obſerve inſtantly to ſcatter, and fly away as Smoke, Clouds, and Flame, if they do not conſiſt altogether of Particles that are ſmooth and round, yet neither are they formed of hooked Seeds, and therefore may pierce through Bodies, and penetrate into Stones; nor do their Particles nevertheleſs ſtick mutually to one another, as we obſerve the Particles of Thorns do: From thence you may eaſily conclude, that they are not compoſed of hooked or intangled, but of acute Principles.

*The Sea-water fluid and bitter.*

But becauſe you ſee the ſame Things are bitter and fluid, as the Sea-water, are you to wonder in the leaſt at this; For what is fluid, is formed of Principles that are ſmooth and round; but with theſe ſmooth and round Seeds, are mixed others that are ſharp, and give pain: Yet there is no Neceſſity, that theſe ſharp Seeds ſhould be hooked and twined together; it is ſufficient, that they be globous as well as rough, that they may be qualified to flow along in their proper Courſe, as well as to hurt the Senſe.

And that you may the ſooner believe, that theſe ſharp Seeds are mixed with thoſe that are ſmooth, from whence the Body of the Sea becomes ſalt, the way is to ſeparate them, and conſider them diſtinct; for the Sea-water grows ſweet by being often philter'd through the Earth, and ſo fills the Ditches, where it becomes ſoft: for it leaves behind the pungent Seeds of the rough

*Aſpera, quò magis in terris hæreſcere poſſunt.*
*Quod quoniam docui, pergam connectere rem, quæ*
*Et hoc apta fidem ducit: Primordia rerum*
*Finita variare* FIGURARUM *ratione.*
*Quod ſi non ita ſit, rurſum jam Semina quædam*
*Eſſe infinito debebunt corporis auctu.*
*Namque in eadem una cujuſcujus brevitate*
*Corporis, inter ſe multum variare Figuræ*
*Non poſſunt: Fac enim minimis è partibus eſſe*
*Corpora prima tribus, vel paullo pluribus auge;*
*Nempe ubi eas parteis unius Corporis omneis,*
*Summa atque ima locans, tranſmutans dextera lævis,*
*Omnimodis expertus eris, quam quiſque det ordo*
*Formaï ſpeciem totius Corporis ejus:*
*Quod ſupereſt, ſi forte voles variare figuras,*
*Addendum parteis alias erit: inde ſequetur*
*Adſimili ratione alias, ut poſtulet ordo,*
*Si tu forte voles etiam variare figuras.*
*Ergo formaï novitatem corporis augmen*

*Subſequitur:*

rough Salt, which are more inclined to ſtick as they paſs along, than thoſe Particles that are globular and ſmooth.

This being proved, I ſhall here join another Obſervation, which juſtly derives its Credit from what is explained before: That the [x] Seeds of Things vary their Figure not without End, but after a finite Manner. If it were not ſo, ſome Seeds, by an infinite Increaſe of their Parts, would be of an immenſe Size; for in ſo ſmall a Body as an Atom conſiſts of, the Figures have not room to change often among themſelves: Suppoſe, if you will, theſe Atoms or firſt Seeds conſiſt of ſmalleſt Parts, three ſuppoſe, or a few more, if you pleaſe; now, by varying theſe ſeveral Parts of one Atom or Seed into all poſſible Shapes, placing the Uppermoſt below, or turning the Right to the Left, you will find the ſeveral Figures that every Change will give this Seed in all its Parts: But if you would [y] change its Figure ſtill further, you muſt add new Parts to it; and, by the ſame Reaſon, you muſt ſtill add more, if you ſtill think of changing its Figure into more Shapes, ſo that the Body muſt increaſe in proportion as every new Figure appears; and therefore, you

*Variety of Figures finite.*

[x] He has proved, that the Atoms vary in their Figure, and in their Bigneſs too; now he aſſerts, that this Variety is not infinite: For to make an infinite Variety of Figures, the Maſs of ſome of the Seeds muſt of neceſſity be immenſely great, ſince an immenſe Magnitude only is capable of an immenſe Variety of Figure; but take an Atom, and turn and tranſpoſe every way the Parts that can be conceived in it, and you will find only a finite Variety of Figures in ſo ſmall a Body.

[y] The Parts of any finite Magnitude may be tranſpoſed ſo many ways, that no new Way ſhall remain to change the Poſition from what it had been in before; otherwiſe there would be ſtill new and new Parts, even to an Infinity; and then the Magnitude might be infinite, which an Atom can never be, it being too little even to be ſeen.

cannot

*Subſequitur: quare non eſt ut credere poſſis,*
*Eſſe infinitis diſtantia ſemina formis,*
*Ne quædam cogas immani maximitate*
*Eſſe, ſuprà quod jam docui, non poſſe probari.*
*Jam tibi Barbaricæ veſtes, Melibœaque fulgens*
*Purpura Theſſalico concharum tincta colore, &*
*Aurea Pavonum ridenti imbuta lepore,*
*Sæcla novo rerum ſuperata colore jacerent:*
*Et contemptus odor Myrrhæ, Melliſque ſapores,*
*Et Cycnea mele, Phœbæaque dædala chordis*
*Carmina conſimili ratione oppreſſa ſilerent.*
*Namque aliis aliud præſtantius exoreretur.*
*Cedere item retrò poſſent in deteriores*
*Omnia ſic parteis, ut diximus in meliores:*
*Namque aliis aliud retrò quoque tertius eſſet*
*Naribus, Auribus, atque Oculis, Oriſque ſapori.*
*Quæ quoniam non ſunt in rebus reddita, certa &*
*Finis utrinque tenet Summam: Fateare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Materiam quoque finitis differre Figuris.*
*Denique, ab Ignibus, ad gelidas hiemiſque Pruinas*
*Finitu 'ſt, retroque pari ratione remenſu 'ſt.*
*Finit enim Calor, ac Frigus, mediique Tepores*

*Inter*

cannot conceive, that the Seeds ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by an infinite Variety of Forms, unleſs you admit that they are likewiſe infinite in Magnitude, which, as I ſaid above, is impoſſible to be proved.

Besides; [z] the embroider'd Veſts of *Aſia*, the bright [a] *Melibœan* Purple, dipt in the Blood of the *Theſſalian* Shell-fiſh, and the golden Brood of Peacocks, gliſtering with their gaudy Plumes, would lie undiſtinguiſhed, being exceeded by other Things of greater Luſtre; and the Smell of Myrrh, and the Taſte of Honey, would be deſpiſed, and the Singing of the Swan, and the nobleſt Verſe ſung to ſweet Muſick would, by the ſame Rule, be outdone, and ceaſe to pleaſe; for ſome other Things might ariſe more agreeable than theſe.

And as ſome Things, we obſerve, may advance into greater Perfection, ſo others likewiſe may decline, and grow worſe; for one Thing may ſucceed another ſtill more diſagreeable to the Noſe, the Ears, the Eyes, and Taſte. But ſince this does not appear in the Nature of Things, ſince there is a certain Boundary to what is *beſt* and *worſt*, we are obliged to own, that Matter is diverſified by Shapes that are finite, and within fixed Bounds.

Lastly, from Fire, to the piercing Cold of Winter, a Point is ſet; and ſo, from Cold to Heat, they are both intenſe: For Heat and Cold are the Extremes, the middle Warmth lies between

[z] If you allow a Variety of Seeds even to Infinity, the outward Qualities of natural Things would never be fixed or determined; they might ſtill be diverſified by a new Figuration, that there might ariſe a Better than the Beſt, and a Worſe than the Worſt.

[a] *Melibœa* was a City of *Theſſaly*, famous for Purple.

both,

*Inter utrumque jacent, explentes ordine Summam.*
*Ergo finita distant ratione creata,*
*Ancipiti quoniam mucrone utrinque notantur,*
*Hinc Flammis, illinc rigidis infessa Pruinis.*
*Quod quoniam docui, pergam connectere rem, quæ*
*Ex hoc apta fidem ducit: Primordia rerum,*
*Inter se Simili quæ sunt perfecta figura,*
*Infinita cluere: etenim distantia cum sit*
*Formarum finita, necesse 'st, quæ Similes sint,*
*Esse Infinitas: aut summam Materiaï*
*Finitam constare: id quod non esse probavi.*
*Quod quoniam docui, nunc suaviloquis, age, paucis*
*Versibus ostendam, corpuscula Materiaï*
*Ex infinito summam rerum usque tenere,*
*Undique protelo Plagarum continuato.*
*Namquod rara vides magis esse animalia quædam,*
*Fœcundamque minùs Naturam cernis in illis;*
*At regione, locoque alio, terrisque remotis*
*Multa licet genere esse in eo, numerumque repleri.*
*Sicuti Quadrupedum cum primis esse videmus*
*In genere anguimanos Elefantos, India quorum*
*Millibus è multis vallo munitur eburno,*
*Ut penitus nequeat penetrari; tanta ferarum*
*Vis est, quarum nos perpauca exempla videmus.*
*Sed tamen id quoque uti concedam, quam libet, esto*
*Unica res quædam nativo corpore Sola,*

both, and thus orderly fills up the Whole. This Warmth therefore is distant equally from both Extremes, and is confined by Bounds on both sides, kept in on this by Heat, on that by smarting Cold.

THIS being proved, [b] I shall here join another Observation, which justly derives its Credit from what is explained before: This is, that the Seeds of Things that are alike, and perfectly of the same Figure, are in Number infinite; for tho' the Variety of their Figures be only finite, yet the Seeds themselves, that are alike in Nature, must needs be infinite; otherwise, the whole of Matter must be finite, which I have fully proved is not. *Seeds of every Shape infinite.*

THUS having cleared the way, I shall now shew, in short but sweetest Numbers, that the Seeds of Matter are infinite, and hold together the whole of Things, by constant Force of Blows, on every side.

FOR though you observe some Species of Animals are less common, and Nature seems less fruitful in their Production, yet in other Countries, in other Places, and in Lands more remote, you meet with many Creatures of that kind, and more in Number; for you observe the Elephant, Chief of Beasts, wreathing his lith Proboscis like a Snake: How many Thousands of them *India* breeds, which fortify her with a Wall of Ivory impenetrable, not to be forced, tho' we see but few at *Rome*. But grant, if you please, there was only one single Creature of a particular kind in Nature, whose

[b] The different Figures of his Atoms he has proved to be finite, but the Seeds of a like Figure, he contends, are infinite; for if the Atoms contained under each Sort were finite in Number, there could be no Infinity of Atoms in the Universe.

*Cui ſimilis toto terrarum non ſit in orbe:*
*Infinita tamen niſi erit vis Materiaï,*
*Unde ea progigni poſſit concepta; creari*
*Non poterit: neque quod ſupereſt, procreſcere, alique.*
*Quippe etenim ſumant oculi, finita per Omne*
*Corpora jactari unius genitalia reii;*
*Unde, ubi, qua vi, & quo pacto congreſſa coibunt*
*Materiæ tanto in pelago, turbaque aliena?*
*Non (ut opinor) habent rationem conciliandi:*
*Sed quaſi naufragiis magnis multiſque coortis,*
*Diſjectare ſolet magnum mare tranſtra, guberna,*
*Antennas, proram, malos, tonſaſque natanteis,*
*Per terrarum omneis oras fluitantia apluſtra;*
*Ut videantur, & indicium mortalibus edant,*
*Infidi maris inſidias, vireiſque, dolumque*
*Ut vitare velint, neve ullo tempore credant,*
*Subdola cum ridet placidi pellacia ponti:*
*Sic tibi ſi finita ſemel Primordia quædam*
*Conſtitues, ævum debebunt ſparſa per omne*
*Diſjectare æſtus diverſi Materiaï:*
*Nunquam in concilium ut poſſint compulſa coïre:*
*Nec remorari in concilio, nec creſcere adaucta.*
*Quorum utrumque palam fieri manifeſta docet res,*
*Et res progigni, & genitas procreſcere poſſe:*
*Eſſe igitur genere in quovis Primordia rerum*
*Infinita palam 'ſt, unde omnia ſuppeditantur.*

*Nec*

like was not to be found throughout the World, yet unleſs the Seeds of which it was formed were in Number infinite, it could never come into Being, or, when once made, could it increaſe, or be ſupported.

FOR, fancy you ſee the finite Seeds of any Body toſſed about through the infinite Space, whence, where, by what Force, by what Deſign, could they meet and unite in that wide Ocean of Matter, in that ſtrange Confuſion? They have no Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, to direct them to this Union. But, as in dreadful Wrecks, when many Ships are loſt, the troubled Sea ſcatters abroad the Seats, the Sterns, the Sail-yards, the Prows, the Maſts, the floating Oars, the Flags ſwimming about all the Shores, that they may be ſeen, and forewarn poor Mortals to fly, and at no time to truſt the Treachery, the Power, and the Deceit of that unfaithful Element, even when the perfidious Flattery of her ſmooth Face ſmiles upon them; ſo, if you allow the firſt Seeds of Things to be finite, the various Agitation of Matter muſt for ever toſs them about, ſcatter'd as they are, ſo that they could never be forced to unite; or, if they could, could they preſerve that Union, or admit of any Increaſe? And yet the Nature of Things evidently proves, that Beings are produced, and, when produced, increaſe; and therefore, [c] the Principles of Things, in every kind, 'tis plain, are infinite, and by them all Beings are formed and ſupported.

[c] The Notion of the Infinity of the Atoms is the greateſt Abſurdity; for infinite Atoms muſt fill all the Parts of Space, and can be nothing but a vaſt Heap of dull moveleſs Matter co-extended with it. How then could the World be made? How theſe various Alterations of Bodies, all which proceed from Motion, be produced?

*Nec ſuperare queunt motus utique Exitiales*
*Perpetuò, neque in æternum ſepelire ſalutem;*
*Nec porro rerum Genitales Auctificique*
*Motus perpetuò poſſunt ſervare creata.*
*Sic æquo geritur certamine Principiorum*
*Ex infinito contractum tempore bellum:*
*Nunc hinc, nunc illinc ſuperant vitalia rerum,*
*Et ſuperantur item; miſcetur Funere Vagor,*
*Quem pueri tollunt viſentes luminis oras:*
*Nec nox ulla diem, neque noctem aurora ſecuta 'ſt,*
*Quæ non audierit miſtos Vagitibus ægris*
*Ploratus, mortis comites, & funeris atri.*
*Illud in his obſignatum quoque rebus habere*
*Convenit, & memori mandatum mente tenere:*
*Nil eſſe, in promptu, quorum natura tenetur,*
*Quod genere ex uno conſiſtat Principiorum:*
*Nec quicquam, quod non permiſto Semine conſtet;*
*Et quàm quicque magis multas vis poſſidet in ſe,*
*Atque poteſtates, ita pluria Principiorum*
*In ſeſe genera, ac varias docet eſſe figuras.*

*Principiò*

[d] Nor do thoſe Motions that are fatal and deſtructive to Beings, always prevail, and cauſe a Diſſolution never to be recover'd; nor, on the contrary, do thoſe Motions by which Beings are formed and increaſed, always preſerve Things when they are produced, but a perpetual War has been for ever carried on, with equal Succeſs, between the Principles of Things; one while the vital Seeds prevail, and now again they are routed, and beaten out of the Field: The Cries of Infant Beings, which they ſend out as ſoon as they ſee the Light, are mingled with the Funeral of others that are departed; nor is there a Night that follows the Day, nor a Morning which ſucceeds the Night, that does not hear the Groans, the Attendants of Death, and ſad Obſequies, mingled with the tender Laments of new-born Babes riſing into Being.

'Tis proper likewiſe, that in this Place you fix it as an eſtabliſhed Truth, and impreſs it deeply upon your Mind [e], that there is no Being to be found in Nature, that conſiſts altogether of Principles of one kind, nor is there any thing that is not made up of mingled Seeds; and the more Powers and Faculties any Being is endued with, the more it appears to be formed of various Sorts of Seeds, that differ in Figure among themſelves.

[d] If the Seeds of a like Figure were finite, the Things compoſed of thoſe finite Seeds, when once diſſolv'd, could never be reſtored, the Generation and Growth of Things would be in vain expected.

[e] The various Qualities of Things proceed from the Variety of the Seeds, which muſt neceſſarily likewiſe produce a Variety of Contexture. His firſt Argument he brings from the Earth.

*Principiò, Tellus habet in ſe Corpora prima,*
*Unde Mare immenſum volventes flumina fontes*
*Aſſiduè renovent: habet, Ignes unde oriantur.*
*Nam multis ſuccenſa locis ardent ſola terræ;*
*Eximiis verò furit ignibus impetus Ætnæ.*
*Tum porrò nitidas Fruges, Arbuſtaque læta*
*Gentibus humanis habet unde extollere poſſit.*
*Unde etiam fluidas Frondeis, & Pabula læta*
*Montivago generi poſſit præbere ferarum.*
*Quare magna Deûm mater, materque ferarum,*
*Et noſtri genetrix Hæc dicta 'ſt Corporis una.*
*Hanc veteres Graiûm docti cecinere Poëtæ*
*Sublimem in curru bijugos agitare leones:*
*Aëris in ſpatio magnam pendere docentes*
*Tellurem; neque poſſe in Terra ſiſtere Terram.*
*Adjunxere Feras, quia quamvis effera proles*
*Officiis debet molliri victa parentum.*
*Muralique caput ſummum cinxere Corona:*
*Eximiis munita locis quòd ſuſtinet Urbeis:*
*Quo nunc inſigni per magnus prædita terras*
*Horrificè fertur divinæ Matris imago.*
*Hanc variæ gentes antiquo more ſacrorum*
*Idæam vocitant matrem, Phrygiaſque catervas*
*Dant comites, quia primùm ex illis finibus edunt*
*Per terrarum orbem Fruges cœpiſſe creari.*
*Gallos attribuunt, quia numen qui violarint*
*Matris, & ingrati Genitoribus inventi ſint,*

*Significare*

AND firſt, the Earth contains within herſelf firſt Principles, from whence the Fountains, flowing with their Streams, do conſtantly ſupply the mighty Sea: She holds likewiſe within her Womb the Seeds of Fire; we ſee in many Places how ſhe burns, how *Ætna* rages with diſtinguiſhed Flames. She likewiſe has the Seeds from whence ſhe forms ſweet Fruits, and pleaſant Trees, for Men; from whence ſhe does afford the tender Shrubs and verdant Graſs to ſavage Beaſts that wander on the Hills.

THEREFORE, this Earth alone is called [f] great *Mother* of the Gods, Parent of Beaſts, and of the human Race. Of her the learned *Grecian* Bards of old have feigned, that in her Chariot, as ſhe rides aloft, ſhe drives a Pair of Lions harneſſed; to teach, that in the ſpacious Air hangs the vaſt Maſs of Earth, without a lower Earth to prop it up. Theſe Beaſts they yoked, to ſhew that Youth, altho' by Nature wild, yet, ſoftned by the Parents tender Care, grows tame. Her Head they compaſs with a Mural Crown, becauſe, in Places ſtrongly fortified, ſhe bears up Cities; and in this Pomp adorned, the Image of this ſacred Mother is born with dread Solemnity through all the World. Her, after the ancient Uſe of holy Rites, the different Nations call Mother of Mount *Ida*, and give her for Attendants a Train of *Phrygian* Dames, becauſe in *Phrygia* Corn was firſt raiſed, and thence was ſcatter'd over all the Earth. They ſerve her by Eunuch Prieſts, to ſhew, that thoſe who violate the ſacred Character of their Mother, or are found undutiful to their Parents from whence they ſprung, ſhould

[f] He takes occaſion to explain the Ceremonies obſerved in the Myſteries of *Cybele*, Mother of Gods, which are to be met with in every Dictionary.

*Significare volunt indignos esse putandos,*
*Vivam progeniem qui in oras luminis edant.*
*Tympana tenta tonant palmis, & Cymbala circum*
*Concava, raucisonoque minantur Cornua cantu;*
*Et Phrygio stimulat numero cava Tibia menteis,*
*Telaque præportant violenti signa furoris,*
*Ingratos animos, atque impia pectora volgi*
*Conterrere metu quæ possint numine Divæ.*
*Ergo cùm primùm magnas invecta per urbeis*
*Munificat tacita Mortaleis muta salute:*
*Ære atque Argento sternunt iter omne viarum*
*Largifica stipe ditantes, ninguntque rosarum*
*Floribus, umbrantes Matrem, comitumque catervas.*
*Hic armata manus (Curetas nomine Graii*
*Quos memorant Phrygios) inter se forte catenas*
*Ludunt, in numerumque exsultant sanguine læti; &*
*Terrificas capitum quatientes numine cristas,*
*Dictæos referunt Curetas: Qui Jovis illum*
*Vagitum in Creta quondam occultâsse feruntur,*
*Cum pueri circum puerum pernice chorea*
*Armati in numerum pulsarent æribus æra,*
*Ne Saturnus eum malis mandaret adeptus,*
*Æternumque daret Matri sub pectore volnus;*

*Propterea*

be thought unworthy to raiſe a living Offſpring to ſucceed them. With their Hands they beat loudly upon Drums well-braced; the hollow Cymbals all about, and Horns with their hoarſe Noiſe, threaten dreadfully around her, [g] the Pipe, with *Phrygian* Airs, mads their very Souls; and they carry Arms, the Signs of their diſtracted Rage, to terrify the ſtubborn Minds and impious Hearts of the Vulgar, with a Fear and Reverence of this great Deity.

WHEN therefore ſhe is carried in Proceſſion, through the great Towns, and, dumb as ſhe is, ſilently beſtows [h] Health upon her Votaries, they ſcatter Braſs and Silver in all the Way ſhe paſſes, enriching her with profuſe Oblations; they ſhower down the Flowers of Roſes, and ſo cover the great Mother, and the whole Train of her Attendants. Her an armed Troop (the *Greeks* call them the *Phrygian Curetes*) leap about, with a Chain through their Hands, and wanton in the Blood they have drawn, dance to exact Time, and, full of the Goddeſs, ſhake their dreadful Creſts upon their Heads. They repreſent the *Dictæan Curetes*, who are ſaid formerly to have drowned the Infant-cries of *Jupiter* in *Crete*; when the young Prieſts, all armed, ſtruck their brazen Bucklers together, as they danced nimbly round the Boy, leſt *Saturn* ſhould ſeize upon him, and devour him, and, by that means, wound his Mother to the Heart, with a Grief never to be

[g] The *Phrygian* Muſick was a ſort of Enthuſiaſtick Harmony that raiſed the Paſſions of the Mind, and ſwelled the Soul to Rage and Fury.

[h] This is a ſharp Invective of the Poet's; a rough unpoliſhed Stone, not given to tattle, muſt needs do a world of Good: She never ſaid a word of the Benefits ſhe beſtowed.

*Propterea Magnam armati Matrem comitantur:*
*Aut quia significant Divam prædicere, ut armis,*
*Ac virtute velint Patriam defendere terram:*
*Præsidioque parent, decorique Parentibus esse.*
*Quæ benè, & eximiè quamvis dispôsta ferantur,*
*Longè sunt tamen à vera ratione repulsa.*
*Omnis enim per se Divûm natura necesse 'st*
*Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,*
*Semota à nostris rebus, sejunctaque longè.*
*Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,*
*Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,*
*Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*
*Terra quidem vero caret omni tempore Sensu:*
*Sed quia multarum potitur Primordia rerum,*
*Multa modis multis effert in lumina solis.*
*Hîc si quis Mare Neptunum, Cereremque vocare*
*Constituet Fruges, & Bacchi nomine abuti*
*Mavolt, quam Laticis proprium proferre vocamen:*
*Concedamus ut hic terrarum dictitet Orbem*
*Esse Deûm Matrem, dum re non sit tamen apse.*
*Sæpe itaque ex uno tondentes gramina campo*
*Lanigeræ pecudes & equorum duellica proles,*
*Buceriæque greges sub eodem tegmine cæli,*
*Ex unoque sitim sedantes flumine aquaï,*
*Dissimili vivunt specie, retinentque parentum*
*Naturam, & mores generatim quæque imitantur:*

*Tanta*

forgotten: For this Reaſon, an armed Train accompany the great Mother; or elſe the Goddeſs ſignifies, that they ſhould preſerve their native Country by their Arms and Valour, and be a Protection and Honour to their Parents.

Such Fancies, tho' well and wittily contrived, yet are far removed from Truth and right Reaſon; for the whole Nature of the Gods muſt ſpend an Immortality in ſofteſt Peace, removed from our Affairs, and ſeparated by Diſtance infinite; from Sorrow free, ſecure from Danger, in its own Happineſs ſufficient, and nought of our's can want; is neither pleaſed with Good, nor vexed with Ill.

The Earth is indeed at all times void of real Senſe; but as it contains within itſelf the firſt Seeds of many Things, it produces them into Being after various Manners; ſo, if any one here reſolves to call the Sea by the Name of *Neptune*, and Corn by the Title of *Ceres*, and chuſes rather to abuſe the Name of *Bacchus*, than to ſpeak the proper Appellation of Wine, ſuch a one, we allow, may ſtyle this Globe of Earth the Mother of the Gods, when really ſhe is no ſuch thing.

[i] But to return; we ſee the woolly Sheep, the warlike Breed of Horſes, and horned Bulls, living under the ſame Covert of the Sky, grazing together in the ſame Field, and quenching their Thirſt in the ſame Stream of Water; yet they are each of a different Species, and retain the Nature of their Sires, and every Kind imitates the Diſpoſitions of the Race from whence they came; ſo different

[i] Since ſo many Sorts of Animals are fed by the ſame Herbs, and drink of the ſame Water, the Herbs and Water muſt contain ſeveral Sorts of Principles, to make them proper Nouriſhment for each ſort.

is

*Tanta 'ſt in quovis genere Herbæ Materiaï*
*Diſſimilis ratio: tanta 'ſt in Flumine quoque.*
*Jam verò quamvis animantem ex omnibus unam*
*Oſſa, Cruor, Venæ, Calor, Humor, Viſcera, Nervi*
*Conſtituunt, quæ ſunt porro diſtantia longè*
*Diſſimili perfecta figura Principiorum.*
*Tum porro quæcunque Igni flammata cremantur;*
*Si nil præterea, tamen ex ſe ea corpora tradunt,*
*Unde Ignem jacere, & Lumen ſummittere poſſunt:*
*Scintillaſque agere, ac latè differre Favillam.*
*Cætera conſimili mentis ratione peragrans,*
*Invenies intus multarum Semina rerum*
*Corpore celare, & varias cohibere Figuras.*
*Denique multa vides, quibus eſt Odor, & Sapor una*
*Reddita ſunt cum Odore; imprimis pleraque dona,*
*Relligione animum turpi cum tangere parto.*
*Hæc igitur variis debent conſtare Figuris:*
*Nidor enim penetrat, qua Succus non it in artus:*
*Succus item ſeorſum, & rerum Sapor inſinuatur*
*Senſibus, ut noſcas primis differre figuris.*
*Diſſimiles igitur Formæ glomeramen in unum*
*Conveniunt: Et res permiſto Semine conſtant.*
*Quin etiam paſſim noſtris in verſibus ipſis*
*Multa Elementa vides multis communia verbis;*
*Cùm tamen inter ſe Verſus, ac Verba neceſſe 'ſt*
*Confiteare alia ex aliis conſtare Elementis:*

*Non*

is the Nature of the Seeds in every Herb, ſo various are the Principles of the Water in every Stream.

Now tho' Blood, Bones, Veins, Heat, Moiſture, Bowels, Nerves, go to the Formation of every Animal; yet of what Variety of Figures, widely different in themſelves, do their Seeds conſiſt?

And then [k] all Bodies that are combuſtible, and burnt by Fire, if they agree in nothing elſe, yet diſcharge from themſelves ſuch Parts, by which they ſpread about their Flame and Light; from whence they raiſe Sparkles, and ſcatter their Embers all abroad. So if you examine other things by the ſame Rule, you will find Seeds of different kind lie concealed in all Bodies within, and ſhew themſelves of a different Figure.

Lastly, you obſerve many Things that emit both Smell and Taſte, eſpecially thoſe Victims you offer when your Mind is religiouſly moved for ſomething you have unjuſtly acquired. Theſe Senſations, therefore, muſt be raiſed by Seeds of different Figure; for Smell pierces through Pores where Taſte can find no Paſſage: The Juice likewiſe, and the Taſte of Things, affect the Senſe by proper Organs, to convince that their Seeds vary in their Figure. Principles therefore of various Shape, make up every particular Maſs, and Things in general are compoſed of mingled Seeds; for, in theſe Verſes of mine, you may all along obſerve, that many Letters are common to many Words, and yet you muſt confeſs, that ſome Verſes and ſome Words conſiſt of very different Letters; not becauſe the Number of Let-

[k] All combuſtible Matter is reſolved into Fire, Light, Smoke, and Aſhes; and we may believe, that the Diſſolution is not made into any Thing, but what was actually contained in the Thing diſſolv'd: And therefore, in combuſtible Things, here lie hid thoſe different Kinds of Seeds, of which Fire, Light, Smoke, and Aſhes conſiſt.

ters

*Non quòd multa parum communis Littera currat,*
*Aut nulla inter ſe duo ſint ex omnibus iſdem:*
*Sed quia non volgò paria omnibus omnia conſtant.*
*Sic aliis in rebus item communia multa,*
*Multarum rerum cum ſint Primordia longè*
*Diſſimili tamen inter ſe conſiſtere ſumma*
*Poſſunt: ut meritò ex aliis conſtare ferantur*
*Humanum genus, ac Fruges, Arbuſtaque læta.*
*Nec tamen omnimodis connecti poſſe putandu 'ſt*
*Omnia: nam volgò fieri Portenta videres,*
*Semiferas Hominum ſpecies exiſtere; & altos*
*Interdum Ramos egigni corpore vivo:*
*Multaque connecti Terreſtria membra Marinis.*
*Tum flammam tetro ſpiranteis ore Chimæras*
*Paſcere Naturam per terras omniparenteis.*
*Quorum nil fieri manifeſtu 'ſt: omnia quando*
*Seminibus certis certa genetrice creata*
*Conſervare genus creſcentia poſſe videmus.*
*Scilicet id certa fieri ratione neceſſe 'ſt;*
*Nam ſua cuique Cibis ex omnibus intus in artus*
*Corpora diſcedunt: Connexaque convenienteis*
*Efficiunt motus: At contra aliena videmus*
*Rejicere in terras Naturam: Multaque cæcis*
*Corporibus fugiunt è corpore percita plagis,*
*Quæ neque connecti cuiquam potuere, neque intra*

*Vitaleis*

ters are few, or no two Words are formed of the ſame Letters, but becauſe every Verſe and every Word is compoſed of Letters altogether different. So, tho' the ſame Principles are common to many Things, yet the Things may remain very different among themſelves; and it may properly enough be ſaid, that Men, and Fruits, and pleaſant Trees are made up of different Seeds.

Yet we are not to ſuppoſe, that [1] All Seeds of whatever Figure, do mutually unite to the Production of Beings; for then you would obſerve Monſters ſpringing up every day, Creatures half Man, half Horſe, the lofty Boughs of Trees growing out of a living Body, and the Limbs of Land-Animals joined to the Bodies of Fiſh, and Nature forming every where out of the Earth (the Mother of all Things) Chimæras from their dreadful Mouths breathing out Flames; but 'tis plain, nothing of this happens, ſince we ſee all Things are formed from certain Seeds, and regular Principles, and preſerve their Kind as they grow up and increaſe.

Nor indeed can it, by the fixed Rules of Reaſon, be otherwiſe; for, out of the ſeveral Sorts of Food, the Particles of that which is proper to every Animal, deſcend into the Limbs, and there united, produce the Motions ſuitable to that Animal; but, on the contrary, thoſe Particles of Food that are deſtructive, ſome of them, we find, Nature throws off through open Paſſages, others are, inſenſibly to us, forced out of the Body through the Pores, ſuch as would admit of no

[1] Tho' many Seeds are common to many Things, yet each Thing requires a certain Order and Diſpoſition of Union, and Aſſociation of the Seeds that compoſe it; and when the Thing is diſſolved, the congruous Atoms mutually withdraw from the incongruous.

*Vitaleis motus conſentire, atque animari.*
*Sed ne fortè putes animalia ſola teneri*
*Legibus his: Eadem ratio res terminat omneis.*
*Nam veluti tota natura diſſimiles ſunt*
*Inter ſe genitæ res quæque, ita quamque neceſſe 'ſt*
*Diſſimili conſtare figura Principiorum;*
*Non quòd multa parum ſimili ſint prædita forma:*
*Sed quia non volgò paria omnibus omnia conſtent.*
*Semina cùm porro diſtent, differre neceſſe 'ſt*
*Intervalla, Vias, Connexus, Pondera, Plagas,*
*Concurſus, Motus: quæ non Animalia ſolùm*
*Corpora ſejungunt, ſed Terras, ac Mare totum*
*Secernunt, Cœlumque à Terris omne retentant.*
*Nunc age, dicta meo dulci quæſita labore*
*Percipe: ne fortè hæc Albis ex Alba rearis*
*Principiis eſſe, ante oculos quæ Candida cernis:*
*Aut ea, quæ Nigrant, Nigro de Semine nata:*
*Neve alium quemvis quæ ſunt indutà colorem,*
*Propterea gerere hunc credas, quod Materiaï*
*Corpora conſimili ſint ejus tincta colore.*
*Nullus enim Color eſt omnino Materiaï*
*Corporibus, neque par rebus, neque denique diſpar.*
*In quæ corpora ſi nullus tibi fortè videtur*
*Poſſe animi injectus fieri, procul avius erras:*
*Nam cum Cæcigeni, Solis qui lumina nunquam*

*Aſpexere,*

Union with others, nor agree to promote the vital Motions and Purpoſes of Life.

But leſt you ſhould think, that living Creatures only are bound by theſe Laws, the ſame Reaſon holds with regard to all other Beings; for as all Bodies are in their Nature different in themſelves, ſo it is neceſſary that each ſhould conſiſt of Principles of a different Figure, not but that many Seeds are the ſame in Shape, but they do not all agree in Form perfectly alike.

Since then the Seeds differ, it is neceſſary that their Intervals, their Courſes, Connexions, Weights, Strokes, Concuſſions, Motions, ſhould differ likewiſe; Properties, that not only make a Diſtinction between Animals, but divide the Earth and the Sea, and preſerve the Heavens ſeparate from the Earth, and ſecure all Things from being confuſedly mingled together.

Now, come on, attend to Rules which I have found, by a Labour very delightful to my ſelf; leſt you ſhould think thoſe Bodies that appear white to your Eyes, are compoſed of white Seeds, or ſuch as ſhew black, are formed of black; or what Colour ſoever a Thing wears, you ſhould conclude the Cauſe of it to be, that the Seeds of which it is made are ſtrained with the ſame Colour: For the Principles of Matter are [m] void of all Colour, both like or unlike what appears upon the Bodies they produce.

If you ſhould chance to think, that the Mind cannot poſſibly form an Idea of Seeds without Colour, you are under a ſtrange Miſtake; for Perſons born blind, who never ſaw the Light of

[m] He means, that the Atoms have no Colour whatever, like or unlike thoſe that we diſcover on the Surface of concrete Bodies.

the

*Aſpexere, tamen cognoſcant corpora Tactu,*
*Ex ineunte ævo nullo contincta colore:*
*Scire licet menti quoque noſtræ Corpora poſſe*
*Verti in notitiam nullo circumlita fuco.*
*Denique nos ipſi cæcis quæcunque tenebris*
*Tangimus, haud ullo ſentimus tincta Colore.*
*Quod quoniam vinco fieri, nunc eſſe docebo.*
*Omnis enim Color omnino mutatur in omneis:*
*Quod facere haud ullo debent Primordia pacto,*
*Immutabile enim quiddam ſuperare neceſſe 'ſt;*
*Ne res ad Nihilum redigantur funditùs omnes.*
*Nam quodcunque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,*
*Continuò hoc mors eſt illius, quod fuit antè.*
*Proinde Colore cave contingas Semina rerum:*
*Ne tibi res redeant ad Nilum funditùs omnes.*
*Præterea, ſi nulla Coloris Principiis eſt*
*Reddita natura, at variis ſunt prædita Formis;*
*E quibus omnigenos gignunt variantque Colores.*
*(Præterea magni quòd refert Semina quæque*
*Cum quibus & quali poſitura contineantur,*
*Et quos inter ſe dent motus, accipiantque:)*
*Perfacilè extemplò rationem reddere poſſis,*
*Cur ea, quæ Nigro fuerint paullo ante Colore,*

*Marmoreo*

the Sun, yet diſcover Bodies by the Touch, as if they had no manner of Colour belonging to them. So that Seeds imbued with no Colour, can offer themſelves to our Mind, and be conceived by us. And beſides, the Things we touch in the dark Night, we diſtinguiſh without any regard to the Colour they may otherwiſe appear in.

That Seeds *may* be void of Colour I have ſhewed; I ſhall now prove that they actually *are* ſo. [n] Now every Colour may be changed one into another; but the Principles of Things will by no means admit of Change, there neceſſarily muſt be ſomething that remains immutable, leſt all Things ſhould be utterly reduced to Nothing; for whatſoever is changed, and breaks the Bounds of its firſt Nature, inſtantly dies, and is no more what firſt it was. Be cautious therefore, how you ſtain the Seeds of Things with Colour, leſt all Things ſhould recur to Nothing, and be utterly deſtroyed.

Beſides, tho' Nature beſtows no Colour upon Seeds, [o] yet they are endued with different Figures, from whence they form and vary the Colours of every kind which ſhew upon them. (For it is of great Concern what Seeds unite with others, in what Poſition they are preſerved, and what Motions they give and receive among themſelves;) and thus you may readily account, why Things that juſt before appeared black, ſhould

[n] All Colour is liable to Change, but the Seeds of Things are immutable, otherwiſe all Things would fall into Nothing. If Colour were intrinſically in the Seeds, the Seeds would be mutable; for all Colour is mutable.

[o] There is no Neceſſity that the Seeds ſhould be imbued with Colours; for allow them a Variety of Figures, and, from the different Order, Site, and Diſpoſition of them, Colours will proceed.

*Marmoreo fieri possint Candore repente:*
*Ut Mare, cùm magni commôrunt Æquora venti,*
*Vertitur in canos candenti marmore fluctus.*
*Dicere enim possis Nigrum, quod sæpe videmus,*
*Materies ubi permista 'st illius, & ordo*
*Principiis mutatus, & addita, demptaque quædam,*
*Continuò id fieri ut Candens videatur, & Album:*
*Quòd si Cæruleis constarent Æquora ponti*
*Seminibus, nullo possint Albescere pacto.*
*Nam quocunque modo perturbes, Cærula quæ sint*
*Nunquam in Marmoreum possunt migrare Colorem.*
*Sin alio, atque alio sunt Semina tincta colore,*
*Quæ Maris efficiunt unum purumque Nitorem:*
*Ut sæpe ex aliis Formis, variisque Figuris*
*Efficitur quiddam Quadratum, unæque figuræ:*
*Conveniebat, uti in Quadrato cernimus esse*
*Dissimileis formas; ita cernere in Æquore ponti*
*Aut alio in quovis uno puroque Nitore,*
*Dissimileis longè inter se, varioque colores.*
*Præterea, nihil officiunt, obstantque Figuræ*
*Dissimiles, quo Quadratum minùs omne sit extra:*
*At varii rerum impediunt, prohibentque Colores,*
*Quo minùs esse uno possit res tota Nitore.*
*Tum porro, quæ ducit & inlicit, ut tribuamus*
*Principiis rerum nonnunquam, causa, Colores,*
*Occidit, ex Albis quoniam non Alba creantur:*

ſuddenly look white. As the Sea, when the rough Winds enrage the Waters, grows white with foaming Waves. So you may ſay of what commonly appears black to us, when the Seeds of which it is formed are mingled, and their Order changed, when ſome new Seeds are added, and ſome old ones are removed, the direct Conſequence is, that its Colour is changed, and appears white. But if the Water of the Sea conſiſted eſſentially of blue Particles, it could by no means change into a white Colour; diſturb the Order of the Seeds how you would, the Principles that are blue could never paſs into a white.

But if you ſay, that the Seeds which make the Sea look of one uniform White, are ſtained with different Colours, as a perfect Square that is of one Figure, is made up of ſeveral Bodies that are of ſeveral Figures, then it would follow, that as we perfectly ſee the diſſimilar Figures which the Square contains within it, ſo we might diſcover in the Water of the Sea, or in any other Body of one ſimple Colour, the mixt and different Colours from which that ſimple Colour proceeds.

[p] Besides, the diſſimilar Figures that go to make up a Square, do by no means hinder, that the Surface of the Body ſhould appear ſquare; but a mixt Variety of Colours will for ever prevent, that the Surface of any Body ſhould appear of one fixed and uniform Colour.

And then, the very Reaſon that would incline us ſometimes to impute Colours to Seeds, is by this means deſtroyed; for, in this Caſe, white

[p] Bodies of a different Figure may unite into another different Figure, as Triangles into a Square; but the ſame cannot be ſaid of Colours, for different Colours can never compoſe one ſimple Colour.

*Necquæ Nigra cluent, de Nigris: ſed Variis de.*
*Quippe etenim multo procliviùs exorientur*
*Candida de nullo, quam de Nigrante colore;*
*Aut alio quovis qui contrà pugnet, & obſtet.*
*Præterea, quoniam nequeunt ſine Luce Colores*
*Eſſe, neque in Lucem exiſtunt Primordia rerum:*
*Scire licet quàm ſint nullo velata Colore.*
*Qualis enim cæcis poterit Color eſſe tenebris,*
*Lumine qui mutatur in ipſo, propterea quòd*
*Recta aut obliqua percuſſus Luce refulget?*
*Pluma Columbarum quo pacto in Sole videtur:*
*Quæ ſita cervices circum, collumque coronat:*
*Namque aliàs ſit uti rubro ſit clara Pyropo:*
*Interdum quodam ſenſu fit, uti videatur*
*Inter Cæruleum virideis miſcere Smaragdos.*
*Caudaque Pavonis, larga cum Luce repleta 'ſt,*
*Conſimili mutat ratione obverſa Colores.*
*Qui, quoniam quodam gignuntur Luminis ictu,*
*Scilicet id ſine eo fieri non poſſe putandu 'ſt.*
*Et quoniam plagæ quoddam genus excipit in ſe*
*Pupula, cùm ſentire Colorem dicitur Album,*

Bodies are not produced from white, nor black from black, but from Seeds of various Colours. Now a White would much ſooner proceed from Seeds of no Colour at all, than from ſuch as are black, or any other oppoſite Colour whatſoever.

BESIDES, [q] ſince Colours cannot appear without Light, and ſince the Seeds of Things cannot appear in the Light, you may thence conclude, that they are cover'd with no Colours at all; for how can any Colour ſhew it ſelf in the dark, which ſurround in the Light itſelf, as it is differently ſtruck either with a direct or oblique Ray of Light? After this manner the Plumes of Doves, which grow about their Neck, and are an Ornament to it, ſhew themſelves in the Sun. In one Poſition they appear red like a fiery Carbuncle; in another Light, the Greenneſs of the Emerald is mingled with a Sky-blue. So likewiſe the Tail of the Peacock, all filled with Light, changes its Colours, as the Rays ſtrike directly or obliquely upon it. Since therefore Colours are produced only by the Strokes of Light, we cannot ſuppoſe they can poſſibly exiſt without it.

[r] AND ſince the Eye receives within it ſelf one Sort of Stroke when it is ſaid to perceive a white

[q] Colour is nothing but Light, reflected from the Surface of an opacous Body; and therefore in dark Places, where no Rays of Light enter, and out of which none are reflected, there is no ſuch Thing as Colours: And therefore the Colours which appear in Things when the Light returns, are produced from the Light itſelf, according to the Diſpoſitions the Things have to receive, reflect, refract, and convey it to the Eyes.

[r] There is no Occaſion for the Seeds to have any Colours; for allow that they are of different Figures, and diſpoſed in different Manners; and from thence will ariſe various Images, by which they will variouſly ſtrike the Eyes, and ſtir up different Motions in the Organs.

*Atque aliud porro, Nigrum cùm, & cætera, ſentit,*
*Nec refert ea, quæ tangis, quo fortè Colore*
*Prædita ſint, verùm quali magis apta Figura:*
*Scire licet, nil Principiis opus eſſe Colores:*
*Sed variis Formis varianteis edere tactus.*
*Præterea, quoniam non certis certa figuris*
*Eſt natura Coloris, & omnia Principiorum*
*Formamenta queunt in quovis eſſe Nitore:*
*Cur ea, quæ conſtant ex illis, non pariter ſunt*
*Omnigenis perfuſa Coloribus in genere omni?*
*Conveniebat enim Corvos quoque ſæpe volanteis*
*Ex albis album pennis jactare colorem,*
*Et nigros fieri nigro de ſemine Cycnos,*
*Aut alio quovis uno, varioque colore.*
*Quinetiam quantò in parteis res quæque minutas*
*Diſtrahitur magis, hoc magis eſt ut cernere poſſis*
*Evaneſcere paullatim, ſtinguique Colorem:*
*Ut fit ubi in parvas parteis diſcerpitur Aurum,*
*Purpura, Pæniceuſque color clariſſimu' multo,*
*Filatim cùm diſtractus diſperditur omnis:*
*Noſcre ut hinc poſſis, priùs omnem efflare Colorem*
*Particulas, quàm diſcedant ad Semina rerum.*
*Poſtremo quoniam non omnia Corpora vocem*
*Mittere concedis, neque Odorem: propterea fit,*

*Ut*

Colour, and another contrary one, when it views an Object of a black or any other Colour; and ſince it is of no moment, by what Colour any thing you touch is diſtinguiſhed, but rather of what peculiar Shape and Figure it is, you may conclude, there is no manner of Occaſion that Seeds ſhould be ſtained with any Colours, but that they ſhould cauſe that Variety of Touch, by the various Figures with which they are indued.

BESIDES, ſince there are no certain Colours peculiar to certain Figures, and ſince Seeds of any Figure may be of any Colour, whence is it that Bodies that conſiſt of ſuch Seeds, are not in their ſeveral kinds imbued with all ſorts of Colours? It would be common to ſee Crows, as they fly about, caſt a white Colour from their white Feathers, and black Swans might be produced from black Seeds, or be of any other one or more Colours, as their Seeds chance to be diſtinguiſhed.

FURTHER, the more any Body is broken into ſmall Parts, the more you may perceive its Colour languiſhes by degrees, and dies away; this is the Caſe of Gold, when it is divided into thin Shavings, its Luſtre is extinguiſhed, and the Purple Dye, by much the richeſt, when it is drawn out Thread by Thread, is quite loſt; hence you may infer, that the Particles of Bodies diſcharge themſelves of all Colour, before they come to be as ſmall as Seeds.

AGAIN, [s] ſince you allow that all Bodies do not emit Sound and Smell, and therefore you do

[s] The Senſes, he ſays, are the ſole Judges of the Qualities of Things; and therefore, ſince we allow there are Bodies, which the Noſtrils cannot ſmell, and that thoſe which the Ear cannot hear have no Sound, why ſhould not we allow that Bodies, which the Eyes cannot perceive, have no Colours?

*Ut non omnibus attribuas Sonitus, & Odores:*
*Sic, Oculis quoniam non omnia cernere quimus,*
*Scire licet, quædam tam conſtare orba Colore,*
*Quàm ſine Odore ullo quædam, Sonituque remota:*
*Nec minùs hæc animum cognoſcere poſſe ſagacem,*
*Quàm quæ ſunt aliis rebus privata, notiſque.*
*Sed ne forte putes ſolo ſpoliata Colore*
*Corpora prima manere: Etiam ſecreta Teporis*
*Sunt, ac Frigoris omnino, calidique Vaporis:*
*Et ſonitu ſterila, & Succo jejuna feruntur:*
*Nec jaciunt ullum proprio de corpore Odorem.*
*Sicut Amaracini blandum, Stactæque liquorem,*
*Et Nardi florum, nectar qui naribus halant,*
*Cum facere inſtituas: cumprimis quærere par eſt,*
*Quoad licet, ac potis es reperire, inolentis Olivi*
*Naturam, nullam quæ mittat Naribus auram:*
*Quàm minimè ut poſſit miſtos in corpore Odores,*
*Concoctoſque, ſuo contactos perdere viro.*
*Propterea demum debent Primordia rerum*
*Non adhibere ſuum gignundis rebus Odorem,*
*Nec Sonitum, quoniam nihil ab ſe mittere poſſunt:*
*Ne ſimili ratione Saporem denique quemquam,*
*Nec Frigus, neque item calidum, tepidumque Vaporem, &*
*Cætera, quæ cùm ita ſunt tandem, ut mortalia conſtent,*
*Molli Lenta, Fragoſa Putri, Cava corpore raro,*
*Omnia ſunt à Principiis ſejuncta neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Immortalia ſi volumus ſubjungere rebus*

*Fundamenta,*

not attribute Sound and Smell to every Body; ſo, ſince we cannot diſcover every thing by our Eyes, you may conclude, there are ſome Bodies as much void of Colour, as there are others without Smell or Sound; and a judicious Mind can as properly form a Notion of ſuch Bodies void of Colour, as it can of others that are without Smell or Sound, or any other Qualities whatſoever.

*Seeds have no Qualities.*

But leſt you ſhould conceive the firſt Seeds are void only of Colour, you muſt know [t] that they are without Warmth, are altogether free from Cold or Heat, they emit no Sound, are without Moiſture, nor do they ſend out any Smell from their ſeveral Bodies; ſo when you propoſe to compound a pleaſant Ointment of ſweet Marjoram, Myrrh, and Flowers of Spikenard, that ſend out the richeſt Odour to the Noſe, the firſt thing you are to do is to chuſe, as far as lies in your power, an Oil that has no Smell, that it may, as little as poſſible, infect and corrupt thoſe ſweet Ingredients, being mix'd and digeſted with them, with its native Rankneſs.

Lastly, the Seeds do not beſtow any Smell upon the Bodies they produce, nor any Sound, for they can exhale nothing from themſelves; and, for the ſame Reaſon, they can communicate no Taſte, nor Cold, nor any Vapour hot or warm. You muſt ſeparate all Qualities from the Seeds, that render them liable to Diſſolution, ſuch as viſcous, brittle, hollow, which proceed from Qualities that are ſoft, putrid, and rare, the Seeds muſt have nothing of theſe Properties if you would fix them upon an eternal Foundation, upon which alone depends the Security of

[t] His Atoms are not only void of Colour, but of all other Qualities, as Smell, Cold, Heat, &c. and this is proved to be true by modern Experiments.

Beings,

*Fundamenta, quibus nitatur ſumma ſalutis:*
*Ne tibi res redeant ad Nilum funditùs omnes.*
*Nunc ea, quæ Sentire videmus cunque neceſſe 'ſt*
*Ex Inſenſilibus tamen omnia confiteare*
*Principiis conſtare: neque id manifeſta refutant,*
*Nec contrà pugnant, in promptu cognita quæ ſunt:*
*Sed magis ipſa manu ducunt, & credere cogunt,*
*Ex Inſenſilibus, quod dico, Animalia gigni.*
*Quippe videre licet, vivos exiſtere Vermeis*
*Stercore de tetro, putrorem cum ſibi nacta 'ſt*
*Intempeſtivis ex imbribus humida tellus:*
*Præterea cunctas itidem res vertere ſeſe.*
*Vertunt ſe Fluvii, Frondes, & Pabula læta*
*In Pecudes: vertunt Pecudes in Corpora noſtra*
*Naturam, & noſtro de Corpore ſæpe Ferarum*
*Augeſcunt vires, & corpora Pennipotentum.*
*Ergo omneis natura cibos in corpora viva*
*Vertit, & hinc Senſus animantum procreat omneis:*
*Non alia longè ratione, atque arida ligna*
*Explicat in flammas, & in igneis omnia verſat.*
*Jamne vides igitur, magni Primordia rerum*
*Referre in quali ſint ordine quæque locata,*
*Et commiſta quibus dent motus, accipiantque?*
*Tum porrò quid id eſt, animum quod percutit ipſum?*
*Quod movet? & varios ſenſus expromere cogit,*
*Ex Inſenſilibus, ne credas Senſile gigni?*

*Nimirum*

Beings, leſt all Things ſhould fall to Nothing, and periſh beyond Recovery.

Now farther, [u] thoſe Beings we ſee indued with Senſe, you muſt needs own are produced from inſenſible Seeds; nor is there any thing we perceive by common Experience, which refutes or oppoſes this Opinion. Every thing rather leads us on, and compels us to believe that Animals, I ſay, proceed from Principles that are void of Senſe; for we obſerve living Worms come into Being from ſtinking Dung, when the Earth, moiſtned by unſeaſonable Showers, grows putrid and rotten. *Senſible from Seeds void of Senſe.*

Besides, Beings of all kinds undergo continual Changes; the Waters, the Leaves, and the ſweet Graſs turn themſelves into Beaſts; the Beaſts convert their Nature into Human Bodies; and the Bodies of wild Beaſts and Birds increaſe and grow ſtrong by theſe Bodies of our's. Nature therefore changes all Sorts of Food into living Bodies; and hence ſhe forms the Senſes of all Creatures, much after the ſame manner as ſhe quickens dry Wood into Fire, and ſets every thing in a blaze. You ſee now it is of the utmoſt Importance, in what Order theſe firſt Seeds are ranged, and, when mingled together, what Motions they give, and receive among themſelves.

But tell me, what is it that lays a Force upon your Mind? What moves you? What drives you into another Opinion, that you ſhould not believe a Thing ſenſible can be formed from inſenſible Seeds? Perhaps you obſerve that Stones,

[u] He undertakes to prove, that Things of Senſe can ſpring from ſenſeleſs Seeds, and that there is no Seed of any ſuperiour Principle to Matter, but a fit Combination of Atoms can *Think*, *Will*, and *Remember*. Philoſophical Nonſenſe!

*Nimirum, Lapides, & Ligna, & Terra quòd una*
*Miſta, tamen nequeunt vitalem reddere Senſum.*
*Illud in his igitur fœdus meminiſſe decebit,*
*Non ex omnibus omnino, quæcunque creant res,*
*Senſilia extemplo, & Senſus me dicere gigni:*
*Sed magni referre, ea primum quantula conſtent,*
*Senſile quæ faciunt, & qua ſint prædita Forma,*
*Motibus, Ordinibus, Poſituris denique quæ ſint:*
*Quarum nil rerum in Lignis, Glebiſque videmus.*
*Et tamen hæc cùm ſunt quaſi putrefacta per imbreis,*
*Vermiculos pariunt, quia Corpora materiaï*
*Antiquis ex Ordinibus permota nova re,*
*Conciliantur ita, ut debent Animalia gigni.*
*Deinde ex Senſilibus cum Senſile poſſe creari*
*Conſtituunt, porro ex aliis ſentire ſuëtis;*
*Mollia tum faciunt: nam Senſus jungitur omnis*
*Viſceribus, Nervis, Venis, quæcunque videmus*
*Mollia mortali conſiſtere corpore creta.*
*Sed tamen eſto jam poſſe hæc Æterna manere:*
*Nempe tamen debent aut Senſum partis habere,*

and Wood, and Earth, when mingled together, can produce no Creature indued with Senſe; [x] but you will do well to remember, upon this Occaſion, that I did not ſay Things ſenſible, or Senſe, could inſtantly proceed from all Seeds in general, which go to the Production of Beings, but that it was of great Conſequence, of what Size the Seeds are that create a Being of Senſe, with what Figures, Motions, Order, and Poſition they are diſtinguiſhed; Nothing of which we obſerve in Wood, or Clods of Earth: Yet theſe, when they are made rotten by Moiſture, produce Worms, becauſe the Particles of Matter being changed from their former Courſe by ſome new Cauſe, are ſo united and diſpoſed, that living Creatures are formed, and creep into Being.

BESIDES, thoſe who contend that a ſenſible Being may be raiſed from ſenſible Seeds, (and this you are taught by ſome Philoſophers) muſt needs allow thoſe Seeds to be ſoft; for all Senſe is joined to Bowels, Nerves, and Veins, all which, we know, are ſoft, and conſequently liable to Change and Diſſolution.

[y] BUT grant their Seeds to be eternal, yet if they are ſenſible, each Seed muſt be indued with Senſe, either as a Part or a whole, and be like a

[x] He confeſſes, that inſenſible Things, unleſs they have a certain Figure and Magnitude, and are agitated in a due Motion, and diſpoſed in a certain Order, never compoſe ſenſible Things; but let all Things neceſſary and requiſite be allowed them, and then an Animal may be produced from the moſt inſenſible of all Things.

[y] Let us ſuppoſe theſe ſenſible, as *Plato* and *Anaxagoras* will have them to be, and ſoft Principles of Things to be eternal, and not ſubject to Diſſolution, yet they cannot be ſaid to be ſenſible as Parts, becauſe ſeparated Parts have no Senſe; nor as Wholes, becauſe they then would be a certain Kind of Animals, and therefore mortal and corruptible.

complete

*Aut ſimilia totis Animalibus eſſe putari.*
*At nequeant per ſe Partes ſentire, nec eſſe.*
*Namque aliûm Senſus membrorum reſpuit omnium:*
*Nec Manus à nobis potis eſt ſecreta, neque ulla*
*Corporis omnino ſenſum pars ſola tenere.*
*Linquitur, ut totis Animalibus adſimulentur;*
*Vitali ut poſſint conſentire undique Senſu.*
*Qui poterunt igitur rerum primordia dici,*
*Et lethi vitare vias, Animalia cum ſint,*
*Atque Animalibu' ſint mortalibus una, eademque?*
*Quod tamen ut poſſint: ab cœtu concilioque,*
*Nil facient, præter volgum, turbamque Animantum;*
*Scilicet ut nequeant Homines, Armenta, Feræque;*
*Inter ſeſe ullam rem gignere conveniendo*
*Per Veneris res, extra Homines, Armenta, Feraſque.*
*Quod ſi forte ſuum dimittunt corpore ſenſum,*
*Atque alium capiunt: quid opus fuit attribui, quod*
*Detrahitur? Tum præterea, (quod fugimus ante,)*
*Quatinùs in Pullos animaleis vertier Ova*
*Cernimus Alituum, Vermeiſque effervere, terram*
*Intempeſtivos cum putror cepit ob imbreis:*
*Scire licet gigni poſſe ex non Senſibu' Senſus.*
*Quòd ſi forte aliquis dicet, duntaxat oriri*
*Poſſe ex non Senſu Senſus, ſed mobilitate*
*Ante aliqua tanquam partum, quàm proditur extra:*

Huic

complete Animal of itſelf; but no ſingle Part can perceive or exiſt of itſelf, for each Part requires an Union with the other Parts, to make it capable of Senſe, nor can the Hand feel any more, or any other Part retain its Senſe, when ſeparated from the Body. Theſe Seeds therefore muſt be perfect Animals, and ſo unite together in a vital Senſibility; but how then can theſe Seeds be ſaid to be eternal, and ſecure from Death, when they have the Nature of Animals, and are one and the ſame with them in all Reſpects, and therefore are mortal, and muſt die?

BUT allow theſe Seeds to be ſenſible and incorruptible too, yet, by their Union and Agreement, they can produce nothing but Animals and Things ſenſible; that is, Mankind, and Cattle, and wild Beaſts, can produce nothing but Men, and Cattle, and wild Beaſts. [How then could Things inſenſible, as Trees, Metals, have a Being?]

IF you ſay theſe Seeds, in mingling together, loſe their own proper Senſe, and aſſume another, what need you impute any Senſe at all to them, when they muſt loſe it again? Beſides, as we have proved before, ſince we perceive the Eggs of Birds are changed into living Young, and that Worms break out of the Earth, when it is made rotten by unſeaſonable Showers, we may conclude, that Things ſenſible may ariſe from inſenſible Seeds.

IF any one will aſſert here, that Senſe indeed may proceed from inſenſible Seeds, by a Sort of Change made in the Seeds, by virtue of the Thing that generates, [z] before the Animal is formed, *No Senſe before the Animal.*

[z] The Principles, ſeparately taken, are incapable of Change, and the Senſe of no Animal can be produced, before the

*Huic ſatis ilud erit planum facere, atque probare,*
*Non fieri partum, niſi concilio ante coacto:*
*Nec commutari quicquam ſine conciliatu*
*Primorum, ut nequeunt ullius corporis eſſe*
*Senſus ante ipſam genitam naturam Animantis.*
*Nimirum quia Materies disjecta tenetur*
*Aëre, Fluminibus, Terris, Flammaque creatis:*
*Nec congreſſa modo vitaleis convenienti*
*Contulit inter ſe motus, quibus omnituentes*
*Accenſi Senſus animantem quamque tuentur.*
*Præterea quamvis Animantem grandior ictus,*
*Quàm patitur natura, repente adfligit, & omneis*
*Corporis, atque animi pergit confundere Senſus.*
*Diſſolvuntur enim poſituræ Principiorum*
*Et penitùs motus vitales impediuntur,*
*Donec Materies omnes concuſſa per artus,*
*Vitales Animæ nodos è corpore ſolvit,*
*Diſperſamque foras per caulas ejecit omneis.*
*Nam quid præterea facere ictum poſſe reamur*
*Oblatum, niſi diſcutere, ac diſſolvere quæque?*
*Fit quoque, uti ſoleant minus oblato acriter ictu*
*Relliquiæ motus vitalis vincere ſæpe,*
*Vincere, & ingenteis plagæ ſedare tumultus,*

*Inque*

formed, it will be ſufficient plainly to ſhew him, that no Animal can be formed but by an Union firſt of the Seeds, nor can any thing be changed but by Agreement of the Seeds, ſo that there can be no ſuch thing as Senſe in any Body, before the Animal is completely formed; and for this Reaſon, becauſe the Seeds lie ſcattered in the Air, the Water, the Earth, the Fire, nor have they yet united together, after a proper manner, into any vital Motions, by which the Senſes of any Animal may be produced, in order to guide and preſerve it.

Besides, [a] a Blow falling upon any Animal, heavier than its Nature can endure, immediately torments it, and confounds all its Senſes both of Body and Mind; for the Connexion of the Seeds is diſſolved, and the vital Motions are wholly obſtructed, till the Force of the Blow being agitated violently through the Limbs, diſſolves the vital Ties of the Soul from the Body, and compels her, ſcatter'd and broken to pieces, to fly out through every Pore: For what can we conceive to be the Effect of ſuch a Stroke, but to ſeparate and diſſolve the Seeds that were united before?

And then it happens, when the Blow falls with leſs Violence, that the Remains of vital Motion often get the better, they recover and calm the great Diſorders of the Blow, and recall

the Animal is perfected; becauſe Senſe requires ſuch an Agreement of vital Motions, as we ſhould in vain expect in the Seeds of Things, which fly confuſedly ſcatter'd up and down in the Air, the Earth, the Water, and Fire.

[a] He appeals to Experience, for a violent Stroke, which only diſſolves the Texture and Connexion of the little Bodies of which the Animal conſiſts, takes away all manner of Senſe; if the Stroke be weaker, the Animal may be reſtored to its proper State, after ſome ſmall Diſcompoſure of the little Bodies, the Diſpoſition to vital Motion ſtill having the upper hand, and not being quite broken and diſſolved.

*Inque ſuos quicquid rurſus revocare meatus,*
*Et quaſi jam lethi dominantem in corpore motum*
*Diſcutere, ac pæne amiſſos accendere Senſus.*
*Nam, quare potius lethi jam limine ab ipſo*
*Ad vitam poſſint conlecta mente reverti,*
*Quàm quo decurſum prope jam fiet, ire, & abire?*
*Præterea, quoniam dolor eſt ubi Materiaï*
*Corpora vi quadam per viſcera viva, per artus*
*Sollicitata ſuis trepidant in ſedibus intus:*
*Inque locum quando remigrant, fit blanda Voluptas:*
*Scire licet, nullo Primordia poſſe dolore*
*Tentari: nullamque Voluptatem capere ex ſe:*
*Quandoquidem non ſunt ex ullis Principiorum*
*Corporibus, quorum Motus novitate laborent:*
*Aut aliquem fructum capiant Dulcedinis almæ.*
*Haud igitur debent eſſe ullo prædita ſenſu.*
*Denique, uti poſſint ſentire Animalia quæque,*
*Principiis ſi etiam 'ſt Senſus tribuendus eorum:*
*Quid? Genus humanum propritim de quibu' factum 'ſt?*
*Scilicet & riſu tremulo concuſſa cachinnant,*
*Et lacrymis ſpargunt rorantibus ora, genaſque,*
*Multaque de rerum miſtura dicere callent,*
*Et ſibi proporro quæ ſint primordia quærunt.*

*Quandoquidem*

every thing again into its proper Channel, they reſcue the Body, as it were, from the Jaws of Death, and give new Life to the Senſes that were almoſt deſtroyed; elſe why ſhould Creatures rather return to Life from the very Gates of Death with new Spirits, than when they were juſt entring in, proceed on, and utterly periſh?

Further, [b] ſince we feel Pain when the Seeds are ſhaken from their natural State and Situation within, and are diſordered through all the Bowels and Limbs by any outward Force, and when they return again into their proper Place, a quiet Pleaſure immediately ſucceeds, you may conclude, that ſimple Seeds cannot be tormented with Pain, nor of themſelves be affected with Pleaſure; becauſe they do not conſiſt of Principles or other Seeds, by whoſe violent Motions they may be diſturbed, or be delighted with any Pleaſure they can give; and therefore they cannot poſſibly be indued with any Senſe at all.

Again, [c] if, in order to produce Creatures with Senſe, Senſe muſt be imputed to the Seeds from whence they are formed, of what Principles, I pray, is the human Race properly compoſed? Of ſuch, no doubt, as laugh, and ſhake their little Sides, ſuch as bedew their Face and Cheeks with flowing Tears, ſuch as can wiſely talk how Things are mixed, and ſuch as ſearch of what firſt Principles themſelves are formed;

[b] The Principles of Things are ſimple, nor can their Parts be driven from the State in which they are, nor reſtored into the ſame State again; and therefore, being not to be affected with Pleaſure or Pain, they muſt be deſtitute of all Senſe.

[c] If Things, becauſe they are ſenſible, muſt ſpring from ſenſible Seeds, then Men who laugh, weep, *&c.* muſt be formed of Seeds that laugh, weep, *&c.* If laughing, weeping, and wiſe Things can be made of Seeds that neither laugh, weep, nor are wiſe, why ſhould not ſenſible Things proceed from Seeds that are wholly inſenſible?

*Quandoquidem totis mortalibus adſimulata*
*Ipſa quoque ex aliis debent conſtare elementis ;*
*Inde alia ex aliis, nuſquam conſiſtere ut auſis.*
*Quippe ſequar, quodcunque Loqui, Ridereque dices,*
*Et Sapere, ex aliis eadem hæc facientibus, ut ſit.*
*Quòd ſi delira hæc, furioſaque cernimus eſſe :*
*Et ridere poteſt ex non ridentibu' factus,*
*Et ſapere, & doctis rationem reddere dictis,*
*Non ex Seminibus ſapientibus, atque diſertis :*
*Quî minus eſſe queant ea, quæ Sentire videmus*
*Seminibus permiſta carentibus undique Senſu ?*
*Denique cæleſti ſumus omnes ſemine oriundi :*
*Omnibus ille idem Pater eſt, unde alma liquenteis*
*Humorum guttas Mater cum Terra recepit,*
*Fœta parit nitidas fruges, arbuſtaque læta,*
*Et genus humanum, & parit omnia ſæcla ferarum,*
*Pabula cùm præbet, quibus omnes corpora paſcunt,*
*Et dulcem ducunt vitam, prolemque propagant.*
*Quapropter merito Maternum nomen adepta 'ſt.*
*Cedit item retrò de Terra quod fuit ante,*
*In terras : & quod miſſum 'ſt ex Ætheris oris,*
*Id rurſum Cæli rellatum templa receptant :*
*Nec ſic interimit mors res, ut Materiaï*
*Corpora conficiat, ſed cœtum diſſupat ollis :*

*Inde*

for all Things that enjoy the Faculties of perfect Animals, muſt conſiſt of other Seeds like them, and theſe muſt ariſe from others; and thus the Progreſſion would be infinite. I urge further, whatever you obſerve to ſpeak, to laugh, to be wiſe, muſt proceed from other Seeds that can perform the ſame; but if this be ridiculous and downright Madneſs, and Things that can laugh, can ſpring from Seeds that never ſmile, and the Wiſe, that learnedly diſpute, are produced from fooliſh Seeds and ſtupid, what hinders, that ſenſible Things may not as well be formed from Seeds without any manner of Senſe at all?

LASTLY, [d] we all ſpring from Ætherial Seed; we have all one common Parent; when the kind Earth, our Mother, receives the quickening Drops of Moiſture from above, ſhe conceives and brings forth ſhining Fruits, and pleaſant Trees, the human Race, and all the Race of Beaſts; ſhe yields them proper Food on which they feed, and lead a pleaſant Life, and propagate their Kind, and therefore has ſhe juſtly gained the Name of Mother. The Parts that firſt from Earth aroſe, return to Earth again; what deſcended from the Sky, thoſe Parts brought back again the Heavens receive; nor does Death ſo put an end to Beings, as to deſtroy the very Seeds of them, but only diſunites

[d] He recapitulates his former Arguments; the Earth becomes fruitful by the Showers, and produces Corn, Graſs, &c. by which ſenſible Things are nouriſhed; but the Heavens, from whence the Showers fall, are inſenſible, the Showers are inſenſible, and the Earth no more ſenſible than they. When Animals are diſſolv'd, Part of them flies back to Heaven, Part returns to Earth, inſenſible Things both of them. The Particles that at one time are wholly deſtitute of Senſe, being diſpoſed in a new Order, become ſenſible at another; and ſenſible Things, when that Order of the Seeds is changed, grow ſtupid, and loſe their whole Power of Senſe and Perception.

*Inde aliis aliud conjungit, & efficit, omnes*
*Res ut convertant formas, mutentque colores,*
*Et capiant Senſus, & puncto tempore reddant:*
*Ut noſcas referre, eadem Primordia rerum*
*Cum quibus, & quali poſitura contineantur.*
*Et quos inter ſe dent motus, accipiantque:*
*(Neve putes æterna penes reſidere poteſſe*
*Corpora prima, quòd in ſummis fluitare videmus*
*Rebus, & interdum naſci, ſubitoque perire:)*
*Quin etiam refert noſtris in Verſibus ipſis,*
*Cum quibus, & quali ſint ordine quæque locata.*
*Namque eadem Cœlum, Mare, Terras, Flumina, Solem*
*Significant: eadem Fruges, Arbuſta, Animanteis:*
*Si non omnia ſint, at multo maxima pars eſt*
*Conſimilis: Verùm poſitura diſcrepitant hæc.*
*Sic ipſis in rebus item jam Materiaï,*
*Intervalla, Viæ, Connexus, Pondera, Plagæ,*
*Concurſus, Motus, Ordo, Poſitura, Figuræ*
*Cum permutantur, mutari Res quoque debent.*
*Nunc animum nobis adhibe veram ad rationem.*
*Nam tibi vehementer nova res molitur ad aureis*
*Accidere, & nova ſe ſpecies oſtendere rerum.*
*Sed neque tam facilis res ulla 'ſt, quin ea primum*
*Difficilis magis ad credendum conſtet: itemque*
*Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam*
*Principio, quod non minuant mirarier omnes*
*Paullatim; ut Cœli clarum purumque colorem,*
*Quemque in ſe cohibent palantia ſidera, paſſim,*
*Lunæque, & ſolis præclara luce nitorem:*

*Omnia.*

them, then makes new Combinations, and is the Cauſe that all Things vary their Forms, and change their Colours, become ſenſible, and in a moment loſe all their Senſe again. You may know from hence, of what Importance it is, with what the firſt Seeds of Things are united, and in what Poſition they are contained, and what are the ſeveral Motions they give and take among themſelves; and from hence you may conclude, that theſe firſt Seeds are not the leſs eternal, becauſe you perceive them floating, as it were, upon the Surface of Bodies, and ſubject to change, to be born, and die. It is of like Concern, with what the ſeveral Letters are joined in theſe Verſes of mine, and in what Order each of them is diſpoſed; for the ſame Letters make up the Words to ſignify the Heaven, the Sea, the Earth, the Rivers, the Sun; the ſame expreſs the Fruits, the Trees, the Creatures; if they are not all, yet by much the greater Part are alike, but they differ in their Situation: ſo likewiſe in Bodies, when the Intervals of the Seeds, their Courſes, Connexions, Weights, Strokes, Union, Motions, Order, Poſition, Figure, when theſe are changed, the Things themſelves muſt be changed likewiſe.

Now, apply your Mind cloſely to the Documents of true Reaſon, for a new Scheme of Philoſophy preſſes earneſtly for your Attention, a new Scene of Things diſplays it ſelf before you; yet there is nothing ſo obvious, but may at firſt View ſeem difficult to be believed, and there is nothing ſo prodigious and wonderful at firſt, that Men do not by degrees ceaſe to admire: for ſee the bright and pure Colour of the Sky, poſſeſſed on every ſide by wandering Stars, and the Moon's Splendor, and the Sun's glorious Light, *Many Worlds.*

*Omnia quæ ſi nunc primùm mortalibus adſint,*
*Ex improviſo ceu ſint objecta repente:*
*Quid magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,*
*Aut minùs ante quod auderent fore credere gentes?*
*Nil ut opinor, ita hæc ſpecies miranda fuiſſet;*
*Quom tibi jam nemo feſſus ſatiate videndi*
*Suſpicere in cœli dignatur lucida templa:*
*Deſine quapropter novitate exterritus ipſa*
*Exſpuere ex animo rationem: ſed magis acri*
*Judicio perpende, &, ſi tibi vera videtur,*
*Dede manus: aut, ſi falſa eſt, accingere contra.*
*Quærit enim ratione Animus, cum ſumma loci ſit*
*Infinita foris hæc extra mœnia mundi;*
*Quid ſit ibi porro, quò proſpicere uſque velit mens,*
*Atque animi jactus liber quo pervolet ipſe.*
*Principio, nobis in cunctas undique parteis*
*Et latere ex utroque, infra, ſuperaque, per Omne*
*Nulla 'ſt finis, (uti docui) res ipſaque per ſe*
*Vociferatur, & elucet natura Profundi.*
*Nullo jam pacto veriſimile eſſe putandum 'ſt,*
*Undique cum vorſus ſpatium vacet infinitum,*
*Seminaque innumero numero, ſummaque profunda*
*Multimodis volitent æterno percita motu:*
*Hunc unum Terrarum orbem, Cœlumque creatum:*
*Nil agere illa foris tot corpora Materiaï,*
*Cum præſertim hic ſit natura factus, & ipſa*

theſe, if they now firſt ſhone to mortal Eyes, and ſuddenly preſented to our View, what could more wonderful appear than theſe? and what before could Men leſs preſume to expect? Nothing ſurely, ſo ſurprizing would the Sight have been; but now, quite tired and cloyed with the Proſpect, none of us vouchſafes, ſo much as to caſt our Eyes upwards towards the bright Temples of the Sky; therefore do not be frightened, and conceive an Averſion to an Opinion, becauſe of its Novelty; but ſearch it rather with a more piercing Judgment, if it appears true to you, embrace it, if falſe, ſet yourſelf againſt it.

Now, I ſhould be glad to know, ſince, without the Walls of this World, the viſible Heavens, there lies an [e] infinite Space, what is contained there: This the Mind deſires eagerly to ſearch into, and, by its own Vigour, to range over freely, and without obſtruction.

And firſt, ſince there is no Bound to Space in any Part of it, on no Side of it, neither above or below, as I have proved, and the Thing it ſelf proclaims it, and the very Nature of Space confirms it; we are not to ſuppoſe, (ſince this Space is infinitely extended every way, and the Seeds innumerable fly about this mighty Void in various manners, urged on by an eternal Motion) that this one Globe of Earth, and the viſible Heavens only were created, and that ſo many Seeds of Matter that lie beyond do nothing; eſpecially ſince this World was made naturally, and without Deſign, and the Seeds of Things of

[e] *Lucretius* inſiſts, that there is an infinite Void, and that an Infinity of Seeds are flying up and down in it, but all thoſe Seeds did not unite to produce this World of our's; and therefore why ſhould not ſome Atoms, in other Parts of this infinite Void, compoſe other Frames very like or unlike this World that we inhabit? Eſpecially ſince Nature acts the ſame throughout, and exerciſes the ſame Power through all Space?

their

*Sponte ſua forte offenſando ſemina rerum*
*Multimodis, temerè, incaſsùm, fruſtráque, coacta*
*Tandem cooluerint ea, quæ conjecta repente*
*Magnarum rerum fierent exordia ſemper,*
*Terraï, Maris, & Cœli, generiſque Animantum.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam taleis fateare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Eſſe alios alibi congreſſus materiaï,*
*Qualis hic eſt, avido complexu quem tenet æther.*
*Præterea, cùm Materies eſt multa parata:*
*Cum Locus eſt præſto: nec res, nec cauſa moratur*
*Ulla: geni debent nimirum, & confieri res.*
*Nunc & Seminibus ſi tanta 'ſt copia, quantam*
*Enumerare ætas animantum non queat omnis:*
*Viſque eadem, & natura manet, quæ Semina rerum*
*Conjicere in loca quæque queat, ſimili ratione,*
*Atque huc ſunt conjecta: Neceſſe 'ſt confiteare*
*Eſſe alios aliis Terrarum in partibus orbeis,*
*Et varias Hominum genteis, & Sæcla Ferarum.*
*Huc accedit, ut in Summa res nulla ſit una,*
*Unica quæ gignatur, & unica, ſolaque creſcat:*
*Quin cujuſque ſient ſæcli, permultaque eodem*
*Sint genere: in primis animalibus indice mente.*
*Invenies ſic montivagum genus eſſe Ferarum,*
*Sic Hominum genitam prolem, ſic denique mutas*
*Squamigerum pecudes, & corpora cuncta Volantum.*

*Quapropter*

their own accord juſtling together by Variety of Motions, raſhly ſometimes, in vain often, and to no purpoſe, at length ſuddenly agreed and united, and became the Beginning of mighty Productions, of the Earth, the Sea, and the Heavens, and the whole Animal Creation. Wherefore it needs muſt be allowed, there were in many other places Agreements and Unions of the Seeds of the ſame Nature with this World of our's, ſurrounded as it is with the faſt Embraces of the Heavens above.

Besides; ſince there is a large Stock of Matter ready, and a Place ſuitable, nor is there any Thing or Cauſe to hinder and delay, Things muſt neceſſarily be produced, and come into Being. Now, ſince there is ſo great a Plenty of Seeds, that all the Ages of Men would not be ſufficient to number them, and the ſame Power, the ſame Nature remains, that can diſpoſe the Seeds of Things in any other Place, by the ſame Rule as they united in this World of our's, we muſt needs confeſs, that there are other Worlds in other Parts of the Univerſe, poſſeſſed by other kind of Inhabitants, both of Men and Beaſts.

Add to this, that in the Univerſe there is no Species that has but one of a ſort, that is produced alone, that remains ſingle, and grows up by itſelf; but whatever Species Things are of, there are many more Individuals of the ſame kind. This you may obſerve in the Animal Creation, this you will find to be the State of the wild Beaſts, of the Human Race, of the ſilent Fiſh, and of the whole Brood of Birds. [f] By

[f] There muſt be more Suns, more Earths than one, becauſe the Earth, the Heavens, *&c.* are equally ſubject to periſh with other compound Bodies; for the Philoſophers againſt whom *Lucretius* diſputes, aſſerted, that the Reaſon why the ſeveral Kinds of Animals contain many of each Kind, is, becauſe the Individuals die.

*Quapropter Cælum ſimili ratione fatendum 'ſt,*
*Terramque, & Solem, Lunam, Mare, cætera, quæ ſunt,*
*Non eſſe unica, ſed numero magis innumerali,*
*Quandoquidem vitæ depactus terminus altè*
*Tam manet his, & tam nativo hæc corpore conſtant,*
*Quàm genus omne, quod his generatim rebus abundat.*

*Quæ benè cognita ſi teneas: Natura videtur*
*Libera continuò Dominis privata ſuperbis,*
*Ipſa ſua per ſe ſponte omnia Diis agere expers.*
*Nam (proh ſancta Deûm tranquilla pectora pace,*
*Quæ placidum degunt ævum, vitamque ſerenam!)*
*Quis regere Immenſi Summam, quis habere Profundi*
*Indu manu validas potis eſt moderanter habenas?*
*Quis pariter Cælos omnes convertere? & omneis*
*Ignibus ætheriis terras ſuffire feraceis?*
*Omnibus inque locis eſſe omni tempore præſto?*
*Nubibus ut tenebras faciat cælique ſerena*
*Concutiat ſonitu? tum fulmina mittat, & ædeis*
*Sæpe ſuas diſturbet, & in deſerta recedens*
*Sæviat exercens telum, quod ſæpe nocenteis*
*Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merenteis?*

*Multaque*

the ſame Reaſon you muſt own, that the Heavens, the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, the Sea, and all other Beings that are, do not exiſt ſingly, but are rather innumerable in their kind; for every one of theſe have a proper Limit fixed to their Beings, and are equally bound by the general Laws of Nature, with all thoſe whoſe Species include a numerous Train of Individuals under them.

These Things, if you rightly apprehend, Nature will appear free in her Operations, [s] wholly from under the Power of domineering Deities, and to act all Things voluntarily, and of herſelf, without the Aſſiſtance of Gods. For (O the undiſturbed Boſoms of the Powers above, bleſſed with ſacred Peace! how they live in everlaſting Eaſe, a Life void of Care!) Who can rule this infinite Univerſe? Who has the Power to hold the mighty Reins of Government in his Hands over this whole Maſs? Who likewiſe can turn about all theſe Heavens? and cheriſh all theſe fruitful Globes of Earth with celeſtial Heat? Who can be preſent at all Times, and in all Places? To darken the World with Clouds, to ſhake the vaſt Expanſion of the ſerene Heavens with Noiſe; to dart the Thunder, and often overturn his own Temples, to fly into the Wilderneſs, and furiouſly brandiſh that fiery Bolt, which often paſſes by the Guilty, and ſtrikes dead the Innocent and Undeſerving?

[s] He now falls foul upon Omnipotence and Divine Providence, and could not believe that the Nature of the Gods were ſufficiently powerful to govern the Affairs of the Univerſe; Chance, he inſiſts, is the ſole Director of all, becauſe he obſerv'd, that the Virtuous and Good frequently ſuffer, when the Wicked proſper.

*Multaque poſt Mundi tempus genitale, diemque*
*Primigenum Maris, & Terræ, Soliſque coortum,*
*Addita corpora ſunt extrinſecùs, addita circum*
*Semina, quæ magnum jaculando contulit* OMNE:
*Unde Mare, & Terræ poſſent augeſcere: & unde*
*Adpareret ſpatium Cœli domus, altaque tecta*
*Tolleret à terris procul; & conſurgeret Aër.*
*Nam ſua cuique locis ex omnibus omnia plagis*
*Corpora diſtribuuntur, & ad ſua ſæcla recedunt:*
*Humor ad Humorem, Terreno corpore Terra*
*Creſcit; & Ignem ignes procudunt, Ætheraque Æther:*
*Donicum ad extremum creſcendi perfica finem*
*Omnia perduxit rerum Natura creatrix:*
*Ut ſit, ubi nihilo jam plus eſt, quod datur intra*
*Vitaleis venas, quàm quod fluit, atque recedit:*
*Omnibus his ætas debet conſiſtere rebus:*
*His Natura ſuis refrænat viribus auctum.*
*Nam, quæcunque vides hilaro grandeſcere adauctu,*
*Paullatimque gradus ætatis ſcandere adultæ:*
*Plura ſibi adſumunt, quàm de ſe corpora mittunt,*
*Dum facilè in venas cibus omnis diditur: & dum*
*Non ita ſunt latè diſperſa, ut multa remittant:*

*Et*

Besides, after this World was formed, and the Birth-day of the Sea, the Earth, and the Sun was over, there were many Particles of Matter added to them from without, many Seeds were received every way, which the infinite Mass or Universe constantly discharg'd; from whence the Sea and the Earth grew more strong and vigorous; from whence the Mansions of the Heavens were enlarged, and raised their lofty Arches higher from the Earth, and new Air was produced: for from [h] all the Parts of the Universe the proper Seeds are distributed, and retire severally in all Places to their proper Kinds; the Watery to the Water, the Earth increases by earthy Particles, the Fiery produce Fire, the Airy Air, till Nature, the Parent and Perfectress of all Things, improves all Beings, to the utmost Extent of Growth they are capable of. This comes to pass, when no more is received into the vital Passages, than what is perspired, and flies off; then it is, that the Growth of the Creature is at a full stand, and Nature restrains it from further Increase. *The World receives new Seeds.*

For whatever Creature you observe to thrive and grow lively and large, and by degrees climb up to a mature Age, receives more Particles into it self than it emits, because all the Nourishment is easily distributed into the Veins, and there confined, and the Particles are not so widely scatter'd, as in any Proportion to fly off, and so

[h] The infinite Universe supplies Seeds which the World receives, and they duly joining with it, becomes more strong and vigorous. When it emits as many Seeds as it receives, it is at a stand, neither increases nor decreases; but when more Seeds fly away than it receives, then it decays, and draws to an end. The Reason of the Growth and Decay of Animals is the same.

receive

*Et plus diſpendi faciant, quàm veſcitur ætas;*
*Nam certè fluere, ac decedere corpora rebus*
*Multa, manus dandum 'ſt: ſed plura accedere debent,*
*Donicum oleſcendi ſummum tetigere cacumen.*
*Inde minutatim vireis, & robur adultum*
*Frangit, & in partem pejorem liquitur ætas.*
*Quippe etenim quanto eſt res amplior, augmine demto,*
*Et quò latior eſt, in cunctas undique parteis*
*Pluria eò diſpergit, & à ſe corpora mittit:*
*Nec facile in venas cibus omnis diditur eij:*
*Nec ſatis eſt, pro quàm largos exæſtuat æſtus,*
*Unde queat tantum ſuboriri ac ſuppeditare,*
*Quantum opus eſt: & quod ſatis eſt, Natura novare.*
*Jure igitur pereunt, cum rarefacta fluendo*
*Sunt; & cum externis ſuccumbunt omnia plagis:*
*Quandoquidem grandi cibus ævo denique defit:*
*Nec tuditantia rem ceſſant extrinſecùs ullam*
*Corpora conficere, & plagis infeſta domare.*
*Sic igitur magni quoque circum mœnia mundi*
*Expugnata dabunt labem, putreiſque ruinas.*
*Omnia debet enim cibus integrare novando:*
*Nequicquam, quoniam nec venæ perpetiuntur*
*Quod ſatis eſt, neque quantum opus eſt, natura miniſtrat.*
*Jamque adeo affecta 'ſt ætas, effœtaque tellus*
*Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit*
*Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.*

*Haud*

receive a Loſs faſter than they are ſupplied. For we muſt allow that many Particles certainly fly off from Bodies, but many others ought to be coming on, till the Thing arrives to its utmoſt Pitch of Bulk. Then, by degrees, its Strength and Maturity of Vigour decays, its Age melts away and diſſolves; for the larger any Body is, the greater it is in Size, when its Growth is over, it waſtes the more every way, and ſends out more Particles from it ſelf; nor is the Nouriſhment eaſily diſtributed into the Veins, or Nature ſufficient to renew and ſupply thoſe Effluvia it throws off in ſuch Abundance, in proportion as the Defect and the Loſs require. The Animal therefore muſt neceſſarily periſh, when it is made thin by continual Perſpiration, and all Things muſt at length fall by conſtant Strokes from without; for the Supplies from Food muſt fail in Old Age, nor do Bodies from without ever ceaſe to batter and break to pieces all Things with Strokes not to be reſiſted.

*The World grows old.*

BY the ſame Rule[1] the viſible Heavens, the ſurrounding Walls of this great World muſt tumble down by continual Attacks, and fall to Ruins; it is Nouriſhment that preſerves Things in being by conſtant Supplies, but 'tis all to no purpoſe: for neither are the Veins capable to receive what is ſufficient, nor can Nature afford a proper and needful Recruit, even now the Age of the World is broken, and the Earth ſo feeble and worn out, that it ſcarce produces a puny Kind of Creatures, when it bore formerly a luſty Race, and brought forth ſuch prodigious Bodies of wild Beaſts. For I can-

[1] The World, he concludes, grows old; the Earth, he ſays, produced formerly all Animals and Fruits of her own accord; but now, we find, ſhe is paſt her Teeming-time, and therefore it muſt be allowed ſhe grows old.

*Haud (ut opinor) enim mortalia ſæcla ſuperne*
*Aurea de Cælo demiſit funus in arva:*
*Nec mare, nec fluctus plangentes ſaxa creârunt:*
*Sed genuit Tellus eadem, quæ nunc alit ex ſe,*
*Præterea nitidas fruges, vinetaque læta*
*Sponte ſua primum mortalibus ipſa creavit.*
*Ipſa dedit dulceis fœtus, & pabula læta:*
*Quæ nunc vix noſtro grandeſcunt aucta labore:*
*Conterimuſque boves, & vires agricolarum:*
*Conficimus ferrum vix arvis ſuppeditati:*
*Uſque adeo pereunt fœtus, augentque labores.*
*Jamque caput quaſſans grandis ſuſpirat arator*
*Crebriùs incaſſum magnum cecidiſſe laborem:*
*Et cùm tempora temporibus præſentia confert*
*Præteritis, laudat fortunas ſæpe parentis:*
*Et crepat, antiquum genus ut pietate repletum*
*Perfacilè anguſtis tolerârit finibus ævum,*
*Cum minor eſſet agri multò modus ante viritim:*
*Nec tenet, omnia paullatim tabeſcere, & ire*
*Ad ſcopulum ſpatio ætatis defeſſa vetuſto.*

not think all Species of Creatures deſcended from the Sky by a [k] golden Chain upon the Earth, nor were they by the Sea created, nor by the Waves that beat the Rocks, but the ſame Earth which now ſupports them, at firſt gave them Being. At firſt ſhe kindly, of her own accord, raiſed the rich Fruits and delightful Vines for the Benefit of Men; ſhe freely of herſelf offered her ſweet Produce, the Corn and tender Graſs, which now ſcarce riſe to Perfection with all our Labour. We wear out our Oxen, and the Strength of our Huſbandmen, we can ſcarce find Plough-ſhares ſufficient to till the Fields, Things are ſo averſe to grow, and our Labours are for ever increaſing. And now the luſty Plowman ſhakes his Head, and laments the Pains he took was oft in vain; and when he compares the preſent Times with the glorious Days that are paſt, he bleſſes the good Fortune of thoſe that were before him; he talks loudly how the old Race of Men [l], filled with Piety, no doubt ſpent their happy Days within the narrow Bounds of their own Field, (for then every Man's Share of Ground was much leſs than it is now) but has no Notion, fond Fool! that Things by degrees decay, and worn out by old Age, haſten to Ruin to the utmoſt Period of their Duration.

[k] It was the Opinion of *Homer*, that all Things were let down from Heaven to Earth by a Golden Chain.

[l] He ſcoffingly inſinuates, that ſince the Earth produced of her own accord, Men had nothing to do but to worſhip the Gods.

*The* END *of the* SECOND BOOK.

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

*THIS is that Book of* LUCRETIUS *which ought above all the reſt to be read with the greateſt Judgment and Diſcretion; for here he exerts his whole Force to prove, that the Soul is of a corporeal Nature, and conſequently ſubject to Death and Diſſolution, and that the Generality of Men being overaw'd by the Tyranny of Religion, are horribly miſtaken to believe, that they have reaſon to dread eternal Torments after Death. In the former Book, having explained the Nature and Properties of his Atoms, in the four remaining he applies himſelf to deſcribe the Effects which thoſe Atoms produce. He begins with the Praiſe of* Epicurus, *whom he extols for being the firſt who taught, that this World and all Things in it were*

*were not made by the Deity, but by a fortuitous Concourſe of Atoms; and, by that means, delivering the Minds of Men from the Fear of the Gods, from the Terrors of Death, and the Dread of Puniſhments after Death. He then advances, that the Mind and the Soul are a Part of Man, in the ſame manner as the Feet, the Hands, the Arms, the Head, and other Members, and not a vital Habit of the whole Body, or an Accord and Conſent of all the Parts of the Body, which ſome of the ancient Philoſophers called* Harmony. *To proceed with the greater Perſpicuity, he obſerves, that he uſes the words Mind and Soul promiſcuouſly, that they are Both but one Thing, only the Mind is the chief Part, and reſides in the Heart, becauſe Fear, Joy, and all the other Paſſions which obey and depend upon the Mind, diſcover themſelves there, while the Soul, in which the locomotive Faculty is ſolely placed, being diffuſed through the whole Body, is moved as the Mind pleaſes. He then endeavours to demonſtrate, that the Nature of the Mind and Soul is corporeal, becauſe the Mind touches the Soul, and moves it, and the Soul touches the Body; but where there is no Body, there can be no Touch. That this corporeal Mind is compoſed of Atoms extremely ſubtil, minute and round; and particularly, that this Mind conſiſts of Heat, Wind or Vapour, and Air, and of a Fourth, I know not what nameleſs Thing, wonderfully ſubtil, and moſt eaſy to be moved, which being ſeated in the Heart, is the Principle of Senſe. But how the Heat, the Wind, the Air, and this fourth nameleſs Thing are mingled, or what Proportion of each makes up the Compoſition, he confeſſes ingenuouſly he cannot tell. He aſſerts, that the Soul and the Body are ſo united together, that they cannot be ſeparated without the Deſtruction*

*of both of them; and insists, that not only the Mind but the Body too has Perception, or rather the whole Animal composed of Body and Soul. He refutes the Opinion of* Democritus, *who taught, that the respective Parts of the Soul are fitted and joined to the respective Parts of the Body; and having affirmed before, that the Mind is the most excellent Part of the whole Compound, he now further asserts, that the Life and Preservation of the Animal depends more on the Mind than on the Soul. He attempts to prove by six and twenty Arguments, that Minds and Souls are born with Bodies, and die with them; and, by the way, derides the Transmigration of* Pythagoras. *Death, he says, is Nothing, because the Soul being mortal, has Nothing to fear after Death; and urges, that if it be granted that the Soul is immortal, as* Plato *held, yet Death still is Nothing, since the separated Soul would not remember that she had ever been before. He laughs at the vain Anxiety of Men concerning their Sepulture, and proves that Death is not an Evil, because the Dead want not those good Things which the Living enjoy, but are exempted from those Calamities which afflict and torment us Wretches that are alive; that even Life itself is not a Thing very desirable, because it has Nothing new to give us, but always the same surfeiting Repetition of Pleasures, till at length we loath them. But lest the Fables which the Poets feign of Hell and of future Punishments should terrify us, he explains those Fables, and shews, that we feel those Torments while we are living, and have no reason to dread them after we are dead. And lastly, to the End of this Book, he puts us in mind that it is both foolish and absurd to bemoan ourselves that we must die, since the wisest of Men, and the greatest Princes*

*and*

*and Emperors have been forced to ſubmit to the inevitable Stroke of Death; and inſiſts, that Men lead unquiet and anxious Lives, becauſe they avoid the Thoughts and Contemplations of Death, and are fooliſhly fond of that Life which they muſt one day loſe, which can ſupply them with no new Delights, and is expoſed to innumerable Dangers and Afflictions. And that after all, by the longeſt Life they can attain, they ſave not one Moment from the Length of Death, which is as much eternal to them who die to-day, as to thoſe who died many Ages ago.*

# *T. Lucretii Cari*

## DE

# RERUM NATURA

## LIBER TERTIUS.

E TENEBRIS *tantis tam clarum extollere lumen*
*Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ:*
*Te sequor ô* GRAIÆ *gentis decus, inque tuis nunc*
*Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,*

*Non*

Lib. 3.

# *T. Lucretius Carus,*

## OF THE

# NATURE *of* THINGS.

## THE

## THIRD BOOK.

O EPICURUS, who could firſt ſtrike ſo clear a Light from ſo great Darkneſs, and direct us in the proper Advantages of Life, Thee, the Glory of the *Grecian* Name, I follow; Thy Steps I cloſely trace with mine, not ſo much from a Deſire to rival Thee, as *The Praiſe of* Epicurus.

[a] He addreſſes himſelf to *Epicurus* of *Athens*, and calls him the Parent and Inventor of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy; he praiſes him for the Happineſs of his Wit, and the Benefits he conferred upon Mankind, by freeing them from the Belief of a Providence, and from the Fears and Terrors that attend that Opinion.

from

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,*
*Quod te imitari aveo: Quid enim contendat Hirundo*
*Cycnis? aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus Hædi*
*Conſimile in curſu poſſint, ac fortis Equi vis?*
*Tu Pater, & rerum Inventor: tu patria nobis*
*Suppeditas præcepta, tuiſque ex, Inclute, chartis,*
*Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia limant,*
*Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta,*
*Aurea, perpetua ſemper digniſſima vita.*
*Nam ſimul ac Ratio tua cœpit vociferari,*
*Naturam rerum haud Divina mente coortam,*
*Diffugiunt Animi terrores; mœnia mundi*
*Diſcedunt, totum video per Inane geri res.*
*Apparet Divûm numen, ſedeſque quietæ:*
*Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis*
*Adſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina*
*Cana cadens violat: ſemperque innubilus æther*
*Integit, & largè diffuſo lumine ridet.*
*Omnia ſuppeditat porrò Natura, neque ulla*
*Res animi pacem delibrat tempore in ullo.*
*At contra nuſquam apparent Acheruſia templa:*
*Nec Tellus obſtat, quin omnia diſpiciantur,*
*Sub pedibus quæcunque infra per Inane geruntur.*
*His tibi me rebus quædam divina Voluptas*
*Percipit, atque Horror, quod ſic Natura tua vi*
*Tam manifeſta patet ex omni parte retecta.*
*Et quoniam docui, cunctarum exordia rerum*
*Qualia ſint: & quàm variis diſtantia formis*

*Sponte*

from the Love I bear, and the ardent Paſſion I profeſs to imitate thee; for how can the Swallow contend in Singing with the Swan? or what can Kids, with feeble Limbs, perform in running with the noble Horſe's Speed? Thou great Father, Founder of Philoſophy! Thou with Paternal Precepts doſt inſpire thy Sons, and from thy Writings, moſt illuſtrious Chief, as Bees ſuck Honey from the flowery Fields, we feed upon thy Golden Sentences, Golden, and fit eternally to live. For when thy Reaſon firſt began to prove, that Nature was not form'd by Powers Divine, the Terrors of the Mind all fled, the Walls of this great World lie open, and I ſee how Things are managed through the mighty Void. The Deity of the Gods, their calm Abodes appear, which neither Winds diſturb, nor Clouds o'erflow with Showers, nor the white-falling Snow, congealed by ſharpeſt Froſt, does ſpoil; but the unclouded Air ſurrounds them always, and ſmiles on them fully with diffuſed Light. Nature in every thing ſupplies their Wants; Nothing at any Time deſtroys their Peace. But the wide Tracts of Hell are no where ſeen; nor does the interpoſing Earth prevent our Sight, but we diſcover what beneath our Feet is doing in the Space below. In theſe Perſuits a certain Divine Pleaſure ſpreads round me, and I ſtand amazed, that by Thy Strength of Mind, all Nature every way lies naked to our View.

SINCE then [b] I have taught what are the firſt Seeds and Principles of Things, how they differ *The Subject of this Book.*

[b] The Subject, he ſays, of this Book will be an accurate Enquiry into the Nature of the Soul, whoſe Mortality he will endeavour to evince, in order to free Mankind from the Fear of Death, and the Terrors of future Puniſhment.

in

*Sponte ſua volitent alterno percita motu,*
*Quoque modo poſſint ex his res quæque creari:*
*Haſce ſecundum res* ANIMI *natura videtur,*
*Atque* ANIMÆ *claranda meis jam verſibus eſſe:*
*Et metus ille foras præceps Acheruntis agendus*
*Funditus, humanum qui vitam turbat ab imo;*
*Omnia ſuffundens mortis nigrore: neque ullam*
*Eſſe voluptatem liquidam puramque relinquit.*
*Nam, quòd ſæpe homines morbos magis eſſe timendos,*
*Infamemque ferunt vitam, quàm Tartara lethi,*
*Et ſe ſcire Animi naturam ſanguinis eſſe,*
*Nec prorſum quicquam noſtræ Rationis egere:*
*Hinc licet advertas animum, magis omnia Laudis,*
*Aut etiam Venti, ſi fert ita forte voluntas,*
*Jactari cauſas quàm quod res ipſa probetur:*
*Extorres iidem patria, longéque fugati*
*Conſpectu ex hominum, fœdati crimine turpi,*
*Omnibus ærumnis affecti denique vivunt:*
*Et quocunque tamen miſeri venere, parentant,*
*Et nigras mactant pecudes, & Manibu' divis*

*Inferias*

in their Figures, and of themſelves fly about, beaten by mutual Strokes, and how from them all Beings are produced, the Nature of the *Mind* and of the *Soul* comes next to be explained in theſe my Lines, and all the Terrors of infernal Pains baniſhed, and headlong driven quite away, that from the Bottom ſo diſturb the Life of Man, and cover all Things with the Gloom of Death, and leave no Place for pure and unmixed Pleaſure to poſſeſs.

*Fear of Death the Cauſe of all Evils.*

For what Men vainly talk, [c] that Diſeaſes and an infamous Life are more to be feared than the Terrors of Death, and they know that the Soul conſiſts wholly in the [d] Blood, and therefore they want no Aſſiſtance from our Philoſophy, I would have you obſerve, that thoſe Boaſts are thrown out more for the ſake of Praiſe and popular Breath (if their Vanity by chance leads that way) than that they believe any ſuch thing; for let theſe very Men be baniſhed from their Country, and driven into a Deſert far from human Sight, ſtained with the Guilt of the fouleſt Crimes, yet they live on, afflicted as they are, with all Sorts of Miſery, and wherever the Wretches come, they fall a-ſacrificing, and ſlay [e] black Cattle, and offer Victims to the infernal

[c] Other Philoſophers, he ſays, have talk'd big about the Soul's Mortality, but when the Trial came, they ſtartled at the Approach of Death, and choſe patiently to live on, though ever ſo miſerably; and, when they came to die, were Cowards.

[d] Some were of Opinion, that the Soul was a Suffuſion of Blood about the Heart, and conſequently, that it is the Blood itſelf.

[e] The Ancients were uſed to offer black Victims to the infernal Gods and to the Dead, but white to the Gods above.

Gods;

*Inferias mittunt: Multóque in rebus acerbis*
*Acriùs advertunt animos ad Relligionem.*
*Quò magis in dubiis hominem ſpectare periclis*
*Convenit, adverſiſque in rebus noſcere qui ſit.*
*Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo*
*Ejiciuntur, & eripitur Perſona, manet Res.*
*Denique Avarities, & Honorum cæca cupido,*
*Quæ miſeros homines cogunt tranſcendere fineis*
*Juris, & interdum ſocios ſcelerum, atque miniſtros*
*Noctes atque dies niti præſtante labore*
*Ad ſummas emergere opeis: Hæc vulnera vitæ*
*Non minimam partem Mortis formidine aluntur.*
*Turpis enim Fama, & Contemptus, & acris Egeſtas*
*Semota ab dulci Vita ſtabilique videntur:*
*Et quaſi jam Lethi portas cunctarier ante:*
*Unde homines, dum ſe falſo terrore coacti*
*Refugiſſe volunt longè, longéque recêſſe:*
*Sanguine civili rem conflant: divitiaſque*
*Conduplicant avidi, cædem cædi accumulantes.*
*Crudeles gaudent in triſti funere Fratris:*
*Et Conſanguineûm menſas odere, timentque.*
*Conſimili ratione ab eodem ſæpe timore*
*Macerat invidia: ante oculos illum eſſe potentem,*
*Illum aſpectari, claroque incedere honore;*

*Ipſi*

Gods; and in this deplorable State, they, with more than common Zeal, apply themſelves to the Offices of Religion.

AND therefore it is proper to view Men rather under a doubtful Fortune, and obſerve how they behave in Circumſtances of Diſtreſs; for then they ſpeak Truth from the bottom of their Hearts, the Maſk is pulled off, and the real Man ſhews undiſguiſed.

[f] BESIDES, Covetouſneſs and the blind Deſire of Honours, which compel unhappy Men to exceed the Bounds of Right, and urge on the Partners and Aſſiſtants of their Crimes to ſtrive Day and Night with the utmoſt Pains, to arrive at the Height of Wealth: Theſe Plagues of Life are chiefly nouriſhed by the Fear of Death; for Infamy, and Contempt, and ſharp Want, ſeem far removed from a ſweet and pure State of Life, and, as it were, hover about the Gates of Death; and therefore whilſt Men, poſſeſſed by a falſe Fear, labour to avoid, and ſtand at the remoteſt Diſtance from them, they add to their Heaps by Civil War, and, inſatiable as they are, double their Riches, heaping one Murder upon another. They laugh with cruel Delight at the ſad Funeral of a Brother, and hate and fear the Entertainments of their neareſt Relations.

FROM the ſame Cauſe and from the ſame Fear, Envy often becomes the Tormentor of Mankind; they complain that one is raiſed to Power before their Eyes, another to Reſpect, a third diſtinguiſhed by ſhining Honours, whilſt they

[f] *Faber* ſays, the following Lines contain ſo many excellent Things in them, that they cannot be ſufficiently conſidered and admired.

lie

*Ipſi ſe in tenebris volvi, cœnoque queruntur.*
*Intereunt partim ſtatuarum, & nominis ergô:*
*Et ſæpe uſque adeo, Mortis formidine, vitæ*
*Percipit humanos odium, luciſque videndæ,*
*Ut ſibi conſciſcant mœrenti pectore Lethum,*
*Obliti fontem curarum hunc eſſe Timorem,*
*Hunc vexare pudorem, Hunc vincula amicitiaï*
*Rumpere, & in ſumma pietatem evertere fundo.*
*Nam jam ſæpe homines patriam, caroſque parenteis*
*Prodiderunt, vitare Acheruſia templa petentes.*
*Nam veluti Pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis*
*In tenebris metuunt: Sic Nos in luce timemus*
*Interdum, nihilo quæ ſunt metuenda magis, quàm*
*Quæ Pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.*
*Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebraſque neceſſe 'ſt*
*Non radii ſolis, neque lucida tela diei*
*Diſcutiant, ſed Naturæ ſpecies, Ratioque.*
*Primùm* ANIMUM *dico (mentem quem ſæpe vocamus)*
*In quo conſilium vitæ, regimenque locatum 'ſt,*
*Eſſe hominis Partem nihilo minus, ac Manus, & Pes,*
*Atque Oculi partes animantis totius extant.*
*Quamvis multa quidem Sapientum turba putârunt*
*Senſum animi certa non eſſe in parte locatum:*
*Verum Habitum quendam vitalem corporis eſſe,*
*Harmoniam Graii quam dicunt, quod faciat nos*

*Vivere*

lie buried in Obſcurity, and are trod upon like Dirt, and ſo they pine themſelves to death for the ſake of Statues and a Name; and ſome Men, from a Fear of Death, conceive ſo great a Hatred for Life, and the Preſervation of their Being, that in a gloomy Fit they become their own Executioners; not conſidering that this Fear of Death is the Source of all their Cares, this breaks through all Shame, diſſolves the Bonds of Friendſhip, and in ſhort overturns the Foundations of all Goodneſs; for ſome we ſee betray their Country and their dear Parents, ſtriving by that means to deliver themſelves from Death, and the Pains of Hell.

FOR as Boys tremble, and fear every Thing in the dark Night, ſo we, in open Day, fear Things as vain and little to be feared, as thoſe that Children quake at in the dark, and fancy advancing towards them. This Terror of the Mind, this Darkneſs then, not the Sun's Beams, nor the bright Rays of Day can ſcatter, but the Light of Nature and the Rules of Reaſon.

FIRST then, [e] I ſay, the *Mind* of Man (which we commonly call the *Soul)* in which is placed the Conduct and Government of Life, is a Part of Man no leſs than the Hand, the Foot, the Eyes, are Parts of the whole Animal; though many of the Philoſophick Herd have fancied, that the Senſe of the *Mind* is not fixed to any particular Part, but is a ſort of vital Habit of the whole Body, which the *Greeks* call

*The Mind is a Subſtance.*

[e] Some Philoſophers held the Mind (the chief Part of the Soul, the Soul conſiſting of three Parts, the Mind, the Memory, and the Will) to be a vital Habit of Body, as Health in a Man; he inſiſts it is a Part of Man diſtinct from the Body no leſs than the Hand, the Foot, &c. he will have it to be corporeal, and an integral Part of Man.

*Vivere cum ſenſu, nulla cùm in parte fiet Mens:*
*Ut bona ſæpe Valetudo cùm dicitur eſſe*
*Corporis, & non eſt tamen hæc pars ulla Valentis:*
*Sic Animi ſenſum non certa parte reponunt:*
*Magnopere in quo mî diverſi errare videntur.*
*Sæpe utique in promptu Corpus, quod cernitur, ægrit,*
*Cùm tamen ex alia lætamur parte latenti:*
*Et retrò fit, uti contra ſit ſæpe viciſſim,*
*Cùm miſer ex animo, lætatur Corpore toto:*
*Non alio pacto, quàm ſi Pes cùm dolet ægri,*
*In nullo Caput interea ſit forte dolore.*
*Præterea molli ſomno cùm dedita membra,*
*Effuſumque jacet ſine ſenſu Corpus onuſtum:*
*Eſt aliud tamen in nobis, quod tempore in illo*
*Multimodis agitatur, & omneis accipit in ſe*
*Lætitiæ motus, & curas cordis inaneis.*
*Nunc Animam quoque ut in membris cognoſcere poſſis*
*Eſſe, neque Harmoniam corpus retinere ſolere:*
*Principiò fit, uti detracto Corpore multo,*
*Sæpe tamen nobis in membris Vita moretur.*
*Atque eadem rurſus cum Corpora pauca caloris*

*Diffugere,*

*Harmony*; and thence flows all our Senſe, and the Mind has no particular Place for its Abode: As when we ſay, Health belongs to the Body, yet it is no Part of the Body that is in Health, ſo no particular Part, they tell us, is the Reſidence of the Mind; but in this they ſeem to be egregiouſly in the wrong, for often when ſome viſible Part of the Body ſuffers Pain, we feel Pleaſure in ſome other Part to us unſeen; and the contrary often happens in its turn, that a Man diſturb'd in Mind is perfectly well all over his Body, in the ſame manner as when a Man has the Gout in his Foot, his Head at the ſame time is free from Pain. *Not Harmony.*

Besides, when our Limbs are given up to ſoft Sleep, and the wearied Body lies ſtretched at length without Senſe, there is ſomething within that in the very time is variouſly affected, and receives into itſelf all the Impreſſions of Joy, and empty Cares that torment the Heart.

But to convince you, that the Soul is a Part like other Limbs, and not as a Harmony, takes up the whole Body[h], obſerve firſt that many Members of the Body may be cut off, yet often Life remains in the reſt; and again, the ſame Life, when a few certain Particles of vital Heat

[h] In Muſical Inſtruments, if you take off ſome of the Strings, the Accord periſhes; ſo if the Soul were the Harmony of the Body, when ſome of the Members were lopt off, the Harmony of the whole Body would periſh likewiſe, and ſo the Life and Senſe would be gone; but we know ſome of the Limbs may be loſt, and Men may retain their Senſes: And therefore the Life and Senſe do not proceed from the Harmony of the Members. Indeed if ſome certain Particles of Heat and Vapour fly off from the Body, the Animal will die; and therefore Life and Senſe depend upon thoſe Particles of Heat and Vapour.

*Diffugere, foraſque per os eſt editus aër:*
*Deſerit extemplo venas, atque oſſa relinquit:*
*Noſcere ut hinc poſſis, non æquas omnia parteis*
*Corpora habere, neque ex æquo fulcire ſalutem:*
*Sed magis hæc, Venti quæ ſunt, calidique Vaporis*
*Semina, curare in membris ut Vita moretur.*
*Eſt igitur Calor, ac Ventus vitalis in ipſo*
*Corpore, qui nobis moribundos deſerit artus.*

*Quapropter, quoniam 'ſt Animi natura reperta,*
*Atque Animæ, quaſi pars Hominis: redde Harmoniaï*
*Nomen ab organico ſaltu delatum Heliconis,*
*Sive aliunde ipſi porro traxere: & in illam*
*Tranſtulerunt, proprio quæ tum res nomine egebat,*
*Quicquid id eſt, habeant: Tu cætera percipe dicta.*
*Nunc Animum, atque Animam dico conjuncta teneri*
*Inter ſe, atque unam naturam conficere ex ſe:*
*Sed Caput eſſe quaſi, & dominari in corpore toto*
*Conſilium, quod nos Animum, Mentemque vocamus:*
*Idque ſitum media regione in pectoris hæret.*
*Hîc exſultat enim Pavor, ac Metus hæc loca circum*
*Lætitiæ mulcent: hîc ergo Mens Animuſque 'ſt.*
*Cætera pars Animæ per totum diſſita corpus*
*Paret: & ad numen Mentis, momenque movetur:*

*Idque*

fly off, and our laſt Breath is blown through the Mouth, immediately leaves Poſſeſſion of our Veins and Bones; and this will give you to underſtand, that all the Particles of Matter are not of equal Conſequence to the Body, nor do they equally ſecure our Lives; but the Particles of our Breath, and the warm Vapour, are of principal Concern to preſerve Life to us in all our Limbs. This Warmth therefore, this Vapour reſides in the Body, and leave our Limbs as Death makes Approaches towards us.

BUT ſince the Nature of the Mind and Soul is diſcover'd to be a Part of the Man, give theſe Fiddlers their favourite word *Harmony* again, taken from the Muſick of the Harp, or whence ſoever they borrowed the Name, and applied it to the Soul, which then forſooth! had no proper Name of its own; however it be, let them take it again, and do you attend what follows.

I SAY then, that the [1] Mind and Soul are united together, and ſo joined make up one ſingle Nature; but what we call the Mind is as it were the Head, and conducts and governs the whole Body, and keeps its fixed Reſidence in the middle Region of the Heart. Here our Paſſions live, our Dread and Fear beat here, here our Joys make every thing ſerene, here therefore muſt be the Seat of the Mind. The other Part, the Soul, ſpread through the whole Body, obeys this Mind, and is moved by the Nod and Impulſe of it. *The Mind and Soul are one.*

[1] He uſes the words *Mind* and *Soul* indifferently; the Mind, which is the nobleſt Part in which the Reaſon reſides, he places in the Heart, where all the Paſſions have their Seat likewiſe: The Soul, which is the inferior Part of this Nature, and in which the locomotive Faculty is placed, is diffuſed through the whole Body, and moves as the Mind directs; yet, tho' it obeys the Mind, it partakes not of all its Paſſions, but of thoſe alone that are violent.

*Idque sibi solum per se sapit, & sibi gaudet:*
*Cùm neque res Animam, neque Corpus commovet ulla.*
*Et quasi cùm Caput aut Oculus, tentante dolore,*
*Læditur in nobis, non omni concruciamur*
*Corpore: sic Animus nonnunquam læditur ipse,*
*Lætitiaque viget, cùm cætera pars Animaï*
*Per membra, atque artus nulla novitate cietur.*
*Verùm ubi vehementi magis est commota metu Mens,*
*Consentire Animam totam per membra videmus:*
*Sudores itaque & pallorem existere toto*
*Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocemque aboriri,*
*Caligare oculos, sonere aureis, succidere artus.*
*Denique concidere ex Animi terrore videmus*
*Sæpe homines, facilè ut quivis hinc noscere possit,*
*Esse Animam cum Animo conjunctam; quæ cum Animi vi*
*Percussa 'st, exin corpus propellit, & icit.*
*Hæc eadem ratio naturam Animi, atque Animaï*
*Corpoream docet esse, ubi enim propellere membra,*
*Conripere ex somno corpus, mutareque voltum,*
*Atque hominem totum regere ac versare videtur:*
*(Quorum nil fieri sine tactu posse videmus:*
*Nec tactum porro sine Corpore) nonne fatendum 'st*
*Corporea natura Animam constare, Animamque?*
*Præterea pariter fungi cum Corpore: & una*
*Consentire Animum nobis in corpore cernis.*
*Si minùs offendit vitam vis horrida teli*
*Ossibus ac nervis discluſis intùs adacta:*
*Attamen insequitur languor, terræque petitus*
*Suavis, & in terra Mentis qui gignitur æstus,*
*Interdumque quasi exsurgendi incerta voluntas.*

*Ergo*

This Mind can think of itſelf alone, and of itſelf rejoice, when the Soul and Body are no ways affected; as when the Head or the Eye is hurt by ſenſible Pain, we are not tormented over all the Body, ſo the Mind is ſometimes grieved or cheered with Joy, when the other Part, the Soul, diffuſed through the Limbs, is agitated with no new Motion at all. But when the Mind is ſhaken with violent Fear, we ſee the Soul through all the Limbs partakes of the ſame Diſorder. Cold Sweats and Paleneſs ſpread all the Body over, the Tongue faulters, the Speech fails, the Eyes grow dim, the Ears tingle, and the Limbs quake; in ſhort, we often ſee Men fall down from a Terror of the Mind: From whence we may eaſily conclude, that the Soul is united with the Mind, and when ſhe is preſſed forcibly with its Impulſe, then ſhe drives on the Body, and puts it in Motion.

BY this Rule therefore we find, that the Nature of the Mind and Soul is corporeal; for we ſee it ſhakes the Limbs, rouſes the Body from Sleep, changes the Countenance, and directs and governs the whole Man. (Nothing of which can be done without Touch, and there can be no Touch without Body.) Should we not then allow that the Mind and Soul are corporeal in their Nature?

BESIDES, you ſee the Mind ſuffers with the Body, and bears a ſhare with it in all it endures; if the violent Force of a Dart pierces the Body, and ſhatters the Bones and Nerves, tho' Death does not inſtantly follow, yet a Faintneſs ſucceeds, and a ſort of pleaſing Deſire of ſinking to the ground, a paſſionate Reſolution to die, and then again the Will fluctuates and wiſhes to live: the Mind therefore muſt needs be of a corporeal

*Ergo corpoream naturam Animi eſſe neceſſe 'ſt:*
*Corporeis quoniam telis, ictuque laborat.*
*Is tibi nunc Animus quali ſit corpore, & unde*
*Conſtiterit, pergam rationem reddere dictis.*
*Principio eſſe aio perſubtilem atque minutis*
*Perquam Corporibus factum conſtare: id ita eſſe,*
*Hinc licet advertas animum, ut pernoſcere poſſis,*
*Nil adeo fieri celeri ratione videtur,*
*Quàm ſi Mens fieri proponit, & inchoat ipſa.*
*Ociùs ergo Animus, quàm res ſe perciet ulla,*
*Ante oculos quarum in promptu natura videtur.*
*At quod mobile tantopere 'ſt conſtare rotundis*
*Perquàm ſeminibus debet, perquàmque minutis:*
*Momine uti parvo poſſint impulſa moveri.*
*Namque movetur Aqua, & tantillo momine flutat:*
*Quippe volubilibus, parviſque creata figuris.*
*At contrà Mellis conſtantior eſt natura,*
*Et pigri latices magis, & cunctantior actus.*
*Hæret enim inter ſe magis omnis materiaï*
*Copia: Nimirum quia non tam lævibus extat*
*Corporibus, neque tam ſubtilibus atque rotundis:*
*Namque Papaverum, aura poteſt ſuſpenſa, leviſque*
*Cogere, ut ab ſummo tibi diffluat altus acervus:*
*At contra Lapidum conjectum, Spiclorumque*
*Nenu poteſt: igitur parviſſima corpora quantò*
*Et lævisſima ſunt, ita mobilitata feruntur.*
*At contrà quò quæque magis cum pondere magno,*
*Aſperaque inveniuntur, eò ſtabilita magis ſunt.*
*Nunc igitur, quoniam 'ſt Animi natura reperta*
*Mobilis egregie: Perquàm conſtare neceſſe 'ſt*
*Corporibus parvis & lævibus atque rotundis.*

Quæ

Nature, becauſe it ſuffers Pain by the Stroke of Darts, which we know are Bodies.

I SHALL now go on to explain clearly of what ſort of Body this Mind conſiſts, and of what Principles it is formed. [k] And firſt I ſay, that the Mind is compoſed of very ſubtil and minute Seeds; that it is ſo, attend cloſely, and you will find that nothing is accompliſhed with ſo much Speed as what the Mind attempts, and propoſes to execute; the Mind therefore is ſwifter in its Motion, than any thing in Nature we can ſee or conceive. But that which is ſo exceedingly quick to move, muſt conſiſt of the roundeſt and moſt minute Seeds, that may be ſet a-going by the lighteſt Impulſe. So Water is moved and diſpoſed to flow by ever ſo little Force, becauſe it is compoſed of ſmall and ſlippery Seeds; but the Nature of Honey is more tenacious, its Moiſture is more unactive, and its Motion ſlower; its Principles ſtick cloſer among themſelves; and for this Reaſon, becauſe it conſiſts of Seeds not ſo ſmooth, ſo ſubtil, and ſo round. And thus, a large Heap of Poppy-Seeds is blown away by the gentleſt Breath of Wind, and ſcatter'd abroad; but no Blaſt can ſhake a Heap of Stones or Darts: Therefore the ſmoother and ſmaller the Principles of Bodies are, the more eaſily they are diſpoſed to Motion, and the heavier and rougher the Seeds are, the more fixed and ſtable they remain.

*The Mind compoſed of Seeds ſmall and round.*

SINCE therefore the Nature of the Mind is ſo exceedingly apt to move, it muſt needs conſiſt of ſmall, ſmooth, and round Seeds; and your

[k] The Atoms that compoſe the Mind are very ſmall, ſmooth and round; for the Mind is moſt eaſy to be moved, and therefore muſt be compoſed of Particles which by their Texture are moſt ſubject to Motion.

knowing

*Quæ tibi cognita res in multis, O* BONE, *rebus*
*Utilis invenietur, & oportuna cluebit.*
*Hæc quoque res etiam naturam deliquat ejus,*
*Quàm tenui conſtet textura; quàmque loco ſe*
*Contineat parvo, ſi poſſit conglomerari:*
*Quòd ſimul atque Hominem lethi ſecura quies eſt*
*Indepta, atque Animi natura, Animæque receſſit:*
*Nil ibi limatum de toto Corpore cernas*
*Ad ſpeciem, nil ad pondus: Mors omnia præſtat,*
*Vitalem præter ſenſum, calidumque vaporem.*
*Ergo Animam totam perparvis eſſe neceſſe 'ſt*
*Seminibus, nexam per venas, viſcera, nervos:*
*Quatinus omnis ubi è toto jam Corpore ceſſit,*
*Extima membrorum circum-cæſura tamen ſe*
*Incolumem præſtat: Nec defit ponderis hilum:*
*Quod genus eſt Bacchi cùm flos evanuit, aut cùm*
*Spiritus Unguenti ſuavis diffugit in auras:*
*Aut aliquo cùm jam Succus de corpore ceſſit:*
*Nil oculis tamen eſſe minor res ipſa videtur*
*Propterea, neque detractum de pondere quicquam:*
*Nimirum, quia multa, minutaque ſemina Succos*
*Efficiunt, & Odorem in toto corpore rerum.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam Mentis naturam, Animæque*
*Scire licet perquam pauxillis eſſe creatam*
*Seminibus: Quoniam fugiens nil ponderis aufert.*
*Nec tamen hæc ſimplex nobis natura putanda 'ſt.*
*Tenuis enim quædam moribundos deſerit Aura*

*Miſta*

knowing this, my ſweet Youth, will be found of great uſe, and very ſeaſonable for your future Enquiries. This will diſcover clearly to you its Nature, of what tenuious Parts it is formed, in how ſmall a Space it might be contained, if it could be ſqueezed together; for when the calm Reſt of Death has poſſeſſion of a Man, and the Mind and Soul are retired, you will find nothing taken away from the Body as to its Bulk, nothing as to its Weight. Death leaves every thing complete, except the vital Senſe and the warm Breath; the whole Soul therefore muſt needs be formed of very ſmall Seeds, as it lies diffuſed through the Veins, the Bowels, and the Nerves; becauſe when it has wholly left every Part of the Body, the outward Shape of the Limbs remains entire, and they want not a Hair of their Weight. And this is the Nature of Wine, when the Flavour of it is gone, and of Ointments, when their ſweet Odours are evaporated into Air. And thus it is, when any Moiſture perſpires through the Pores of the Body, the Bulk does not appear leſs to the Eye, upon that account, nor is there any thing taken off from the Weight; for many and ſmall are the Seeds that compoſe the Moiſture and the Smell in the Contexture of all Bodies: And therefore we may be well aſſured, that the Nature of the Mind and Soul is formed of exceeding little Principles, becauſe when it leaves the Body, it detracts nothing from the Weight.

Yet we are not to ſuppoſe this Nature of the Mind to be ſimple and unmixed; for [1] a thin

[1] He had obſerved, that a Vapour exhales from dying Animals, and that warm too, together with Air intermixed, without which there is generally no Heat; but a dying Perſon expires or breathes out his Soul, therefore that Soul conſiſts of Vapour, Air, and Heat.

Breath

*Miſta Vapore, Vapor porro trahit Aëra ſecum;*
*Nec Calor eſt quiſquam, cui non ſit miſtus & Aër.*
*Rara quòd ejus enim conſtat natura neceſſe 'ſt*
*Aëris inter eum primordia multa cieri.*
*Jam triplex Animi 'ſt igitur natura reperta.*
*Nec tamen hæc ſat ſunt ad Senſum cuncta creandum:*
*Nil horum quoniam recipit mens poſſe creare*
*Senſiferos motus, quædam qui mente volutent.*
*Quarta quoque his igitur quædam natura neceſſe 'ſt*
*Attribuatur: (ea 'ſt omninò nominis expers:)*
*Qua neque mobilius quicquam, neque tenuius extat,*
*Nec magis è parvis, aut lævibus ex elementis:*
*Senſiferos motus qui didit prima per artus.*
*Prima cietur enim parvis perfecta figuris,*
*Inde Calor motus, & Venti cæca poteſtas*
*Accipit: inde Aër: inde omnia mobilitantur:*
*Tum quatitur ſanguis, tum viſcera perſentiſcunt*
*Omnia; poſtremò datur oſſibus, atque medullis*
*Sive voluptas eſt, ſive 'ſt contrarius ardor.*
*Nec temerè huc dolor uſque poteſt penetrare, neque acre*
*Permanare malum, quin omnia perturbentur:*
*Uſque adeo ut vitæ deſit locus, atque Animaï*
*Diffugiant partes per caulas Corporis omneis.*
*Sed plerumque fit in ſummo quaſi corpore finis*
*Motibus, hanc ob rem vitam retinere valemus.*
*Nunc, ea quo pacto inter ſeſe miſta, quibuſque*
*Compta modis vigeant, rationem reddere aventem*

*Abſtrahit*

Breath mingled with a warm Vapour, forſakes the Bodies of dying Men; and this Vapour draws the Air along with it, for there can be no Heat without Air intermix'd, and Heat being in its Nature rare, muſt needs have ſome Seeds of Air united with it. We find then the Mind conſiſts of three Principles, of Vapour, Air and Heat; yet all theſe are not ſufficient to produce Senſe: For we cannot conceive that either of theſe, or all of them united, can be the Cauſe of ſenſible Motions that may produce Reaſon and Thought.

*The Mind conſiſts of four Parts.*

And therefore a fourth Nature muſt needs be added to theſe (and This indeed has no Name at all) but nothing can be more apt to move, nothing more ſubtil than it is, nor conſiſt more of ſmall ſmooth Seeds; and this is what firſt raiſes a ſenſible Motion through the Body: This, as it is formed of the minuteſt Particles, is firſt put into Motion, then the Heat, and the unſeen Vapour receive a Motion from it, and then the Air, and ſo all the Limbs are ſet a-going; then is the Blood agitated, and all the Bowels become ſenſible, and laſt of all, Pleaſure or Pain is communicated to the Bones and Marrow. But no Pain or any violent Evil can pierce ſo far without diſordering and ſetting the whole into confuſion, ſo that there is no more Place for Life, and the Parts of the Soul fly away through the Pores of the Body. But this Motion often ſtops upon the Surface of the Body, and then the Soul remains whole, and the Life is preſerved.

[m] Now, how theſe four Principles are mixed, and in what manner they ſubſiſt, I am very deſirous

[m] The *Epicurean* Soul conſiſts of theſe four Things, Heat, Vapour or Wind, Air, and the fourth, ſomething without a Name.

*Abſtrahit invitum patrii ſermonis egeſtas.*
*Sed tamen, ut potero ſummatim attingere, tangam.*
*Inter enim curſant Primordia principiorum*
*Motibus inter ſe, nihil ut ſecernier unum*
*Poſſit; nec ſpatio fieri diviſa poteſtas:*
*Sed quaſi multæ vis unius corporis extant.*
*Quod genus in quovis Animantum viſcere volgò*
*Eſt Odor, & quidam Calor, & Sapor: Et tamen ex his*
*Omnibus eſt unum perfectum Corporis augmen.*
*Sic Calor, atque Aër, & Venti cæca poteſtas*
*Miſta creant unam naturam, & mobilis illa*
*Vis, initium motus ab ſe quæ dividit ollis,*
*Senſifer unde oritur primùm per viſcera motus.*
*Nam penitus prorſum latet Hæc natura, ſubeſtque:*
*Nec magis Hac infra quicquam eſt in corpore noſtro:*
*Atque Anima 'ſt Animæ proporro totius ipſa:*
*Quod genus in noſtris membris, & corpore toto*
*Miſta latens Animi vis eſt, animæque poteſtas;*
*Corporibus quia de parvis, pauciſque creata 'ſt:*
*Sic tibi nominis Hæc expers Vis, facta minutis*
*Corporibus latet: Atque Animaï totius ipſa*
*Proporro 'ſt Anima, & dominatur corpore toto.*
*Conſimili ratione neceſſe 'ſt Ventus, & Aër,*

*Et*

rous to explain, but the Poorneſs of the Latin Tongue prevents me, againſt my Will; yet, as far as that permits, I will endeavour briefly to touch upon this Subject. The Seeds then of theſe Principles move ſo confuſedly among themſelves, that no one of them can be ſeparated from another, nor is there any Place ſeverally allotted to each, where any one can act by itſelf; but they are, as it were, many Powers of the ſame Body. As in a Piece of any Animal there is Smell, and Heat, and Taſte, and out of all theſe one perfect Body is compoſed; ſo Heat, and Air, and the inviſible Vapour, and that fourth active Quality, (which is the Principle of Motion to the other three, and from whence all ſenſible Motion riſes through the Limbs) compoſe by their Mixture one moſt ſubtil Subſtance, or one Nature. This fourth Something is deeply fixed in the inmoſt Receſſes of the Body, nor is there any thing in the whole Body more ſecretly and inwardly placed; it is, as it were, the very Soul of the Soul itſelf: For as in the Limbs, and through all the Body, the united Force and Power of the Mind and Soul are hid and unſeen, becauſe they are formed of ſmall and few Seeds, ſo this Something without a Name being compoſed of minute Principles, lies deep and concealed; it is the very Soul of the whole Soul itſelf, and governs the whole Body. By the ſame Rule it is neceſſary that the

Name. They are all blended together, ſo as to compoſe one moſt ſubtil Subſtance, which being diffuſed through the whole Body of the Animal, is contained by and within the Body, and is the Cauſe of its Preſervation; yet they are not all ſeated in the ſame Place. That Part of the Body which is properly called the Mind is placed deepeſt in the inmoſt Receſſes of the Body, and is, as it were, the Foundation of the whole Soul.

Vapour,

*Et Calor inter ſe vigeant commiſta per artus:*
*Atque aliis aliud ſubſit magis, emineatque:*
*Ut quiddam fieri videatur de omnibus unum:*
*Ne Calor, ac Ventus ſeorſum, ſeorſumque poteſtas*
*Aëris interimant ſenſum, diductaque ſolvant.*
*Eſt etiam Calor ille animo, quem ſumit in ira,*
*Cum ferviſcit, & ex oculis micat acribus ardor.*
*Eſt & frigida multa comes formidinis Aura:*
*Quæ ciet horrorem in membris, & concitat artus.*
*Eſt etiam quoque pacati ſtatus Aëris ille,*
*Pectore tranquillo qui fit, voltuque ſereno.*
*Sed Calidi plus eſt illis, quibus acria corda,*
*Iracundaque mens facilè effervíſcit in ira;*
*Quo genere in primis vis eſt violenta Leonum:*
*Pectora qui fremitu rumpunt plerumque gementes,*
*Nec capere irarum fluctus in pectore poſſunt.*
*At Ventoſa magis Cervorum frigida mens eſt,*
*Et gelidas citiùs per viſcera concitat auras:*
*Quæ tremulum faciunt membris exiſtere motum,*
*At natura Boum placido magis Aëre vivit,*
*Nec nimis iraï fax unquam ſubdita percit*
*Fumida ſuffundens cæcæ caliginis umbras;*
*Nec gelidi torpet telis perfixa pavoris:*
*Inter utroſque ſita 'ſt, Cervos, ſævoſque Leones.*
*Sic Hominum genus eſt. quamvis Doctrina politos*

*Conſtituat*

Vapour, the Air, and the Heat be ſo properly mingled through the Limbs, and be diſpoſed either higher or lower than one another, that one certain Nature may be formed from all; leſt the Power of the Heat, the Vapour, and the Air being divided and ſeparately placed, might deſtroy the Senſe, and prevent its Operation.

HEAT prevails in the Mind when the Creature is enraged, grows hot, and Fire ſparkles from its glowing Eyes. Much Vapour is cold, and the Companion of Fear, it excites Horror in the Body, and ſhakes the Limbs; but Air is of a calm and mild Quality, it reſides in a quiet Breaſt, and a ſerene Countenance. But thoſe have moſt Heat whoſe Hearts are fierce, and whoſe angry Mind is ſoon inflamed into Paſſion. Of this ſort, in the firſt place, is the diſtracted Fury of Lions, who roaring, often burſt their very Breaſts, and are unable to contain the Torrent of Rage that ſwells within. The cold Temper of the Deer has more of Vapour, and ſooner incites a Chillneſs in the Limbs, which cauſes a trembling Motion through the whole Body. But the Nature of the Ox conſiſts more of ſoft Air, nor does the ſmoaky Firebrand of Anger (that ſpreads a Shade of black Darkneſs over the Mind) too much inflame him, nor is he ſtupified by the Darts of chilling Fear, but his Nature is placed between both, between the fierce Lion and the Deer.

[n] THE Mind of Man is formed of the ſame Principles, tho' the Diſcipline of Philoſophy may

[n] The infinite Variety of Tempers proceeds from the Variety of Mixture that may be made of theſe three Things, by reaſon of the different Degrees of each Ingredient; yet a vicious Nature may be greatly corrected by Philoſophy, tho' not wholly ſubdued.

*Conſtituat pariter quoſdam, tamen illa relinquit*
*Naturæ cujuſque Animæ veſtigia prima.*
*Nec radicitùs evelli mala poſſe putandum 'ſt,*
*Quin proclivius Hic iras decurrat ad acreis;*
*Ille metu citiùs paullo tentetur: at Ille*
*Tertius accipiat quædam clementiùs æquo.*
*Inque aliis rebus multis differre neceſſe 'ſt*
*Naturas hominum varias, moreſque ſequaceis:*
*Quorum ego nunc nequeo cæcas exponere cauſas,*
*Nec reperire figurarum tot nomina, quot ſunt*
*Principiis, unde hæc oritur variantia rerum.*
*Illud in his rebus videor firmare poteſſe,*
*Uſque adeo Naturarum veſtigia linqui*
*Parvola, quæ nequeat Ratio depellere dictis:*
*Ut nihil impediat dignam Diis degere vitam.*
*Hæc igitur Natura tenetur Corpore ab omni,*
*Ipſaque corporis eſt cuſtos, & cauſa ſalutis;*
*Nam communibus inter ſe radicibus hærent:*
*Nec ſine pernicie divelli poſſe videntur.*
*Quod genus è Turis glebis evellere Odorem*
*Haud facile 'ſt, quin intereat natura quoque ejus.*
*Sic Animi, atque Animæ naturam corpore toto*
*Extrahere haud facile 'ſt, quin omnia diſſolvantur:*
*Implexis ita principiis ab origine prima*

*Inter*

poliſh and correct ſome, yet it leaves behind the Marks of the original Nature of the Mind, nor are we to think, that the Seeds of Vice can be wholly rooted out. One Man, we ſee, runs more raſhly into Paſſion, another is more diſpoſed to Fear, and a third is apt to be more merciful than juſt; it is impoſſible but the various Tempers of Mankind, and the Actions that follow them, muſt differ in many other Inſtances, the Reaſons of which are at preſent out of my power to explain; nor can I find Words to expreſs that Variety of Figures by which the Seeds are diſtinguiſhed, and from whence this Variety of Diſpoſition is produced. This however may juſtly be aſſerted on this occaſion, that the Traces of original Nature, which cannot be corrected by the Rules of Reaſon, are ſo very ſmall, that nothing hinders us from leading a Life worthy of the Gods.

° THIS Nature therefore of the Soul is contained by the whole Body; it is the Keeper of the Body, and the Cauſe of its Safety: for they are both united cloſely together by mutual Bonds, nor can they be torn aſunder but by the Deſtruction of both. As it is impoſſible to ſeparate the Odour from a Lump of Frankincenſe, but the Nature of both muſt periſh, ſo it is equally difficult to part the Mind and Soul from the whole Body, but they muſt all be diſſolved. Of ſuch interwoven Principles are they formed

° The *Epicureans* believed an Animal to be as it were a Web in the Loom, that the Body is as the Chain, and the Soul the Woof, ſo that the Intermixture of each with the other compoſes the whole Work; but if either of them be diſſolv'd, the other, and therefore both together, muſt be diſſolved likewiſe.

*Inter se fiunt consorti prædita vita:*
*Nec sine vi quicquam alterius sibi posse videtur*
*Corporis, atque Animi seorsum sentire potestas:*
*Sed communibus inter eos conflatur utrinque*
*Motibus accensus nobis per viscera Sensus.*
*Præterea, Corpus per se nec gignitur unquam,*
*Nec crescit, nec post mortem durare videtur.*
*Non enim ut Humor aquæ dimittit sæpe vaporem,*
*Qui datus est, neque ab hac causa convellitur ipse,*
*Sed manet incolumis: non, inquam, sic Animai*
*Discidium possunt artus perferre relicti:*
*Sed penitùs pereunt convolsi, conque putrescunt.*
*Ex ineunte ævo sic Corporis atque Animai*
*Mutua vitaleis discunt contagia motus,*
*Maternis etiam in membris, alvoque repôsta;*
*Discidium ut nequeat fieri sine peste, maloque:*
*Ut videas, quoniam conjuncta 'st causa salutis,*
*Conjunctam quoque naturam consistere eorum.*
*Quod superest, si quis Corpus sentire renutat:*
*Atque Animam credit permistam Corpore toto*
*Suscipere hunc motum, quem Sensum nominitamus:*
*Vel manifestas res contra, verasque repugnat.*
*Quid sit enim Corpus sentire quis afferet unquam,*
*Si non ipsa palam quod res dedit ac docuit nos?*

from their very Beginning, that they enjoy a common Life, nor have either of them, either the Mind or the Body in a ſeparate State, the Power of Senſe without the Aſſiſtance of each other, but Senſe is incited in us by the Nerves, from the common Motions of both, and by their joint Operations.

BESIDES, the Body is never born alone, nor does it grow or continue after the Soul is fled; for tho' Water throws off a Vapour when it is made hot, yet it is not by that means deſtroyed, but remains entire: The Limbs, I ſay, cannot with the ſame Safety bear the Separation of the Soul when it retires from them, but thus divided, they muſt all periſh and rot together. For the mutual Conjunction of the Soul and Body from the very Beginning, even as they lie in the Womb of the Mother, does ſo jointly promote the vital Motions, that no Separation can be made without Death and Diſſolution; from hence you learn, that ſince their Preſervation ſo much depends upon each other, their Natures alſo are inſeparably joined and united together.

BUT further, if any one denies that the Body has Senſe, and believes that the Soul diffuſed through the whole Body is only capable of that Motion we call Senſe, he oppoſes the plaineſt Evidence, and the Truth of all Experience; for who would ever pretend to ſay, that the Body has Senſe, if the Thing itſelf did not fully prove, and convince us of it? [p] But it is plain,

[p] The Reaſon why the Body does not retain the Faculty of Senſe after the Soul is gone, is becauſe that Power and Faculty belong not to the Body alone, but to the Body conjoin'd and united to the Soul.

*At dimissa Anima corpus caret undique sensu,*
*Perdit enim quod non proprium fuit ejus in ævo :*
*Multaque præterea perdit, cum expellitur ævo :*
*Dicere porro Oculos nullam rem cernere posse :*
*Sed per eos Animum ut foribus spectare recluſis,*
*Desipere 'st, contra cùm sensus dicat eorum :*
*Sensus enim trahit, atque acies detrudit ad ipsas.*
*Fulgida præsertim cùm cernere sæpe nequimus,*
*Lumina luminibus quia nobis præpediuntur :*
*Quod foribus non fit : neque enim, quâ cernimus ipsi,*
*Ostia susciplunt ullum recluſa laborem.*
*Præterea, si pro Foribus sunt lumina nostra,*
*Jam magis exemptis Oculis debere videtur*
*Cernere res Animus sublatis postibus ipsis.*
*Illud in his rebus nequaquam sumere possis,*
*Democriti quod sancta viri sententia ponit,*
*Corporis atque Animi primordia singula primis*
*Adposita alternis variare, ac nectere membra.*
*Nam cùm multò sunt Animaï elementa minora,*
*Quàm quibus è Corpus nobis & Viscera constant,*
*Tum numero quoque concedunt, & rara per artus*

*Dissita*

you'll ſay, that the Body is void of all Senſe when the Soul is gone: True, for this Faculty is not peculiar to the Body alone, but to the Soul and Body united; and we know the Senſe becomes weaker, and decays as the Body and Soul grow old together.

TO ſay likewiſe, that the Eyes can ſee nothing of themſelves, but the Mind looks through them as through Doors laid open, this is ridiculous, when Senſe itſelf tells them the contrary, and ſets it full in their View; eſpecially when we are unable to look upon Objects that dazzle the Eyes, becauſe our Sight is confounded by too great a Luſtre. This could not be, if they were mere Doors, nor are open Doors that we look through capable of Pain. Beſides, if our Eyes were no more than Doors, the Mind would ſee clearer when the Eyes were pulled out, and the whole Frame taken away.

IN this Caſe it is in vain to take ſhelter under the ſacred Opinion of [q] *Democritus*, who ſays, that as many Parts as there are of the Body, ſo many Parts too of the Soul are anſwerable, and are contained in them; for ſince the Principles of the Soul are not only much ſmaller than thoſe of which the Body and its Parts conſiſt, but are fewer in Number, and are ſpread thinly in di-

[q] It was the Opinion of the Philoſopher *Democritus*, that the Soul has as many Parts as the Body, but were this true, we ſhould feel every thing that touch'd any Part of the Body; for when any Particle of the Body, and the Part of the Soul that is joined to it come to be moved, why ſhould not Senſe ariſe from that Motion? But there are many Things, he obſerves, which we do not perceive when they touch us; therefore they miſtake who join a Part of the Soul to every Part of the Body.

*Diſſita ſunt, duntaxat ut hoc promittere poſſis,*
*Quantula prima queant nobis injecta ciere*
*Corpora ſenſiferos motus in Corpore, tanta*
*Intervalla tenere exordia prima Animaï.*
*Nam neque Pulveris interdum ſentimus adhæſum*
*Corpore, nec membris incuſſam inſidere Cretam,*
*Nec Nebulam noctu, nec Aranei tenuia fila*
*Obvia ſentimus, quando obretimur euntes:*
*Nec ſupra caput ejuſdem cecidiſſe vietam*
*Veſtem, nec Plumas avium, Pappoſque volanteis,*
*Qui nimia levitate cadunt plerumque gravatim:*
*Nec repentis itum cujuſviſcunque Animantis*
*Sentimus, nec priva pedum veſtigia quæque,*
*Corpore quæ in noſtro Culices, & cætera ponunt.*
*Uſque adeo priùs eſt in nobis multa ciendum*
*Semina, corporibus noſtris immiſta per artus,*
*Quàm primordia ſentiſcant concuſſa Animaï,*
*Et quàm intervallis tantis tuditantia poſſint*
*Concurſare, coire, & diſſultare viciſſim.*
*Et magis eſt Animus vitaï clauſtra coërcens,*
*Et dominantior ad vitam, quàm vis Animaï.*
*Nam ſine Mente, Animoque nequit reſidere per artus*
*Temporis exiguam partem pars ulla Animaï:*
*Sed comes inſequitur facilè, & diſcedit in auras;*
*Et gelidos artus in lethi frigore linquit.*

ſtant Spaces over all the Limbs, you may affirm ſo far, that the Principles of the Soul take up only ſo many different Spaces and Intervals, as may be ſufficient for thoſe little Seeds that are in us to incite thoſe Motions that produce Senſation. That this Senſe does not affect every minute Part of the Body is plain; for we ſeldom feel the Duſt that ſticks upon us, nor the Particles of Chalk that drop upon our Limbs; nor do we perceive the Dew by Night, or the fine Threads of the Spider meeting us, when we are intangled by the ſubtle Net as we paſs along; nor the decaying Web lighting upon our Heads, nor are we ſenſible of the ſoft Feathers of Birds, nor of the flying Down of Thiſtles, which from their natural Levity are ſcarce able to deſcend upon us; nor do we feel the Motion of every creeping Inſect, nor the little Traces of the Feet which Gnats and ſuch Animals make upon us. So that the many Seeds which are diffuſed over all the Limbs, muſt be firſt put into motion before the Principles of the Soul are agitated and made capable to feel, and before its Seeds, by ſtriking upon each other through ſo many diſtant Spaces, can meet, unite, and part again, and be ſo variouſly moved as to produce Senſe and Perception in us.

BUT the *Mind* it is that keeps up the Defences of Life, and has a more ſovereign Power to preſerve our Beings, than all the Faculties of the Soul; for, without the Mind, the leaſt Part of the Soul cannot ſecure its Reſidence in the Body for a Moment, but follows it readily as a cloſe Companion, and vaniſhes into Air along with it, and leaves the cold Limbs in the frozen Arms of Death. But the Man, whoſe Mind is whole and

*At manet in vita, cui Mens Animuſque remanſit,*
*Quamvis eſt circum-cæſis lacer undique membris:*
*Truncus, ademta Anima circum, membriſque remotis,*
*Vivit, & ætherias vitaleis ſuccipit auras:*
*Si non omnimodis, at magna parte Animaï*
*Privatus, tamen in vita cunctatur, & hæret.*
*Ut lacerato Oculo circum ſi Pupula manſit*
*Incolumis, ſtat cernendi vivata poteſtas;*
*Dummodo ne totum corrumpas luminis orbem,*
*Sed circumcidas aciem, ſolumque relinquas:*
*Id quoque enim ſine pernicie confiet eorum,*
*At ſi tantula pars Oculi media illa pereſa 'ſt,*
*Incolumis quamvis alioqui ſplendidus orbis,*
*Occidit extemplo lumen, tenebræque ſequuntur:*
*Hoc Anima atque Animus vincti ſunt fœdere ſemper.*
*Nunc age, nativos animantibus, & mortaleis,*
*Eſſe Animos, Animaſque leveis ut noſcere poſſis;*
*Conquiſita diu, dulcique reperta labore*
*Digna tua pergam diſponere carmina vita.*
*Tu fac utrumque uno ſubjungas nomen eorum,*
*Atque Animam, verbi canſa, cùm dicere pergam,*
*Mortalem eſſe docens; Animum quoque dicere credas:*
*Quatinus eſt unum inter ſe, conjunctaque res eſt.*
*Principio, quoniam tenuem conſtare minutis*
*Corporibus docui, multòque minoribus eſſe*
*Principiis factam, quàm liquidus humor Aquaï 'ſt.*
*Aut Nebula, aut Fumus: Nam longè mobilitate*
*Præſtat, & à tenui cauſa magis icta movetur;*
*Quippe ubi Imaginibus Fumi, Nebulæque movetur:*
*Quod genus in ſomnis ſopiti ubi cernimus alta*

*Exhalare*

and entire, remains alive, tho' he be mangled and all his Limbs lopt off; yet his Trunk, tho' his Soul be ſo far gone, and his Members ſeparated from him, ſtill lives and breathes the vital Air; the Trunk, if not ſpoil'd of the whole, yet of a great Part of the Soul, ſtill continues alive, and holds faſt its Being. So, if you tear the Eye all round, if the Pupil remains ſafe, the Power of Sight continues entire, ſo long as you do no injury to the Apple, but cut the White all round, and leave that whole, this may be done without any Danger or Loſs to the Sight; but if ever ſo little of the middle of the Eye be prick'd through, tho' the Ball otherwiſe looks bright and ſound, the Light inſtantly dies away, and Darkneſs follows. This is the Caſe of the Mind and Soul, and by ſuch Bonds are they always held together.

AND now, for your ſake, my *Memmius*, and to let you know that the Mind and Soul are born in us and die with us, I will go on to write Lines worthy of thy Genius, and which I have been long preparing, and have at laſt by ſweet Labour happily perfected. Obſerve only that you apply both Names indifferently, or, more plainly, when I offer to ſay the Soul is mortal, you are to underſtand I mean the Mind likewiſe, ſince they are both ſo united together, that in this reſpect they make but one and the ſame Thing.

FIRST then, ſince I have proved that the Soul conſiſts of very minute Seeds, and is formed of Principles much leſs than clear Water, or Miſt, or Smoke, becauſe it is more apt to move, and is ſet a-going by a much lighter Stroke (for it is moved by the very Images of Miſt and Smoke) as when, by Sleep o'ercome, in Dreams we ſee the

*Exhalare vapore altaria, ferreque Fumum:*
*Nam procul hæc dubio nobis Simulacra geruntur:*
*Nunc igitur quoniam quaſſatis undique vaſis*
*Diffluere Humorem, & Laticem diſcedere cernis:*
*Et Nebula ac Fumus quoniam diſcedit in auras:*
*Crede Animam quoque diffundi, multòque perire*
*Ociùs, & citiùs diſſolvi corpora prima,*
*Cùm ſemel omnibus è membris ablata receſſit.*
*Quippe etenim Corpus, quod vas quaſi conſtitit ejus,*
*Cùm cohibere nequit conquaſſatum ex aliqua re,*
*Ac rarefactum detracto ſanguine venis,*
*Aëre qui credas poſſe hanc cohiberier ullo?*
*Corpore quî noſtro rarus magis an cohibeſſit?*
*Præterea, gigni pariter cum Corpore, & una*
*Creſcere ſentimus, pariterque ſeneſcere Mentem.*
*Nam velut infirmo Pueri, teneroque vagantur*
*Corpore; ſic Animi ſequitur ſententia tenuis.*
*Inde ubi robuſtis adolevit viribus ætas:*
*Conſilium quoque majus, & auctior eſt Animi vis:*
*Poſt ubi jam validis quaſſatu'ſt viribus ævi*
*Corpus; & obtuſis ceciderunt viribus artus:*
*Claudicat Ingenium, delirat Linguaque, Menſque,*
*Omnia deficiunt, atque uno tempore deſunt.*
*Ergo diſſolvi quoque convenit omnem Animaï*
*Naturam, ceu fumus in altas aëris auras:*
*Quandoquidem gigni pariter, pariterque videmus*
*Creſcere, & (ut docui) ſimul ævo feſſa fatiſcit.*

*Huc*

the lofty Altars exhale a Vapour, and ſend up Smoke into the Air, the Images of theſe Things no doubt produce theſe Phantaſms in us. And ſince you ſee, when the Veſſel is broken to pieces, the Water breaks looſe and flows away in a Stream; and ſince Miſt and Smoke vaniſh into Air, conclude the Soul likewiſe to be poured out, and that its Principles much ſooner periſh, and its Seeds are more eaſily diſſolved, when it is ſeparated and retires from all the Limbs; for ſince the Body, which is as it were a Veſſel to it, when it is bruiſed to pieces by any outward Force, or rarefied by the Blood being drawn out of the Veins, cannot keep it in[r], how can you ſuppoſe it can be contain'd by ſubtil Air? How can that which is more rare than this Body of our's preſerve it entire?

Besides, we perceive the Soul is born with the Body, grows up with it, and both wax old together. For as Children are of a weak and tender Body, their Mind likewiſe is of the ſame frail Complexion. As their Age improves, and their Strength is more confirmed, their Judgment ripens more, and the Powers of their Mind are more enlarged. But when the Body is ſhaken by the irreſiſtible Stroke of Time, and the Limbs fail without Strength, the Underſtanding grows lame, the Tongue and the Mind loſe their Vigour, all the Faculties fail, and go away together. The whole Nature of the Soul therefore muſt needs be diſſolv'd, and ſcatter'd like Smoke into the Air, ſince we ſee it is born with the Body, increaſes together with it, and with it, as I ſaid before, becomes feeble by Age, and decays.

[r] It is in vain to ſay, that when the Soul is diſſolved from the Body it remains entire in the Air; for how can the ſubtil Air preſerve that ſafe, which often exhales through the Pores of a thick Body?

*Huc accedit, uti videamus Corpus ut ipſum*
*Suſcipere immanes morbos, durumque dolorem;*
*Sic Animum curas acreis, luctumque, metumque,*
*Quare participem lethi quoque convenit eſſe:*
*Quinetiam Morbis in Corporis avius errat*
*Sæpe animus, dementit enim; deliraque fatur:*
*Interdumque gravi Lethargo fertur in altum,*
*Æternumque ſoporem, oculis, nutuque cadenti:*
*Unde neque exaudit voces, neque noſcere vultus*
*Illorum potis eſt, ad vitam qui revocantes*
*Circumſtant lachrymis rorantes ora, genaſque.*
*Quare Animum quoque diſſolvi fateare neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Quandoquidem penetrant in eum contagia morbi:*
*Nam Dolor, ac Morbus lethi fabricator uterque 'ſt,*
*Multorum exitio perdocti quod ſumus antè.*
*Denique cur, hominem cùm Vini vis penetravit*
*Acris, & in venas diſceſſit diditus ardor,*
*Conſequitur gravitas Membrorum? præpediuntur*
*Crura vacillanti? tardeſcit Lingua? madet Mens?*
*Nant oculi? Clamor, Singultus, Jurgia gliſcunt?*
*Et jam cætera de genere hoc quæcunque ſequuntur?*
*Cur ea ſunt, niſi quòd vehemens violentia Vini*
*Conturbare Animam conſuevit Corpore in ipſo?*
*At quæcunque queunt conturbari, inque pediri,*
*Significant, (paullò ſi durior inſinuârit*
*Cauſa) fore ut pereant, ævo privata futuro.*
*Quinetiam, ſubita vi morbi ſæpe coactus*
*Ante oculos aliquis noſtros, ut fulminis ictu,*

*Concidit,*

Add to this, that as the Body is ſubject to violent Diſeaſes and tormenting Pains, ſo the Mind is affected by ſharp Cares, by Griefs and Fear, and therefore muſt equally partake of Death and Diſſolution with it. And then, in great Diſorders of the Body, the Mind frequently grows mad, raves, and talks wildly; ſometimes it is ſunk into a profound and never-ending Sleep by a heavy Lethargy, the Eyes ſhut, and the Head nodding, ſo that it neither hears the Words, nor is able to diſtinguiſh the Face of thoſe who ſtand about bedewing their Cheeks with Tears, and ſtriving to recall the departing Breath. Wherefore you muſt needs allow that the Mind may be diſſolved, ſince the Infection of the Diſeaſe pierces through it; for Grief and Diſeaſes are both the Cauſes of Death, as we are taught by Experience in a thouſand Inſtances.

And again, why is it, when the quick Force of Wine ſtrikes through a Man, and the inſinuating Heat works in all his Veins, why follows a Heavineſs of the Limbs? The Legs no longer ſupport the reeling Body, the Tongue faulters, the Mind is drowned, the Eyes ſwim; Noiſe, Hiccups, Brawlings deafen your Ears, and many other Evils, the Conſequence of ſuch Debauches; how could this be, did not the impetuous Force of the Wine diſtract the Soul as it lies diffuſed through the Body? Now whatever can be thus diſturb'd, and hinder'd in its Operations, would (were the Force to grow more violent) be deſtroy'd and utterly deprived of future Being.

Besides, a Perſon ſurprized with a ſudden Fit of a Diſeaſe, drops down before our Eyes as if he were thunder-ſtruck. He foams, he groans and trembles

*Concidit, & ſpumas agit, ingemit, & tremit artus,*
*Deſipit, extentat nervos, torquetur, anhelat,*
*Inconſtanter & in jactando membra fatigat:*
*Nimirum, quia vis Morbi diſtracta per artus*
*Turbat agens Animum, ſpumans ut in æquore ſalſo*
*Ventorum validis ferveſcit viribus Unda.*
*Exprimitur porro Gemitus, quia membra dolore*
*Afficiuntur; & omnino quòd ſemina vocis*
*Ejiciuntur, & ore foras glomerata feruntur;*
*Quà quaſi conſuerunt, & ſunt minuta viaï.*
*Deſipientia fit, quia vis Animi, atque Animaï*
*Conturbatur, & (ut docui) diviſa ſeorſum*
*Diſjectatur, eodem illo diſtracta veneno.*
*Inde, ubi jam Morbi ſe flexit cauſa, reditque*
*In latebras ater corrupti Corporis humor,*
*Tum quaſi talipedans primùm conſurgit; & omneis*
*Paullatim redit in ſenſus, animamque receptat.*
*Hæc igitur tantis ubi morbis Corpore in ipſo*
*Jactetur, miſeriſque modis diſtracta laboret:*
*Cur eandem credis ſine Corpore in Aëre aperto*
*Cum validis ventis ætatem degere poſſe?*
*Et quoniam Mentem ſanari, Corpus ut ægrum,*
*Cernimus, & flecti medicina poſſe videmus;*
*Id quoque præſagit mortalem vivere Mentem:*
*Addere enim parteis, aut ordine trajicere æquum 'ſt,*
*Aut aliud prorſum de ſumma detrahere illum,*
*Commutare Animum quicunque adoritur, & inſit;*
*Aut Aliam quamvis naturam flectere quærit:*
*At neque transferri ſibi parteis, nec tribui vult,*
*Immortale quod eſt quicquam, neque defluere hilum.*

*Nam*

trembles all over, he is diſtracted, ſtretches his Nerves, is diſtorted; he pants, he toſſes and tires his Limbs with ſtrange and unnatural Poſtures: The Reaſon is, becauſe the Force of the Diſeaſe, driven violently through the Limbs, agitates and diſturbs the Mind, as the foaming Waves of the Sea are enraged by the ſtrong Blaſt of Winds. And then Groans are forced from the Wretch, becauſe the Limbs are tormented with Pain, and the Seeds of the Voice are thrown out from the Bottom of the Breaſt, and hurried in confuſion, without any diſtinct Accent through the Mouth. The Man raves, becauſe the Powers of the Mind and Soul are diſtracted, and their Principles, as I ſaid, broken, disjoin'd, and divided by the Violence of the Diſtemper. But when the Cauſe of the Diſeaſe gives way, and the black Humour of the corrupt Body retires into ſome convenient Veſſel, then the Patient begins to riſe, feeble and ſtaggering; and by degrees returns to all his Senſes, and recovers Life. Since therefore this Soul is ſo toſſed about with ſuch ſtrange Diſorders, and labours with ſuch Agonies in ſo miſerable a manner, as it is incloſed in the Body, how do you think it can ſubſiſt without the Body in the open Air, and expoſed for ever to the raging Fury of all the Winds?

And ſince we ſee the Mind can be made ſound, and be affected by the Powers of Medicine, as well as a diſorder'd Body, this is a ſtrong Evidence that the Mind is mortal; for whoever attempts to make any Alteration in the Mind, or offers to change the Nature of any other Thing, muſt either add ſome new Parts to it, or take off ſome of the old, or elſe tranſpoſe the former Order and Situation; but what is immortal can have

*Nam quodcunque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,*
*Continuò hoc mors eſt illius quod fuit ante.*
*Ergo Animus ſive ægreſcit, mortalia ſigna*
*Mittit (uti docui) ſeu flectitur à medicina:*
*Uſque adeo falſæ rationi vera videtur*
*Res occurrere, & effugium præcludere eunti:*
*Ancipitique refutatu convincere falſum.*
*Denique ſæpe hominem paullatim cernimus ire,*
*Et membratim vitalem deperdere ſenſum:*
*In pedibus primùm Digitos liveſcere, & Ungueis,*
*Inde Pedes, & Crura mori: Poſt inde per artus*
*Ire alios tractim gelidi veſtigia lethi:*
*Scinditur atqui Animæ quoniam natura, nec uno*
*Tempore ſincera exiſtit, mortalis habenda 'ſt.*
*Quòd ſi forte putas ipſam ſe poſſe per artus*
*Introrſum trahere, & parteis conducere in unum,*
*Atque ideo cunctis ſenſum deducere membris:*
*At locus ille tamen, quò copia tanta Animaï*
*Cogitur, in ſenſu debet majore videri.*
*Qui quoniam nuſquam 'ſt, nimirum, (ut diximus ante)*
*Dilaniata foras diſpergitur; interit ergo.*
*Quinetiam, ſi jam libeat concedere falſum,*
*Et dare, poſſe Animam glomerari in Corpore eorum,*
*Lumina qui linquunt moribundi particulatim:*
*Mortalem tamen eſſe Animam fateare neceſſe 'ſt.*

*Nec*

Nothing added to it, or taken from it, nor will admit of any Change in the Order of its Parts: for whatever is ſo alter'd as to leave the Limits of its firſt Nature, is no more what it was, but inſtantly dies. The Mind therefore, whether it be diſtemper'd, or reliev'd by Medicine, ſhews (as I obſerv'd) ſtrong Symptoms of its Mortality. So evidently does the true Matter of Fact overthrow all falſe Reaſoning, that there is no Poſſibility to eſcape its Force; and the contrary Opinion is either way fully refuted.

BESIDES, we often ſee Men periſh by degrees, and loſe their vital Senſe Limb by Limb; firſt, the Nails and Toes grow black, then the Feet and Legs rot; at length the Traces of cold Death proceed on, ſtep by ſtep, over the other Parts of the Body. Since therefore the Soul is divided, and does not at ſuch a time continue whole and entire, you muſt pronounce it mortal. But if you think the Soul retires out of the dying Members into the more inward Parts of the Body, and contracts its Seeds into one Place, and ſo withdraws the Senſe from the reſt of the Limbs, yet that Place to which the Soul retreats, and where ſo much of it is crouded together, ought to enjoy a more lively and briſker Senſe; but, ſince there is no ſuch Place, 'tis plain, as we ſaid before, it is ſcattered piece-meal through the Air, and therefore periſhes. But ſuppoſe we grant, which is falſe in itſelf, and allow that the Soul may be huddled up together in the Bodies of thoſe who die one Limb after another, yet then the Soul muſt be confeſſed to be by Nature mortal. [a] For

[a] The Reaſons he gives for the Soul's Mortality are very intelligible, tho' far from being concluſive; he means here, that what decays and loſes its Nature by being thus contracted and huddled up, is as much mortal as that which is thus diſperſed and is torn to pieces in the Air.

*Nec refert, utrum pereat diſperſa per auras,*
*An contractis in ſe partibus obbruteſcat:*
*Quando Hominem totum magis, ac magis undique ſenſus*
*Deficit, & vitæ minus, & minus undique reſtat.*
*Et quoniam Mens eſt Hominis pars una, locoque*
*Fixa manet certo, velut Aures, atque Oculi ſunt,*
*Atque alii ſenſus, qui vitam cunque gubernant:*
*Et veluti Manus, atque Oculus, Nareſve ſeorſum*
*Secreta à nobis nequeant ſentire, neque eſſe:*
*Sed tamen in parvo linquuntur tempore tali.*
*Sic Animus per ſe non quit ſine corpore, & ipſo*
*Eſſe Homine, illius quaſi quod Vas eſſe videtur:*
*Sive aliud quidvis potis es conjunctius eij*
*Fingere, quandoquidem connexus corpori adhæret.*
*Denique Corporis, atque Animi vivata poteſtas*
*Inter ſe conjuncta valent, vitaque fruuntur.*
*Nec ſine Corpore enim vitaleis edere motus*
*Sola poteſt Animi per ſe natura, nec autem*
*Caſſum Anima Corpus durare, & ſenſibus uti:*
*Scilicet, avolſus radicitùs ut nequit ullam*
*Diſpicere ipſe Oculus rem ſecrſum Corpore toto:*
*Sic Anima atque Animus per ſe nil poſſe videntur:*
*Nimirum, quia per venas & viſcera miſtim*
*Per nervos, atque oſſa tenentur corpore ab omni.*
*Nec magnis intervallis Primordia poſſunt*
*Libera diſſultare, ideo concluſa moventur*
*Senſiferos motus; quos extra corpus in auras*
*Aëris haud poſſunt poſt mortem ejecta moveri:*
*Propterea quia non ſimili ratione tenentur.*

*Corpus*

it ſignifies not whether the Soul dies ſcattered through the Air, or periſhes with its Parts contracted into one Place, while the Senſes ſteal away from the whole Body more and more, and the Powers of Life by degrees appear leſs and leſs,

And ſince the Mind is a Part of Man fixed in one certain Place, as the Ears, Eyes, and other Senſes that preſide over Life, and as the Hands, and Eyes, and Noſe, when ſeparated from the Body, are incapable of Senſe, or even to Be, but muſt in a very ſhort time corrupt and putrify; ſo the Mind cannot ſubſiſt of itſelf without the Body, (or even Be in the Man) which is as it were a Veſſel to the Soul, or any thing elſe you can conceive more cloſely united to it; for it ſticks inſeparably to the Body, and cannot be divided from it.

Further, the vital Powers of the Body and Mind exert themſelves together, and live united by the ſtrongeſt Bonds; neither can the Nature of the Mind alone diſpenſe the vital Motions of itſelf without the Body, nor can the Body, void of Soul, continue or uſe the Faculties of Senſe: For as the Eye, torn out by the Roots and ſeparated from the Body, can ſee nothing, ſo the Soul and Mind cannot act of themſelves, becauſe they are ſpread over all the Body by the Veins, the Bowels, the Nerves and Bones. Nor could the Seeds of the Soul exerciſe thoſe Vibrations that produce Senſe, were they diſpoſed at wide Intervals, and incloſed by no ſolid Body; they ſhew thoſe ſenſible Motions becauſe they are ſhut up cloſe, which they cannot exert when they are forced out of the Body into the wide Air after Death, becauſe they are not under the ſame Re-

*Corpus enim atque animans erit Aër, ſi cohibere,*
*Seſe Anima, atque in eo poterit concludere motus,*
*Quos ante in Nervis, & in ipſo Corpore agebat.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam reſoluto Corporis omni*
*Tegmine, & ejectis extra vitalibus auris,*
*Diſſolvi ſenſus Animi fateare neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Atque Animam, quoniam conjuncta eſt cauſa duobus.*
*Denique cùm Corpus nequeat perferre Animaï*
*Diſcidium, quin id tetro tabeſcat odore:*
*Quid dubitas, quin ex imo, penituſque coorta*
*Emanârit, uti Fumus, diffuſa Animæ vis?*
*Atque ideo tanta mutatum putre ruina*
*Conciderit Corpus penitus, quia mota loco ſunt*
*Fundamenta foras animæ; manantque per artus,*
*Perque viarum omnes flexus, in corpore qui ſunt,*
*Atque foramina? Multimodis ut noſcere poſſis*
*Diſpertitam Animæ naturam exiſſe per artus:*
*Et priùs eſſe ſibi diſtractam Corpore in ipſo,*
*Quàm prolapſa foras enaret in Aëris Auras?*
*Quinetiam, fineis dum vitæ vertitur intra,*
*Sæpe aliqua tamen è cauſa labefacta videtur*
*Ire Anima, & toto ſolvi de corpore membra:*
*Et quaſi ſupremo langueſcere tempore voltus,*
*Molliaque exangui cadere omnia Corpore membra:*
*Quod genus eſt, Animo male factum cum perhibetur,*
*Aut Animam liquiſſe, ubi jam trepidatur, & omnes*
*Extremum cupiunt vires reprendere vinclum.*
*Conquaſſatur enim tum Mens, Animæque poteſtas*
*Omnis: & hæc ipſo cum Corpore conlabeſiunt:*

ſtraint as they are within the Incloſure of the Body; for the Air would be an Animal, if the Soul could be confined within it, and maintain thoſe Motions of Senſe which before it exerciſed in the Nerves and through the Limbs. You muſt confeſs therefore, over and over, that the Mind and Soul (for they both make up but one Subſtance) muſt needs be diſſolv'd, as ſoon as they are ſtripped of the Covering of the Body, and their vital Powers thrown out into the thin Air.

AGAIN, ſince the Body cannot bear the Separation of the Soul, but it ſoon putrifies and ſtinks, how can you doubt but that the Principles of the Soul diffuſed through the whole Body, and raiſed from the very inmoſt Parts of it, flow out like Smoke; and therefore the rotten Body thus changed falls to pieces in ſo ruinous a manner, becauſe the Seeds of the Soul, which preſerved the whole, are moved widely from their Place, and flow through the Limbs, and all the winding Paſſages of the Body. And hence you are fully ſatisfied, that the Nature of the Soul is ſpread over all the Limbs, and is firſt broken and divided in the Body itſelf, before it flies out into the Air abroad.

NAY more, whilſt the Man is ſtill living, the Soul ſeems often to receive a violent Shock, ſo that the Limbs are diſſolving all over, the Face looking pale, as if it were real Death, and all the Members of the Body wan and ghaſtly, falling to pieces. This happens in a ſwooning Fit, when the Soul is going, and trembles upon the Verge of Life, and all the Faculties ſtrive to hold faſt the Chain that binds up Soul and Body together. The Mind and all the Powers of the Soul are then ſhaken, and are ſo ſtagger'd with the Body, that a Force

*Ut gravior paullo possit dissolvere causa.*
*Quid dubitas, tandem quin extra prodita corpus*
*Imbecilla foras, in aperto, tegmine dempto,*
*Non modò non omnem possit durare per ævum,*
*Sed minimum quodvis nequeat consistere tempus?*
*Nec sibi enim quisquam moriens sentire videtur*
*Ire foras Animam incolumem de Corpore toto,*
*Nec priùs ad jugulum, & superas succedere fauceis:*
*Verùm deficere in certa regione locatam:*
*Ut sensus alios in parti quemque sua scit*
*Dissolvi: Quòd si immortalis nostra foret Mens:*
*Non jam se moriens dissolvi conquereretur:*
*Sed magis ire foras, vestemque relinquere, ut Anguis,*
*Gauderet, prælonga senex aut cornua Cervus.*
*Denique cur Animi nunquam mens consiliumque*
*Gignitur in Capite, aut Pedibus, Manibusve; sed unis*
*Sedibus, & certis regionibus omnis inhæret:*
*Si non certa loca ad nascendum reddita cuique*
*Sunt: & ubi quicquid possit durare creatum:*
*Atque ita multimodis pro totis artubus esse,*
*Membrorum ut nunquam existat præposterus ordo?*
*Usque adeo sequitur res rem, neque Flamma creari in*
*Fluminibus solita 'st, neque in Igni gignier Algor.*

*Præterea,*

a little ſtronger would drive it to utter Diſſolution.

DO you doubt now, whether this Soul thrown out of the Body, abroad, deſtitute, into the open Air, ſtript naked, be ſo far from remaining entire to eternal Ages, that it cannot ſubſiſt ſo much as for the leaſt moment?

AND then, no dying Man ever perceived his Soul go out whole from all Parts of the Body at once, nor felt it firſt creeping up his Throat, and then riſing up to his Jaws; but he finds it fail in that Part of the Body wherein it is placed, as he knows that every Senſe expires in its proper Organ. But if this Mind were immortal, it would not, when dying, complain of its being diſſolv'd, but rather rejoice that it was going freely abroad, that it had thrown off his Coat as a Snake, or as an old Stag that caſts his heavy Antlars.

AND why is not the [t] Mind, with all its Reaſon and Conduct, produced in the Head, the Feet, the Hands, but that every Part is fixed to one Place, and to a certain Situation? If proper Places were not appointed to all Beings in which to be born, and when produced where they might abide, and where every Member might be ſo conveniently diſpoſed, that there might be no prepoſterous Order of the Limbs throughout the whole? So regularly does one thing follow another, that Fire is never raiſed from Water, nor Cold from Heat.

[t] The Mind is confined to the Heart, and he that looks for Souls in the Air, may as reaſonably expect to find Flames in Water, and Ice in Fire; for all natural Things have certain and fixed Places to be born and live in.

BESIDES,

*Præterea, ſi immortalis natura Animaï 'ſt,*
*Et ſentire poteſt ſecreta à Corpore noſtro :*
*Quinque (ut opinor) eam faciendum 'ſt Senſibus auctam :*
*Nec ratione alia noſmet proponere nobis*
*Poſſumus infernas Animas Acherunte vagare.*
*Pictores itaque, & Scriptorum ſæcla priora*
*Sic Animas introduxerunt ſenſibus auctas.*
*At neque ſeorſum Oculi, neque Nares, nec Manus ipſa*
*Eſſe poteſt Anima, neque ſeorſum Lingua, nec Aures*
*Abſque anima per ſe poſſunt ſentire, nec eſſe.*
*Et quoniam toto ſentimus Corpore ineſſe*
*Vitalem ſenſum, & totum eſſe animale videmus,*
*Si ſubitò medium celeri præciderit ictu*
*Vis aliqua, ut ſeorſum partem ſecernat utramque :*
*Diſpertita proculdubio quoque vis Animaï,*
*Et diſciſſa ſimùl cum Corpore disjicietur :*
*At quod ſcinditur, & parteis diſcedit in ullas,*
*Scilicet æternam ſibi naturam abnuit eſſe.*
*Falciferos memorant currus abſcindere membra*
*Sæpe ita deſubitò permiſta cæde calenteis,*
*Ut tremere in terra videatur ab artibus id quod*
*Decidit abſciſſum : Cùm Mens tamen, atque hominis vis*
*Mobilitate mali non quit ſentire dolorem :*
*Et ſimul in pugnæ ſtudio quod dedita Mens eſt,*

BESIDES, if the Nature of the Soul be immortal, and enjoys the Power of Senſe when ſeparated from the Body, you muſt, as I conceive, ſupply her with the Uſe of the five Senſes, nor can we imagine how without them the Soul can live in the Shades below. [u] The Painters and the Poets, many Ages ago, have repreſented the Souls indued with Senſe; but neither Eyes nor Noſe, nor Hands, nor Tongue, nor Ears can be ſeparately in the Soul, nor can they ſeparately retain any Senſe, nor even Be without it.

AND ſince the vital Senſe, we perceive, [x] is diffuſed through the Body, and we ſee the whole Body animated throughout, if any Weapon cuts it in two in the middle with a ſudden Stroke, and divides the Parts aſunder, the Powers of the Soul, without doubt, being ſeparated and diſunited, will follow the Fate of the Body; but whatever is cut aſunder, and falls into Parts, can have nothing immortal in its Nature. Chariots, we read, armed with Scythes, and reeking with confuſed Slaughter, would cut off a Limb with ſo quick a Force, that the divided Part that fell off from the Body, might be ſeen trembling upon the Ground, when the Mind and Heart of the Man feel nothing of the Pain, ſo ſudden was the Wound. His whole Soul is ſo taken up with the Heat of Action; that he purſues the Fight,

[u] He derides the Fables of the Ancients concerning the Souls of Men, which, as they feigned, went into Hell after Death, where they enjoyed all their Senſes as when they were alive.

[x] The Soul being diffuſed through the whole Body, muſt of neceſſity be divided, if the Body be cut in two by a violent and ſudden Stroke: If the Limb of a Soldier be cut off by an armed Chariot, the Motion of the diſſected Part is a Proof that the Soul is divided likewiſe.

and

*Corpore cum reliquo pugnam, cædeisque petissit:*
*Nec tenet, amissam lævam cum tegmine sæpe*
*Inter equos abstraxe rotas, falceisque rapaceis:*
*Nec cecidisse alius dextram, cùm scandit, & instat.*
*Inde alius conatur adempto surgere crure,*
*Cùm digitos agitat propter moribundus humi pes:*
*Et caput abscissum calido, viventeque trunco,*
*Servat humi voltum vitalem, oculosque patenteis,*
*Donec relliquias Animaï reddidit omneis.*
*Quin etiam tibi si lingua vibrante minantis*
*Serpentis caudam procero corpore, utrinque*
*Sit libitum in multas parteis discindere ferro;*
*Omnia jam seorsum cernes amcisa recenti*
*Volnere tortari, & terram conspergere tabo,*
*Ipsam seque retrò partem petere ore priorem,*
*Volneris ardenti ut morsu premat icta dolore.*
*Omnibus esse igitur totas dicemus in illis*
*Particulis Animas? At ea ratione sequetur,*
*Unam animantem Animas habuisse in Corpore multas.*
*Ergo divisa 'st ea, quæ fuit una simul cum*
*Corpore, quapropter Mortale utrumque putandum 'st*
*In multas quoniam parteis discinditur æquè.*
*Præterea, si immortalis natura Animaï*
*Constat, & in Corpus nascentibus insinuatur:*
*Cur super anteactam ætatem meminisse nequimus?*
*Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus?*
*Nam si tantopere 'st Animi mutata potestas,*
*Omnis ut actarum exciderit retinentia rerum:*

*Non*

and the intended Slaughter, with the Remainder of his Body; nor does he imagine that the Wheels and mangling Hooks have torn off among the Horſes his Left-hand, or that he has loſt his Shield. Another knows nothing that his Right-hand is lopt off, as he ſcales the Wall, and preſſes eagerly forward. Another attempts to riſe with one Leg, while the dying Foot moves the Toes as it lies by him upon the Ground; and the Head cut off, the Trunk yet warm and heaving, preſerves the ſame fierce Look in the Face, and keeps the Eyes open, till it has loſt all Remains of the Soul within it. And ſo, divide with a Sword, if you pleaſe, into many Parts, the Tail of a long Snake, threatening, and brandiſhing his Tongue, you'll ſee every divided Part wriggling with the freſh Wound, and ſtaining the Ground with Blood. You'll perceive the Serpent turning his Head about to find his divided Body, and bite it with his Teeth, from the ſore Anguiſh of the Pain he ſuffers. Shall we ſay, that a proper Soul belongs ſeverally to all theſe Parts? By this Rule it will follow, that the ſame Creature is animated by many Souls at the ſame time. 'Tis plain therefore, the Soul that before was one, and diffuſed through the whole Body, is divided, and conſequently they are both mortal, becauſe they are both equally divided into many Parts.

FURTHER, if the Nature of the Soul be immortal, and is infuſed into the Body when a Child is born, why do we remember nothing of the Life we led before? nor retain any Traces of Things done long ago? For if the Power of the Soul be ſo utterly changed, that all Recollection of paſt Actions is entirely gone, this kind of Oblivion is

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*Non (ut opinor) id ab letho jam longiter errat.*
*Quapropter fateare neceſſe 'ſt, quæ fuit ante,*
*Interiiſſe : Et quæ nunc eſt, nunc eſſe creatam.*
*Præterea, ſi jam perfecto corpore nobis*
*Inferri ſolita 'ſt Animi vivata poteſtas,*
*Tum cùm gignimur, & vitæ cùm limen inimus :*
*Haud ita conveniebat, uti cum Corpore, & unà*
*Cum membris videatur in ipſo ſanguine crêſſe :*
*Sed velut in cavea, per ſe ſibi vivere ſolam*
*Convenit, ut ſenſu Corpus tamen affluat Omne.*
*Quare etiam atque etiam nec originis eſſe putandum 'ſt*
*Experteis Animas, nec lethi lege ſolutas.*
*Nam neque tantopere adnecti potuiſſe putandum 'ſt*
*Corporibus noſtris extrinſecus inſinuatas :*
*Quod fieri totum contrà manifeſta docet res.*
*Namque ita connexa 'ſt per Venas, Viſcera, Nervos,*
*Oſſaque, uti Dentes quoque ſenſu participentur :*
*Morbus ut indicat, & gelidæi ſtringor aquaï,*
*Et lapis oppreſſus ſub dente è frugibus aſper :*
*Nec tam contextæ cùm ſint, exire videntur*
*Incolumes poſſe, & ſalvas exſolvere ſeſe*
*Omnibus è Nervis, atque Oſſibus, Articuliſque.*
*Quòd ſi fortè putas extrinſecus inſinuatam*

*Permanare*

(I think) not far removed from Death itſelf. We muſt needs allow therefore, that the Soul that was before utterly periſhed, and that which now is was newly created.

But, when the Body is completely formed, when we are born, and enter within the Door of Life [y], if then the vital Power of the Soul were infuſed, it would have nothing to do to grow up together with the Body and the Limbs, and be united with the very Blood, but, as it were in a Cage, it would live entire of itſelf, and ſo diffuſe the Faculties of Senſe through all the Body. Again then and again it muſt be ſaid, that the Soul is neither without Beginning, nor exempt from the Laws of Death; for we cannot conceive that the Soul, were it infuſed from without into the Body, could be ſo nicely and cloſely united to the ſeveral Parts of it, as the Thing itſelf evidently proves ſhe is. She is indeed ſo diffuſed through the Veins, the Bowels, the Nerves, and Bones, that even the Teeth are not without Senſe. This appears from the acute Pain we feel from the Chillneſs of cold Water, or the grinding of a rough Stone when we eat. The Soul therefore being ſo cloſely connected with the ſeveral Parts, cannot be ſuppoſed to depart whole, or deliver herſelf entire from the Bones and Nerves, and Joints of the Body.

[z] But if you think the Soul is infuſed from

[y] If the Soul were infuſed into a perfect Body, it ought to have been done in ſuch a manner that it might be in that Body like a Bird in a Cage, not as it now is when it ſeems to grow, and be ſo much of a piece with it, that it cannot be ſafe and whole out of it.

[z] Let us grant, ſays the Poet, that the Soul is firſt formed, and infuſed afterwards, yet it muſt of neceſſity ſuffer Change, as it paſſes thro' all the different Mazes and Pores of the Body, and conſequently is mortal.

without,

*Permanare Animam nobis per membra ſolere,*
*Tanto quæque magis cum corpore fuſa peribit;*
*Quod permanat enim, diſſolvitur: Interit ergo.*
*Diſpertitur enim per caulas Corporis omneis:*
*Ut cibus in membra atque artus cùm diditur omneis,*
*Diſperit, atque aliam naturam ſufficit ex ſe:*
*Sic Anima atque Animus quamvis integra recens in*
*Corpus eunt, tamen in manando diſſolvuntur;*
*Dum quaſi per caulas omneis diduntur in artus*
*Particulæ, quibus hæc Animi natura creatur:*
*Quæ nunc in noſtro dominatur Corpore nata*
*Ex illa, quæ tunc peritat partita per artus.*
*Quapropter neque natali privata videtur*
*Eſſe die natura Animæ, neque funeris expers.*
*Semina præterea linquuntur, necne, Animaï*
*Corpore in exanimo? quod ſi linquuntur, & inſunt,*
*Haud erit, ut meritò immortalis poſſit haberi;*
*Partibus amiſſis quoniam libata receſſit.*
*Sin ita ſinceris membris ablata profugit,*
*Ut nullas partèis in Corpore liqueri ex ſe:*
*Unde cadavera rancenti jam viſcere vermeis*
*Expirant? atque unde animantum copia tanta*
*Exos, & exſanguis tumidos perfluctuat artus?*
*Quòd ſi forte Animas extrinſecut inſinuari*
*Vermibus, & privas in corpora poſſe venire*
*Credis, nec reputas cur millia multa Animarum*
*Conveniant, unde una receſſerit: Hoc tamen eſt ut*
*Quærendum videatur, & in diſcrimen agendum:*
*Utrùm tandem Animæ venentur ſemina quæque*

*Vermiculorum,*

without, and ſo ſpread over all the Limbs, ſhe is for this reaſon ſtill more liable to periſh with the Body; for a Thing that flows through ſo many Paſſages is diſſolved, and therefore dies, for ſhe muſt be thus divided through all the Pores: And as the Food, when it is diſtributed through the Members and the Limbs, loſes its firſt Form, and takes up another quite different, ſo the Soul, tho' it enters whole and freſh into the Body, yet, in paſſing through, its Parts are diſſolved, becauſe the Particles of which the Soul is formed muſt be diffuſed through all the Pores into all the Body; and that Soul which now rules and governs the Body, is produced from that which periſhed, and was diſſolved in paſſing through into the Limbs. The Nature of the Soul therefore is neither without Beginning, nor free from Death and Diſſolution.

BESIDES, in a dead Body ſome Particles of the Soul remain, or they do not. If they do remain and abide in it, you can by no means properly ſay ſhe is immortal, becauſe ſhe withdrew with her Seeds divided, and with ſome of them left behind. But if ſhe retired from the Body with all her Parts whole, and left none of her Seeds behind, how comes the Carcaſs to breed ſo many Worms in the corrupted Bowels? And whence do ſuch Abundance of Creatures without Bones and Blood ſwarm over the bloated Limbs? But if you fancy that Souls formed without creep into theſe Worms, and every ſingle Worm has a particular Soul, nor think it ſtrange that ſo many thouſand Souls ſhould flow together from without, to the Place from whence one departed, yet it is proper to enquire and to examine into This, Whether every particular Soul ſearches into the

*Vermiculorum, ipſæque ſibi fabricentur ubi ſint:*
*An jam corporibus perfectis inſinuentur.*
*At neque, cur faciant ipſæ, quareve laborent,*
*Dicere ſuppeditat, neque enim, ſine corpore cùm ſint,*
*Sollicitæ volitant morbis, algoque, fameque.*
*Corpus enim magis his vitiis adfine laborat:*
*Et mala multa Animus contage fungitur ejus.*
*Sed tamen his eſto quamvis facere utile Corpus,*
*Cùm ſubeant: At qua poſſint, via nulla videtur.*
*Haud igitur faciunt Animæ ſibi corpora, & artus.*
*Nec tamen eſt ut jam perfectis inſinuentur*
*Corporibus: Neque enim poterunt ſubtiliter eſſe*
*Connexæ; neque conſenſu contagia fient.*
*Denique cur acris violentia triſte Leonum*
*Seminium ſequitur: Dolus Volpibus, & fuga Cervis*
*A patribus datur, & patrius pavor incitat artus?*
*Et jam cætera de genere hoc, cur omnia membris*

ſeveral Seeds of the Worms, and chooſes for it ſelf what Seeds are moſt proper to make itſelf a Body, or whether ſhe enters into a Body already formed. But there is no Reaſon to be given why ſhe ſhould build a Dwelling for herſelf, and go through ſuch Fatigue; eſpecially ſince, diſintangled from Matter, ſhe cannot be tormented with Diſeaſes, with Cold and Hunger; for Body only can labour under theſe Calamities, and the Soul ſuffers many ſuch Diſtreſſes only by her Conjunction with it. But allow it convenient for Souls to faſhion out Bodies for themſelves to dwell in, yet there is no way poſſible for them to do this. They do not therefore make up Bodies and Limbs for themſelves, nor are they infuſed into Bodies ready made; for they could not be ſo nicely united as to inform every Part of the Body, nor could the vital Motions be mutually carried on between them.

*No Tranſmigration.*

BESIDES, [a] Why does fierce Rage affect the ſullen Breed of Lions? Why is Craft derived to the Fox, and Flight to Stags from their Sires, and Paternal Fear gives Wings to all their Limbs? Whence come other Paſſions of this kind? Why

[a] Here he attacks the Doctrine of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*: If theſe immortal Souls, ſays he, had ſo often been ſhifted out of one Animal into the Body of another, the natural Diſpoſitions of the Animals would by little and little have been altered and changed; which we ſee they are not, but continue the ſame: If you ſay, that of whatever kinds the Souls are, they change their Nature, and put on the Manners that agree with the Bodies into which they enter; he anſwers, whatever can be changed is mortal. If it be pretended, that Human Souls paſs into Human Bodies, why does that Soul that behaved wiſe in the Body of a Man at full Age, play the fool as it does when infuſed into the Body of a Child? Does the Mind grow weak in a weak Body? If it does, it is changed; and a Thing ſo frequently changed cannot be immortal.

*Ex ineunte ævo ingeneraſcunt, inque genuntur,*
*Si non certa ſuo quia ſemina ſeminioque*
*Vis Animi pariter creſcit cum corpore toto?*
*Quòd ſi immortalis foret, & mutare ſoleret*
*Corpora, permiſtis animantes moribus eſſent:*
*Effugeret Canis Hyrcano de ſemine ſæpe*
*Cornigeri incurſum Cervi, tremeretque per auras*
*Aëris Accipiter fugiens veniente Columba:*
*Deſiperent Homines, ſaperent fera ſæcla Ferarum.*
*Illud enim falſa fertur ratione, quod aiunt,*
*Immortalem Animam mutato Corpore flecti:*
*Quod mutatur enim, diſſolvitur: Interit ergo.*
*Trajiciuntur enim partes, atque ordine migrant.*
*Quare diſſolvi quoque debent poſſe per artus,*
*Denique ut intereant unà cum Corpore cunctæ.*
*Sin Animas hominum dicent in Corpora ſemper*
*Ire humana, tamen quæram cur è ſapienti*
*Stulta queat fieri, nec prudens ſit puer ullus?*
*Nec tam doctus equæ pullus, quàm fortis equi vis?*
*Si non certa ſuo quia ſemine, ſeminioque*
*Vis Animi pariter creſcit cum Corpore toto.*
*Scilicet in tenero teneraſcere Corpore Mentem*
*Confugient; quod ſi jam ſit, fateare neceſſe eſt,*
*Mortalem eſſe Animam, quoniam mutata per artus*
*Tantopere amittit vitam, ſenſumque priorem.*

*Quove*

do they belong to all Creatures from their tender Age, and ſeem born with them, if the peculiar Powers of the Soul were not produced from peculiar Seeds in every particular kind, and did not they grow up together with the whole Body? But were the Soul immortal and uſed to change her Body, Creatures would be ſtrangely confuſed in their Diſpoſitions and Qualities; the fierce Dog of *Hircanian* Breed would fly the Attack of the horned Stagg, and the fearful Hawk would tremble in the Air at the Approach of the Dove; Men would be void of Reaſon like Brutes, and the ſavage Race of Beaſts might become Philoſophers.

But what is ſaid in this Caſe is ſupported by falſe Reaſoning; that the immortal Soul is changed according to the different Body it is united with; for what is changed is diſſolved, and therefore dies; the Parts are tranſpoſed, and vary in their Situation. It follows therefore, that the Principles of it may be diſſolved through the Limbs, and may all periſh together with the Body. But they cry, that the Souls alway paſs into Bodies of the ſame kind, the Souls of Men into the Bodies of Men; then I would aſk why a Soul from being wiſe ſhould become a Fool, and a Child is not made a Privy Counſellor? and why a young Colt has not the Paces of a full-grown Horſe? If the peculiar Powers of the Soul were not produced from peculiar Seeds in every particular kind, and did they not grow up together with the whole Body? They'll ſay perhaps, that the Mind becomes equally weak in a tender Body; if ſo, they muſt allow the Soul to be mortal, becauſe, when infuſed into the Body it is ſo much changed, it loſes the Life and Senſe it enjoyed before.

*Quove modo poterit pariter cum Corpore quoque*
*Confirmata cupitum ætatis tangere florem*
*Vis Animi, niſi erit conſors in origine prima?*
*Quidve foras ſibi vult membris exire ſenectis?*
*An metuit concluſa manere in Corpore putri?*
*Et domus ætatis ſpatio ne feſſa vetuſto*
*Obruat? At non ſunt Immortali ulla pericla.*
*Denique connubia ad Veneris, partuſque ferarum*
*Eſſe Animas præſto, deridiculum eſſe videtur:*
*Et ſpectare immortaleis mortalia membra*
*Innumero numero, certareque præproperanter*
*Inter ſe quæ prima, potiſſimaque inſinuetur:*
*Si non fortè ita ſunt Animarum fœdera pacta,*
*Ut, quæ prima volans advenerit, inſinuetur*
*Prima, neque inter ſe contendant viribus hilum.*
*Denique in æthere non Arbor, non æquore in alto*
*Nubes eſſe queunt, nec Piſces vivere in arvis,*
*Nec Cruor in lignis, nec ſaxis Succus ineſſe.*
*Certum ac diſpoſitum 'ſt, ubi quicquid creſcat, & inſit:*
*Sic Animi natura nequit ſine Corpore oriri*
*Sola, neque à nervis, & ſanguine longiùs eſſe.*
*Hoc ſi poſſet enim, multò priùs ipſa Animi vis*
*In Capite, aut Humeris, aut imis Calcibus eſſe*
*Poſſet, & innaſci quavis in parte ſoleret:*
*Tandem in eodem homine, atque in eodem vaſe maneret.*

*Quod*

And why ſhould the Powers of the Soul deſire paſſionately to grow and attain to a full Maturity of Age together with the Body, if it were not a Companion with it from the very Beginning? And why is ſhe fond of flying away out of old decayed Limbs? Is ſhe afraid of being confined a cloſe Priſoner in a rotten Body, and leſt her old Tabernacle, worn out by Time and Age, ſhould fall and cruſh her to pieces? But no Danger can affect a Nature that is immortal.

Besides, it is ridiculous to ſuppoſe, that a Flock of Souls are ready hovering about, whilſt Brutes are in the Act of Luſt, and drop their Young, that they, immortal as they are, ſhould attend upon periſhing Bodies, in Troops without Number, hurrying and coming to Blows as it were, which firſt ſhould get poſſeſſion and enter in; unleſs perhaps they rather chooſe to agree among themſelves, that the firſt come ſhould be firſt ſerved, and there ſhould be no further Diſpute about it.

Again, there are no Trees in the Sky, no Clouds can be in the deep Sea, nor can Fiſh live in the Fields, nor can there be Blood in Wood, nor Moiſture in Stones. It is fixed and eſtabliſhed where every thing ſhould grow and ſubſiſt. The Soul therefore cannot come into Being alone without the Body, nor can ſhe exiſt ſeparately without the Nerves and the Blood; if this could be, the Powers of the Soul, you would rather feel ſometimes in the Head or Shoulders, or even in the very Bottom of the Feet, or in any other Part of the Body, and ſo you would perceive it diffuſing itſelf through the whole Body; as Water poured into a Veſſel firſt covers one Part, then ſpreads over the whole. Since there-

*Quod quoniam in noſtro quoque conſtat Corpore certum*
*Diſpoſitumque videtur, ubi eſſe, & creſcere poſſit*
*Seorſum Anima, atque Animus: Tanto magis inficiandum*
*Totum poſſe extra Corpus durare, genique.*
*Quare, corpus ubi interiit, periiſſe neceſſe 'ſt*
*Confiteare animam diſtractam in Corpore toto.*
*Quippe etenim Mortale Æterno jungere, & unà*
*Conſentire putare, & fungi mutua poſſe,*
*Deſipere 'ſt: quid enim diverſius eſſe putandum 'ſt,*
*Aut magis inter ſe disjunctum, diſcrepitarſque,*
*Quàm, Mortale quod eſt, Immortali, atque perenni*
*Junctum, in concilio ſævas tolerare procellas?*
*Præterea, quæcunque manent Æterna, neceſſe 'ſt,*
*Aut quia ſunt Solido cum corpore reſpuere ictus,*
*Nec penetrare pati ſibi quicquam, quod queat arctas*
*Diſſociare intus parteis; ut Materiaï*
*Corpora ſunt, quorum naturam oſtendimus ante;*
*Aut ideo durare ætatem poſſe per omnem,*
*Plagarum quia ſunt expertia, ſicut Inane 'ſt;*
*Quod manet intactum, neque ab ictu fungitur hilum:*
*Aut ideo, quia nulla loci ſit copia circum,*
*Quò quaſi res poſſint diſcedere, diſſoluïque:*
*Sicut Summarum Summa 'ſt æterna, neque extra*
*Quis locus eſt, quò diffugiat: neque corpora ſunt, quæ*
*Poſſint incidere, & valida diſſolvere plaga:*

fore there is a proper and determinate Place in this Body of ours, for the Mind and Soul diſtinctly to Be and increaſe in, we have the more reaſon to deny that they can continue or be born without it; and conſequently when the Body dies, the Soul diffuſed through the whole Body muſt be allowed to die likewiſe.

AND then to join a mortal Nature to an immortal, and to think they can agree together, and mutually unite in their Operations, is Folly and Nonſenſe; for what can be conceived more abſurd, what can be more impracticable in itſelf, more diſagreeing to Reaſon, than a mortal Nature joined to one eternal and immortal, and ſo united as to be liable to all the Pains and Diſtreſſes of Human Life?

BESIDES, [b] whatever is immortal muſt be ſo, either becauſe it is ſolid, and cannot be affected by Blows, ſo that nothing can pierce it, and break through the cloſe Union of its Parts, (ſuch are the firſt Seeds of Matter, as we proved before;) or it is eternal, and laſts for ever, becauſe it is free from Stroke, as a Void is, which is not liable to Touch, nor affected by the Force of Blows; or laſtly, becauſe there is no Space any way about it into which its broken Parts can be diſperſed, (in this Senſe the Univerſe is eternal, beyond which there is no Place where its Parts may retire, nor any Bodies to fall upon it, and diſſolve and break it to pieces by mighty Blows

[b] Whatever is immortal is ſo, either by reaſon of its Solidity as an Atom, or becauſe it is free from Stroke, as the Void, or becauſe there is no Place out of which or from whence any Bodies can come to daſh it to pieces, or into which its diſſolved or broken Parts can retire, as the Univerſe; but the Soul is nothing like any of theſe; it is compoſed of Seeds, and therefore not perfectly ſolid; it is not a Void, becauſe it affects the Body, and in its turn is affected by it; and it is not the Univerſe, therefore it is mortal.

from

*At neque (uti docui) Solido cum corpore Mentis*
*Natura 'ſt, quoniam admiſtum 'ſt in rebus Inane;*
*Nec tamen eſt ut Inane: neque autem corpora deſunt,*
*Ex infinito quæ poſſint fortè coorta*
*Proruere hanc Mentis violento turbine molem,*
*Aut aliam quamvis cladem importare pericli:*
*Nec porro natura Loci, ſpatiumque Profundi*
*Deficit, exſpergi quò poſſit vis Animaï,*
*Aut alia quavis poſſit vi pulſa perire:*
*Haud igitur lethi præcluſa 'ſt janua Menti.*
*Quòd ſi fortè ideo magis immortalis habenda 'ſt,*
*Quòd lethalibus ab rebus munita tenetur;*
*Aut quia non veniunt omnino aliena ſalutis:*
*Aut quia quæ veniunt, aliqua ratione recedunt*
*Pulſa priùs, quàm, quid noceant, ſentire queamus:*
*Scilicet à vera longè ratione remotum 'ſt.*
*Præter enim quàm quòd morbis tum Corporis ægrit,*
*Advenit id, quod eam de rebus ſæpe futuris*
*Macerat, inque metu malè habet, curiſque fatigat:*
*Præteritiſque admiſſa annis peccata remordent.*
*Adde furorem Animi proprium, atque oblivia rerum,*
*Adde quòd in nigras Lethargi mergitur undas.*
*Nil igitur Mors eſt, ad nos neque pertinet hilum,*
*Quandoquidem natura Animi mortalis habetur:*
*Et velut anteacto nil tempore ſenſimus ægri,*
*Ad confligendum venientibus undique Pœnis;*

*Omnia*

from without.) But, as I ſaid, the Nature of the Mind is not ſolid, becauſe there is empty Space in all compound Beings; nor yet is it a Void, nor are there wanting Bodies for ever beating upon it from without, and driving the whole Frame of this Mind by impetuous Force into utter Diſſolution, or to diſtreſs it any other way with extremeſt Danger; nor is there any Want of Place or Space where the Seeds of the Soul may be diſperſed, or where they may be diſſolved by any Violence whatſoever. The Gate of Death therefore is not barred againſt the Soul.

But if you think ſhe may the rather be pronounced immortal, becauſe ſhe is placed ſecure from Things that may deſtroy her Being, or that Things oppoſite to her Safety never come near her, or if they do, they are diverted by ſome Cauſe, before you perceive they have done her any ſignal Injury; this is a great Miſtake, and far from Truth: For, not to mention how ſhe ſickens with the Diſeaſes of the Body, how ſomething happens that torments her about future Events, how ſhe is diſorder'd by Fear, and vexed by Cares, and how the Conſcience of Crimes paſt many Years ago, pierces her through; conſider the peculiar Diſtraction that affects the Mind, how ſhe forgets every thing, and is overwhelmed by the black Waves of a Lethargy.

*Againſt the Fear of Death.*

Death therefore is Nothing, nor is it of the Conſequence of a Ruſh to us, ſince the Nature of the Soul is certainly mortal; and as we were no way concerned at what formerly happened when the [c] *Carthaginians* muſter'd their Armies on all ſides

[c] As the *Carthaginians* Wars gave us no Trouble who were not born in thoſe Days, ſo, ſince the Soul is mortal as well as the Body, no Wars, Cares or Afflictions will torment us after Death.

*Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu*
*Horrida contremuere ſub altis ætheris auris ;*
*In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum*
*Omnibus humanis eſſet, terraque marique :*
*Sic ubi nonerimus, cùm Corporis, atque Animaï*
*Diſcidium fuerit, quibus è ſumus uniter apti,*
*Scilicet haud Nobis quicquam, qui non erimus tum,*
*Accidere omnino poterit, ſenſumque movere :*
*Non ſi terra mari miſcebitur, & mare cælo.*
*Et ſi jam noſtro ſentit de Corpore, poſtquàm*
*Diſtracta 'ſt Animi natura, Animæque poteſtas :*
*Nil tamen hoc ad Nos, qui cœtu, conjugioque*
*Corporis, atque Animæ conſiſtimus uniter apti.*
*Nec, ſi materiam noſtram conlegerit ætas*
*Poſt obitum, rurſumque redegerit, ut ſita nunc eſt ;*
*Atque iterum Nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ,*
*Pertineat quicquam tamen ad Nos id quoque factum,*
*Interrupta ſemel cùm ſit repetentia noſtra.*
*Et nunc nil ad Nos de nobis attinet, antè*
*Qui fuimus, nec jam de illis Nos afficit angor,*
*Quos de materia noſtra nova proferet ætas :*
*Nam cùm reſpicias immenſi temporis omne*
*Præteritum ſpatium, tum motus Materiaï*
*Multimodi quàm ſint ; facile hoc adcedere poſſis,*
*Semina ſæpe in eodem, ut nunc ſunt, ordine poſta:*
*Nec memori tamen id quimus deprendere mente.*
*Inter enim jecta 'ſt vitaï pauſa, vagéque*
*Deerrârunt paſſim motus ab Senſibus omnes :*

*Debet*

againſt us, and all the World trembled, and ſhook with the dreadful Alarms of War, and it was undecided under the Power of which Empire the Land and the Sea, and all Things here below ſhould be ſubjected; ſo, when we ſhall be no more, when the Separation happens between the Soul and the Body, which together make up our Being, Nothing ſhall befall us who then ſhall no where be, nor affect our Senſe; not tho' the Earth be ſwallowed up by the Sea, and the Sea confounded with the Heavens above.

But if the Nature of the Soul, and the Powers of it, when divided from the Body, had the Faculty to think, this would ſignify nothing to us, who are formed and compounded by a ſtrict and inſeparable Union of Soul and Body together.

Nay, if Time could collect together our ſcatter'd Particles after Death, and reduce them into the ſame Frame they are now in, and the Light of Life were again beſtowed upon us, can all this, if it were done, relate any thing to us, when all the Memory of paſt Life were interrupted and gone? And now we give ourſelves no Trouble about what we were formerly, nor are we under any Anxiety what Perſons the Time to come will raiſe from our Matter, when it is moulded up again; for when you look back upon that infinite Space of Time that is paſt, and conſider how various are the Agitations of Matter, you will eaſily believe thoſe Seeds of ours have been often ranged in the ſame Order they are now in, tho' we can recollect nothing of what was then tranſacted; for a Pauſe of Life is thrown in between, and the Seeds, ſo variouſly toſſed about, took ſuch Motions as were averſe and oppoſite to all Senſe.

For

*Debet enim, miserè quoi fortè ægrèque futurum 'st,*
*Ipse quoque esse in eo tum tempore, cùm malè possit*
*Accidere: At quoniam mors eximit im, prohibetque,*
*Illum, cui possint incommoda conciliari*
*Hæc eadem, in quibus & nunc Nos sumus, antè fuisse;*
*Scire licet Nobis nihil esse in morte timendum:*
*Nec miserum fieri, qui non est, posse: neque hilum*
*Differre, an nullo fuerit jam tempore natus,*
*Mortalem vitam mors cui immortalis ademit.*
*Proinde ubi se videas hominem miserarier, ipsum,*
*Post mortem fore, ut aut putrescat corpore pôsto;*
*Aut flammis interfiat, malisve ferarum:*
*Scire licet, non sincerum sonere, atque subesse*
*Cæcum aliquem cordi stimulum, quamvis neget ipse*
*Credere se quemquam sibi Sensum in morte futurum.*
*Non (ut opinor) enim dat, quod promittit; & inde*
*Nec radicitus è vita Se tollit, & eicit;*
*Sed facit esse Sui quiddam super inscius ipse.*
*Vivus enim Sibi cùm proponit quisque, futurum*
*Corpus uti volucres lacerent in morte feræque;*
*Ipse Sui miseret: neque enim Se vindicat hilum,*
*Nec removet satis à projecto corpore: & illud*
*Se fingit, sensuque suo contaminat adstans.*
*Hinc indignatur se Mortalem esse creatum,*
*Nec videt, in vera nullum fore morte alium Se;*
*Qui possit vivus sibi Se lugere peremptum,*
*Stansque jacentem, nec lacerari, urive dolore.*
*Nam si in morte malum 'st malis morsuque ferarum*

*Tractari,*

For whoever is to become wretched and miſerable, muſt exiſt at that very Time when ſuch Misfortunes are to fall upon him; but ſince Death puts an end to his Being, and hinders the Man from feeling thoſe Misfortunes which we the Living endure, it is plain that we have nothing to fear in Death, and none can be unhappy who are not in Being; nor is it of the Conſequence of This, whether ſuch a one had ever been born, whoſe mortal Life immortal Death had once put an end to.

And then, when you ſee a Man lament himſelf, becauſe his rotten Body ſhall after Death putrefy in the Earth, or be conſumed by Fire, or by the Jaws of wild Beaſts, this Man you muſt obſerve does not ſpeak out, but has ſome ſecret Sting concealed at his Heart within, tho' he pretends to ſay that the Body has no Senſe after Death; for I think he does not come up to his Word, nor believes that the Whole of him is deprived of Life when he dies, but, like a Fool, that ſomething of himſelf remains ſtill. When a Man alive torments himſelf, that Birds or Beaſts will tear his Body to pieces after Death, he bemoans the Miſery of his Fate, but does not fully diſtinguiſh, nor ſet himſelf at a proper Diſtance from his dead Carcaſe, he believes himſelf to be That, and rots with all his Senſes about him. Hence it is he grieves that he was born mortal, nor ſees that in Death there can be no other Self that can ſurvive, and mourn over him after he is dead, that can ſtand by him as he lies along, or ſuffer Pain or Affliction for him.

For if it be an Evil to be cruſhed after Death by the Teeth and Jaws of wild Beaſts, I [d] do not

[d] He alludes to three different Ways of Sepulture in uſe by the Ancients; ſome were burnt, ſome buried in the Earth, and ſome were put into Stone-Coffins filled up with Honey.

*Tractari, non invenio quî non ſit acerbum*
*Ignibus impoſitum calidis torreſcere flammis;*
*Aut in melle ſitum ſuffocari, atque rigere*
*Frigore, cùm in ſummo gelidi cubat æquore ſaxi:*
*Urgerive ſuperne obtritum pondere terræ.*
*At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor*
*Optima, nec dulces occurrent oſcula nati*
*Præripere, & tacita pectus dulcedine tangent;*
*Non poteris factis tibi fortibus eſſe, tuiſque*
*Præſidio: Miſer! ô miſer! aiunt, omnia ademit*
*Una dies infeſta tibi tot præmia vitæ.*
*Illud in his rebus non addunt, Nec tibi earum*
*Jam deſiderium inſidet rerum inſuper unâ.*
*Quod benè ſi videant animo, dictiſque ſequantur:*
*Diſſolvant animi magno ſe angore, metuque.*
*Tu quidem ut es letho ſopitus, ſic eris ævi*
*Quod ſupereſt, cunctis privatu' doloribus ægris:*
*At nos horrifico cinefactum te propè buſto*
*Inſatiabiliter deflebimus, æternumque*
*Nulla dies nobis mœrorem è pectore demet.*
*Illud ab hoc igitur quærendum 'ſt, quid ſit amari*
*Tantopere, ad ſomnum ſi res redit, atque quietem,*
*Cur quiſquam æterno poſſit tabeſcere luctu?*
*Hoc etiam faciunt, ubi diſcubuere, tenentque*
*Pocula ſæpe homines, & inumbrant ora coronis,*

*Ex*

ſee why his Fate is not equally wretched to be laid upon a burning Pile, and conſumed to aſhes, or to be ſuffocated with Honey, or to be ſtiff with Cold, as he lies upon the Top of a bleak Rock, or preſſed with a heavy Weight of Earth upon him.

But now no more will your glad Family welcome you home, nor your beſt of Wives, nor ſweet Children run to meet you, and ſtrive who firſt ſhall have a Kiſs, and make your Heart leap with ſilent Delight; no more ſhall you be a Defence to yourſelf and Friends by your brave Exploits: Ah Wretch, thou crieſt, Ah miſerable Me! One woeful Day has robbed me of ſo many Bleſſings of my Life. But, in this Caſe, he never goes on and ſays, that the Deſire of theſe Things is gone likewiſe. If Men would well conſider, and accordingly expreſs their Complaints, their Minds would be free from much Anxiety and imaginary Fear; for Thou ſleeping in the Arms of Death, ſhalt lie for ever diſcharged from all Sorrow and Pain, but we ſhall never ceaſe to lament Thee, reduced to Aſhes, near thy ſad Urn, and no Time ſhall remove our never-ending Grief from our Minds. Now I would gladly know if the matter be no more than ſleeping and going to Reſt, what there is ſo exceeding bitter in Death, that any one ſhould upon that account pine his Life away in eternal Lamentation?

And yet This the gayeſt Part of Mankind do, even when they ſit down at their Carouſals, with Bumpers in their Hands, and their [c] Heads

[c] It was the Cuſtom among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, at their Feaſts and Entertainments, for the Gueſts, and even the Waiters to wear Garlands of Flowers upon their Heads. This they did, ſays *Pliny*, to diſpel by the Fragrancy of the Flowers the Vapours and Heavineſs that proceeded from too much Drinking.

*Ex animo ut dicant, Brevis hic eſt fructus homullis:*
*Jam fuerit, neque poſt unquam revocare licebit.*
*Tanquam in morte mali cumprimis hoc ſit eorum*
*Quòd ſitis exurat Miſeros, atque arida torreat,*
*Aut aliæ cujus deſiderium inſideat rei.*
*Nec ſibi enim quiſquam tum Se, Vitamque requirit,*
*Cum pariter Mens & Corpus ſopita quieſcunt:*
*(Nam licet æternum per nos ſic eſſe ſoporem.)*
*Nec deſiderium noſtri nos adtigit ullum:*
*Et tamen haudquaquam noſtros tunc illa per artus*
*Longè ab ſenſiferis Primordia motibus errant:*
*Quin conreptus homo ex ſomno ſe conligit ipſe.*
*Multò igitur mortem minùs ad Nos eſſe putandum,*
*Si minùs eſſe poteſt, quàm quod nihil eſſe videmus.*
*Major enim turbæ disjectus Materiaï*
*Conſequitur letho, nec quiſquam expergitus exſtat,*
*Frigida quem ſemel eſt vitaï pauſa ſecuta.*
*Denique ſi vocem rerum Natura repente*
*Mittat, & hoc aliquoi noſtrum ſic increpet ipſa:*
*Quid tibi tantopere 'ſt, Mortalis, quòd nimis ægris*
*Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?*
*Nam ſi grata fuit tibi vita anteacta, priorque,*
*Et non omnia pertuſum congeſta quaſi in vas*
*Commoda perfluxere, atque ingrata interiere:*
*Cur non, ut plenus vitæ Conviva, recedis?*
*Æquo animoque capis ſecuram, Stulte, quietem?*
*Sin ea, quæ fructus cumque es, periere profuſa,*
*Vitaque in offenſu 'ſt; cur amplius addere quæris,*

*Rurſum*

crowned with Flowers; they turn ſerious and cry, Short is the Pleaſure of us poor Creatures, we can juſt ſay it was, and once gone, it will never return more. As if the greateſt Evil in Death to them was, that a parching Thirſt ſhould ſcorch the Wretches, and burn them up, or an inſatiable Deſire of any thing they love ſhould follow them beyond the Grave. No Man gives himſelf any Concern about himſelf or his Life, when the Soul and Body are ſleeping at Reſt together (tho' we were to ſleep ſo eternally) no Appetite for any thing we love beſt would then affect us; and yet then the Principles of the Soul are alive, and are moved almoſt with a ſenſible Motion within us, the Man rouſed from his Sleep ſoon recollects and recovers himſelf; Death therefore, we ſhould imagine, would give us much leſs Anxiety than Sleep, if there can be leſs than what ſeems nothing at all; for there is in Death a wider Separation of the Seeds, nor does the Man ever wake, when once the cold Pauſe of Life comes upon him.

*A Proſopopœia of Nature.*

BUT if *the Nature of Things* ſhould offer to ſpeak of a ſudden, and upbraid the Folly of any one of us in a manner like this: Prythee, Man, why is it that thou indulgeſt thy ſelf in ſuch ſharp Sorrow and Complaints? Why doſt thou groan and weep becauſe thou ſhalt die? If your Life paſt has been agreeable to you, and all the abundant Delights of it did not paſs your Mind as through a Sieve, and periſhed without Pleaſure to you, why do not you, as a Gueſt plentifully regaled with Life, take your leave; and, fond Fool! enjoy your ſweet Repoſe with a chearful Mind? But if the good Things thou haſt received have been idly ſquandered and are gone, and Life is grown a Burden to you, why do you covet more, that may come to the ſame unhappy End, and vainly die away

*Rurſum quod pereat malè, & ingratum occidat omne :*
*Nec potiùs vitæ finem facis, atque laboris ?*
*Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque*
*Quod placeat, nihil eſt : eadem ſunt omnia ſemper.*
*Si tibi non annis Corpus jam marcet, & artus*
*Confecti languent : eadem tamen omnia reſtant,*
*Omnia ſi pergas vivendo vincere ſæcla :*
*Atque etiam potiùs, ſi nunquam ſis moriturus.*
*Quid reſpondeamus, niſi juſtam intendere litem*
*Naturam ? & veram verbis exponere cauſam ?*
*At qui obitum lamentetur miſer ampliùs æquo,*
*Non meritò inclamet magis, & voce increpet acri ?*
*Aufer ab hinc lacrymas, Barathro, & compeſce querelas.*
*Grandior hic verò ſi jam, Seniorque queratur :*
*Omnia perfructus vitaï præmia, marces ?*
*Sed quia ſemper aves, quod abeſt, præſentia temnis,*
*Imperfecta tibi elapſa 'ſt, ingrataque vita,*
*Et nec-opinanti Mors ad caput adſtitit antè*
*Quàm ſatur, ac plenus poſſis diſcedere rerum.*
*Nunc aliena tua tamen ætate omnia mitte,*
*Æquo animoque, agedum, jam aliis concede : neceſſe 'ſt.*
*Jure (ut opinor) agat, jure increpet, incilietque,*
*Cedit enim rerum novitate extruſa vetuſtas ;*
*Semper & ex aliis aliud reparare neceſſe 'ſt :*
*Nec quidquam in barathrum, nec tartara decidit atra.*
*Materies opus eſt, ut creſcant poſtera ſæcla :*
*Quæ tamen omnia Te vita perfuncta ſequentur.*

*Nec*

like thoſe that were before; and not rather put a period to thy Life and all thy Cares? For there is nothing further I can contrive or invent that can pleaſe thee more. Things always continue the ſame; if thy Body was not to decay by Years, nor thy Limbs grow feeble by Age, Things will ever remain the ſame, tho' thou wert to go on and live for ever, and much more ſo if thou wert never to die. What could we ſay but that *Nature* gave a very juſt Reproof, and ſet the Caſe in a very proper Light?

But the Wretch that deplores his Death beyond all Bounds, may not She deſervedly cry out the louder upon ſuch a one, and chide him in a ſharper Note, Get thee gone with thy Tears, thou Booby, and leave ſobbing. If he be an old Fellow, and far advanced that complains, Doſt thou fret thy ſelf that haſt run through all the Delights of Life? Becauſe thou art reaching after abſent Pleaſures, thou deſpiſeſt the preſent, and ſo thy Life paſſes away imperfect, and without reliſh, and Death ſtares thee in the Face before thou art aware, before thou haſt enough, and canſt go off the Stage ſatisfied and full of Joy. It is high time to take thy leave of every thing that does not agree with thy Age; come, make way cheerfully for others, there is no help for it: I think *Nature*, upon ſuch occaſions, would act juſtly, and, by ſuch a Rebuke, uſe him as he deſerves; for old Things muſt be thruſt off, and give way as new come, and one thing muſt needs be repaired by another; but nothing ſinks into Hell, or deſcends into the dark Shades. There muſt ſtill be a Stock of Matter to produce future Generations, all which likewiſe, when their Race is run, ſhall follow thee; nor did Things leſs

*Nec minùs ergo ante hæc, quàm nunc, cecidere, cadentque:*
*Sic alid ex alio nunquam deſiſtet oriri,*
*Vitaque mancupio nulli datur, omnibus uſu.*
*Reſpice item quàm nihil ad Nos anteacta vetuſtas*
*Temporis æterni fuerit, quàm naſcimur antè.*
*Hoc igitur ſpeculum nobis Natura futuri*
*Temporis exponit poſt mortem denique noſtram:*
*Num quid ibi horribile apparet? num triſte videtur*
*Quicquam? nonne omni ſomno ſecurius exſtat?*
*Atque ea nimirum, quæcunque Acherunte profundo*
*Prodita ſunt eſſe, in vita ſunt omnia nobis.*
*Nec miſer impendens magnum timet aëre ſaxum*
*Tantalus, ut fama 'ſt, caſſa formidine torpens:*
*Sed magis in vita Divûm metus urget inanis*
*Mortaleis, caſumque timent, quemcunque ferat Fors.*
*Nec Tityon Volucres ineunt Acherunte jacentem,*
*Nec, quod ſub magno ſcrutentur pectore, quidquam*
*Perpetuam ætatem poterunt reperire profecto,*
*Quamlibet immani projectu Corporis exſtet,*
*Qui non ſola novem diſpenſis jugera membris*
*Obtineat, ſed qui Terraï totius orbem:*
*Non tamen æternum poterit perferre dolorem,*
*Nec præbere cibum proprio de corpore ſemper:*

*Sed*

paſs away in the Ages before than they do now, and ſo ſhall they do for the Ages to come; for Beings never ceaſe to riſe from the Ruins of one another, and Life was given to none for a Property, but to all for Uſe.

LOOK back then, how that infinite Tract of Time that vaniſhed before we were in Being, how it has no Relation to us; and the Nature of the Time to come will be of the ſame Concern to us after we are dead. And now does any thing ſhew dreadful in Death? Has it any thing melancholy in its Appearance? Is it not more ſerene than the ſofteſt Sleep?

AND truly, all thoſe dreadful Things that are ſaid to be in the Shades below, are all felt by us whilſt we are in this Life; nor is there, as they tell us, ſuch a miſerable Wretch, ſo ſtupified with idle Fear as *Tantalus* [f], who dreads the Fall of the huge impending Stone upon him from above; but rather a vain Fear of the Gods torments Men in this Life, and terrifies them with all the Ills that Fortune thinks fit to lay upon them.

NOR do the Vultures dig into the Bowels of *Tityus*, as he lies in Hell, nor can they find in that large Breaſt of his a Liver they ſhall be for ever tearing out, tho' his Body were ever ſo big, tho' he not only cover'd nine Acres with his expanded Limbs, but could ſpread them over all the Earth; yet he would not be able to bear eternal Pains, nor could he furniſh an everlaſting

[f] *Lucretius* repreſents the Fable of *Tantalus* different from the common Fiction of the Poets; they place him up to the Chin in the River *Eridanus*, with Apples about his Head, but not admitted either to drink of the Water, or eat of the Apples. He follows their Opinion who ſay, that a Stone is hanging over the Head of *Tantalus* in Hell, the Fall of which he perpetually dreads.

*Sed Tityos nobis Hic eſt, in amore jacentem*
*Quem volucres lacerant, atque exeſt anxius angor;*
*Aut alia quavis ſcindunt cuppedine curæ.*
*Siſyphus in vita quoque nobis ante oculos eſt,*
*Qui petere à populo faſceis, ſævaſque ſecureis*
*Imbibit; & ſemper victus, triſtiſque recedit:*
*Nam petere imperium, quod inane 'ſt, nec datur unquam,*
*Atque in eo ſemper durum ſufferre laborem,*
*Hoc eſt adverſo nixantem trudere monte*
*Saxum, quod tamen à ſummo jam vertice rurſum*
*Volvitur, & plani raptim petit æquora campi.*
*Deinde animi ingratam naturam paſcere ſemper,*
*Atque explere bonis rebus, ſatiareque nunquam,*
*Quod faciunt nobis annorum tempora, circum*
*Cùm redeunt: fœtuſque ferunt, varioſque lepores,*
*Nec tamen explemur Vitaï fructibus unquam;*
*Hoc (ut opinor) id eſt, ævo florente puellas*
*Quòd memorant, laticem pertuſum congerere in vas:*
*Quod tamen expleri nulla ratione poteſtur.*
*Cerberus & Furiæ jam verò, & lucis egenus*
*Tartarus, horriferos eructans faucibus æſtus,*
*Hæc neque ſunt uſquam, neque poſſunt eſſe profecto.*
*Sed metus in vita pœnarum pro malefactis*
*Eſt inſignibus inſignis, ſceleriſque luela*
*Carcer, & horribilis de ſaxo Jactu' deorſum,*
*Verbera, Carnifices, Robur, Pix, Lamina, Tædæ:*

Meal out of his Body. But that Man is *Tityus*, whom by Love oppreſſed the Birds of Prey devour, and piercing Sorrow eats through, or any other impetuous Paſſion tears in pieces.

*Siſyphus* walks viſibly before us in this Life; it is he who ſets his Heart to court the People for Honours, for the Rods and cruel Axes, and is ever repulſed, and retires ſad and diſappointed; for in vain to hunt after empty Power, which is never obtained, and to ſuffer the hardeſt Labour in the Perſuit of it; This is to thruſt with all one's might the Stone up the Hill, which again tumbles down upon us from the Top, and rolls ſwiftly into the Plain below.

And then to be always obliging an ungrateful Mind, to be ever pouring Favours upon it, and never ſatisfy it, which the Seaſons of the Year, as they turn about, are always doing; they produce their Fruits, and the whole Variety of their Delights, and yet we are never filled with the Bleſſings of Life. This, I think, is what they feign of the young [g] Maids below, that they pump Water into a leaky Veſſel, which all their Labour can never raiſe to the Top.

Besides, *Cerberus*, and the Furies, and Hell void of Light, belching dreadful Flames from its Jaws, there are no ſuch Things in Nature, nor ever can be; but the Fear of ſore Puniſhment in this Life for diſtinguiſhed Crimes, and the Rewards of Villainy affright us: The Priſon, the terrible Fall from the *Tarpeian* Rock, Stripes, Executioners, the Gallows, melted Pitch, Saws,

[g] A common Dictionary will explain the Hiſtory of all theſe Fables, and give an Account of thoſe illuſtrious Perſons he mentions. He means here the fifty Daughters of *Danaus* King of the *Argives*.

and

*Quæ tamen & ſi abſunt, at Mens ſibi conſcia facti*
*Præmetuens, adhibet ſtimulos, torretque flagellis;*
*Nec videt interea, qui terminus eſſe malorum*
*Poſſit, nec quæ ſit pœnarum denique finis:*
*Atque eadem metuit magis hæc ne in morte graveſcant:*
*Hinc Acheruſia fit Stultorum denique vita.*
*Hoc etiam tibi Tute interdum dicere poſſis:*
*Lumina ſis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit,*
*Qui melior multis, quàm, Tu, fuit Improbe, rebus.*
*Inde alii multi reges, rerumque potentes*
*Occiderunt, magnis qui gentibus imperitârunt.*
*Ille quoque Ipſe, viam qui quondam per mare magnum*
*Stravit, iterque dedit legionibus ire per altum,*
*Ac pedibus ſalſas docuit ſuper ire lacunas:*
*Et contemſit, aquis inſultans, murmura ponti,*
*Lumine ademto, animam moribundo corpore fudit.*
*Scipiades, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,*
*Oſſa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul infimus eſſet.*
*Adde repertores doctrinarum, atque leporum,*
*Adde Heliconiadum comites; quorum unus Homerus*
*Sceptra potitus, eadem aliis ſopitu' quiete 'ſt:*
*Denique Democritum poſtquam matura vetuſtas*
*Admonuit memorem motus langueſcere Mentis,*

*Sponte*

and ſuffocating Smoke; and if there be none of theſe, yet the Mind, conſcious of Guilt, is ever in dread of theſe Tortures, it ſtings us to the Heart, and laſhes us with Rods, not to be endured: Nor has the Wretch a Proſpect of any End to the Miſeries he ſuffers, nor what can ſet Limits to his Puniſhment, and he fears leſt theſe Tortures ſhould fall the heavier upon him after Death; ſo that the Fools live as deplorable a Life as if they were really in Hell.

Thus then you may juſtly reaſon with your ſelf: The good King *Ancus* has long-ſince bid adieu to Life, a better Man by much than ſuch a Wretch as Thou, and ſo have many Kings and Potentates of the Earth, who ruled over mighty Nations.

Consider, even He, that He himſelf, who formerly made a Road over the wide Sea, gave a Paſſage to his Legions to march over it, and taught them to walk upon the ſalt Deep; who deſpiſed and inſulted the Waves and the Roarings of the Ocean: This *Xerxes*, cover'd with Darkneſs, has breath'd his Soul out of his Body long ago.

*Scipio*, that Thunderbolt of War and Dread of *Carthage*, has given up his Bones to the Earth, as if he had been the meaneſt of Slaves.

Add to theſe the Founders of Arts, and the Inventers of Verſe; add further the Companions of the Muſes, the mighty *Homer*, the ſole Sovereign of them all, he ſleeps quietly in the ſame Grave with the reſt.

Beſides, when a ripe old Age gave [h] *Democritus* warning that the Strength of his Mind decayed

[h] When *Democritus* was worn out with Age, and ſeem'd to be near his Death, his Siſter was one day complaining to him, that if he ſhould die ſhe ſhould not perform her Vows at

*Sponte ſua letho caput obvius obtulit ipſe.*
*Ipſe Epicurus obît decurſo lumine vitæ,*
*Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omneis*
*Præſtinxit, ſtellas exortus uti ætherius Sol.*
*Tu verò dubitabis, & indignabere obire,*
*Mortua quoï vita eſt prope jam vivo, atque videnti?*
*Qui ſomno partem majorem conteris ævi?*
*Et vigilans ſtertis, nec ſomnia cernere ceſſas,*
*Sollicitamque geris caſſa formidine mentem?*
*Nec reperire potes, quid ſit tibi ſæpe mali, cùm*
*Ebrius urgeris multis Miſer undique curis,*
*Atque animi incerto fluitans errore vagaris?*
*Si poſſent Homines, proinde ac ſentire videntur,*
*Pondus ineſſe Animo quod ſe gravitate fatiget,*
*Et quibus id fiat cauſis cognoſcere, & unde*
*Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore conſtet;*
*Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus.*
*Quid ſibi quiſque velit, neſcire, & quærere ſemper,*
*Commutare locum, quaſi onus deponere poſſit.*
*Exit ſæpe foras magnis ex ædibus Ille,*
*Eſſe domi quem pertæſum 'ſt, ſubitoque revertit:*
*Quippe foris nihilo meliùs qui ſentiat eſſe.*
*Currit agens mannos ad villam Hic præcipitanter,*
*Auxilium tectis quaſi ferre ardentibus inſtans;*
*Oſcitat extemplo, tetigit, cùm limina villæ:*

*Aut*

cayed, he met Death half-way, and chearfully obeyed the Summons.

*Epicurus* himſelf, who excelled the whole World in Wiſdom, and darkened all about him with his ſuperior Luſtre, as far as the bright mid-day Sun outſhines the Stars, is dead, and his Light of Life run out.

SHALT thou then repine, and grieve to die, whoſe Life is little more than a Scene of Death whilſt thou liveſt, with thy Eyes open? Who weareſt the greater Part of thy Life away in Sleep, who ſnoreſt and art ever dreaming whilſt thou art awake, and haſt thy Mind always tormented with empty Fear, nor art able to find what is the Malady that troubles thee, when thou reeleſt about, born down on all ſides by the ſevereſt Miſery, and wandereſt in the uncertain Mazes of Doubt and Error?

BUT if Men would really conſider, as they would be thought to do, that they are preſſed down by the natural Weight of their own Minds, and find out the Cauſes whence This proceeds, and whence ſo heavy a Load of Evils torments their Breaſt, they would not ſpend their Lives as we now ſee they do, not knowing their own Deſires, but every one ſtriving to change his Situation, as if that was the way to eaſe him of his Burden.

ONE, tired at home, leaves his noble Seat, and goes often abroad, but returns ſuddenly again; for he finds no Relief by ſhifting his Place. Another hurries and drives full-ſpeed to his Country-houſe, as it was all o' fire, and he came to extinguiſh it; he no ſooner ſets his foot within the doors, but preſently begins to yawn, or falls

at the Feſtival in honour of *Ceres*; but he bid her take heart, and bring him every day ſome warm Loaves of Bread, by ſmelling to which he kept himſelf alive till that Solemnity was over, and then willingly died.

*Aut abit in ſomnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit,*
*Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque reviſit.*
*Hoc ſe quiſque modo fugit: At, quem ſcilicet, ut ſit,*
*Effugere haud potis eſt, ingratis hæret, & angit,*
*Propterea, morbi quia cauſam non tenet æger:*
*Quam benè ſi videat: jam, rebus quiſque relictis*
*Naturam primum ſtudeat cognoſcere rerum,*
*Temporis æterni quoniam, non unius horæ*
*Ambigitur ſtatus, in quo ſit mortalibus omnis*
*Ætas poſt mortem, quæ reſtat, cumque, manenda.*
*Denique tantopere in dubiis trepidare periclis*
*Quæ mala nos ſubigit vitaï tanta cupido?*
*Certa quidem finis vitæ mortalibus adſtat,*
*Nec devitari lethum pote, quin obeamus.*
*Præterea, verſamur ibidem, atque inſumus uſque:*
*Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.*
*Sed dum abeſt, quod avemus, id exſuperare videtur*
*Cætera: poſt aliud, cùm contigit illud, avemus;*
*Et ſitis æqua tenet vitaï ſemper hianteis:*
*Poſteraque in dubio 'ſt fortunam quam vehat ætas,*
*Quidve ferat nobis caſus, quive exitus inſtet.*
*Nec prorſum, vitam ducendo, deminis hilum*
*Tempore de mortis, nec delibrare valemus,*
*Quo minùs eſſe diu poſſimus morte peremti.*
*Proinde licet quot vis vivendo condere ſæcla,*
*Mors æterna tamen nihilominùs illa manebit:*
*Nec minùs Ille diu jam non erit, ex hodierno*
*Lumine qui finem vitaï fecit, & ille*
*Menſibus atque annis qui multis occidit ante.*

heavily to ſleep, and ſtrives to forget himſelf, or elſe poſts as hard back, and returns to Town again. Thus he tries all ways to fly himſelf, but that Self it is, as it muſt be, out of his power to eſcape; he ſticks cloſe to him againſt his will, and ſorely torments him. The reſtleſs Fool does not know the Cauſe of his Diſeaſe, if he throughly did, every one would give up all other Perſuits, and apply chiefly to ſearch into the Nature of Things; I do not mean to trouble himſelf about the Event of the preſent Hour, but inquire into the doubtful State of Eternity after Death, which is every one's Concern, and which muſt be the Lot of all Mankind.

LASTLY, how many Evils does a fond Deſire of Life oblige us ſo much to apprehend, tho' they may never happen? But there is a Boundary fixed to the Age of Man; we cannot avoid the Stroke of Death, die we muſt.

BESIDES, we are ever running on in a Circle of the ſame Actions, and ever perſuing them; nor does living on afford us any new Delight. The Pleaſure we covet eagerly exceeds every thing we enjoyed before, as long as it is abſent; but when we have it in poſſeſſion, we long paſſionately for another, and the ſame Thirſt of Life hangs upon us, ſtill gaping for more; and yet we know nothing what the Time to come may produce, what Chance may happen to us, and how the Scene will end: Nor can we, by living forward, take off a Moment from the Length of Death, it will always ſhew as if we had been dead ever ſo ſo long. Though you live ever ſo many Ages, the State of Death will be ſtill eternal; and he that died to-day, is to all purpoſes as long dead, as he that died a thouſand Years ago.

*The* END *of the* THIRD BOOK.

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